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No. 26

AUGUST

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IN THIS ISSUE:

**CAPTAIN DEVILDOG
JOE PALOOKA
THE SKYMAN
SPARKY WATTS**

AND MANY OTHER FAVORITES!

**Big
Shot
Comics**

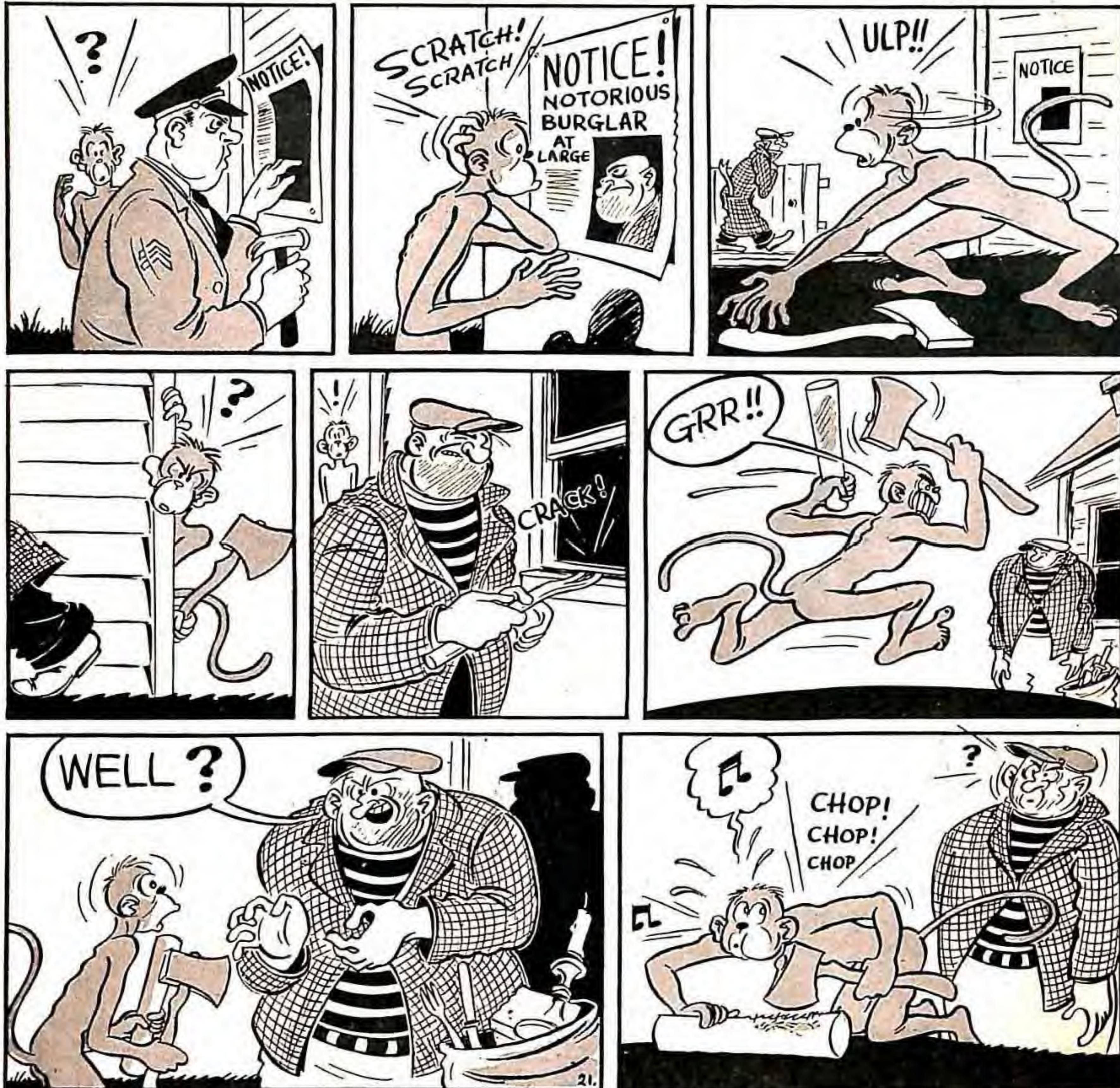
ATTABOY
DEVILDOG!!





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MORTIMER THE MONK



VINCENT SULLIVAN, *Editor*

BIG SHOT COMICS, published monthly by COLUMBIA COMIC CORPORATION, 369 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Entered as Second Class Matter August 23, 1940, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U.S.A. and its possessions, \$1.00. Canada and foreign countries \$2.00. For advertising rates address: William J. Delaney, Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Entire contents copyrighted 1942 by COLUMBIA COMIC CORPORATION. Printed in U.S.A.

CAPTAIN DEVIL DOG OF THE U.S. MARINES



A LITTLE GARRISON OF MARINES FURNISHES A HEROIC PAGE FROM AMERICA'S BOOK OF WAR. OUTNUMBERED, OUTWEAPONED, BUT NOT OUTFOUGHT, THEY STAND TOGETHER AGAINST ALL THE TRICKY, DEADLY, ASSAULTS THAT JAPAN CAN HURL AGAINST THEM.....

LATE ONE NIGHT A PURSUIT PLANE LANDS ON A GARRISON AIRFIELD...



GLAD TO
SEE YOU, SIR.
HEARD YOU
WERE IN
BURMA!

I WAS...
BUT EVENTS
HAVE
CAUSED MY
RETURN--
JUST IN
CASE...

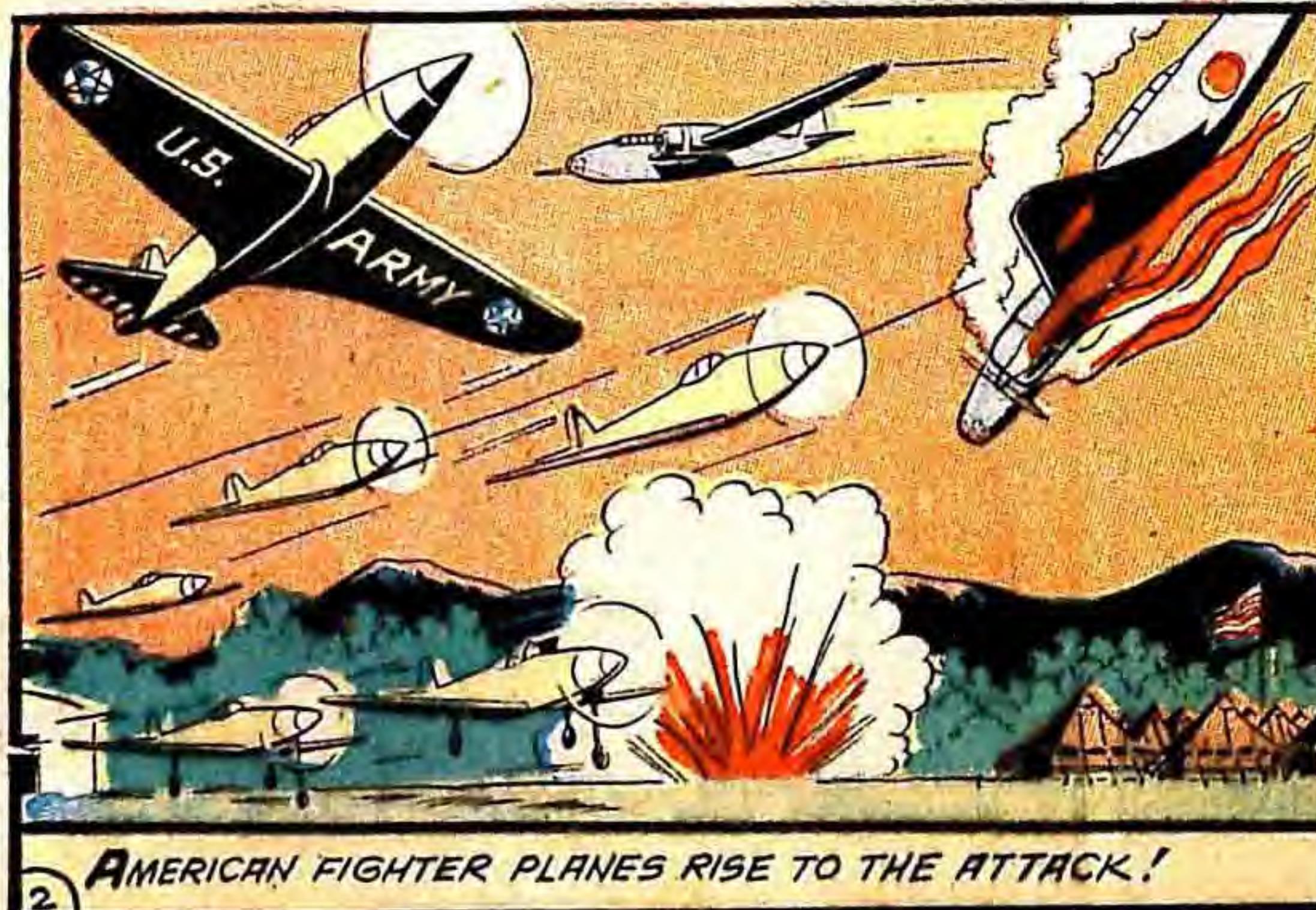
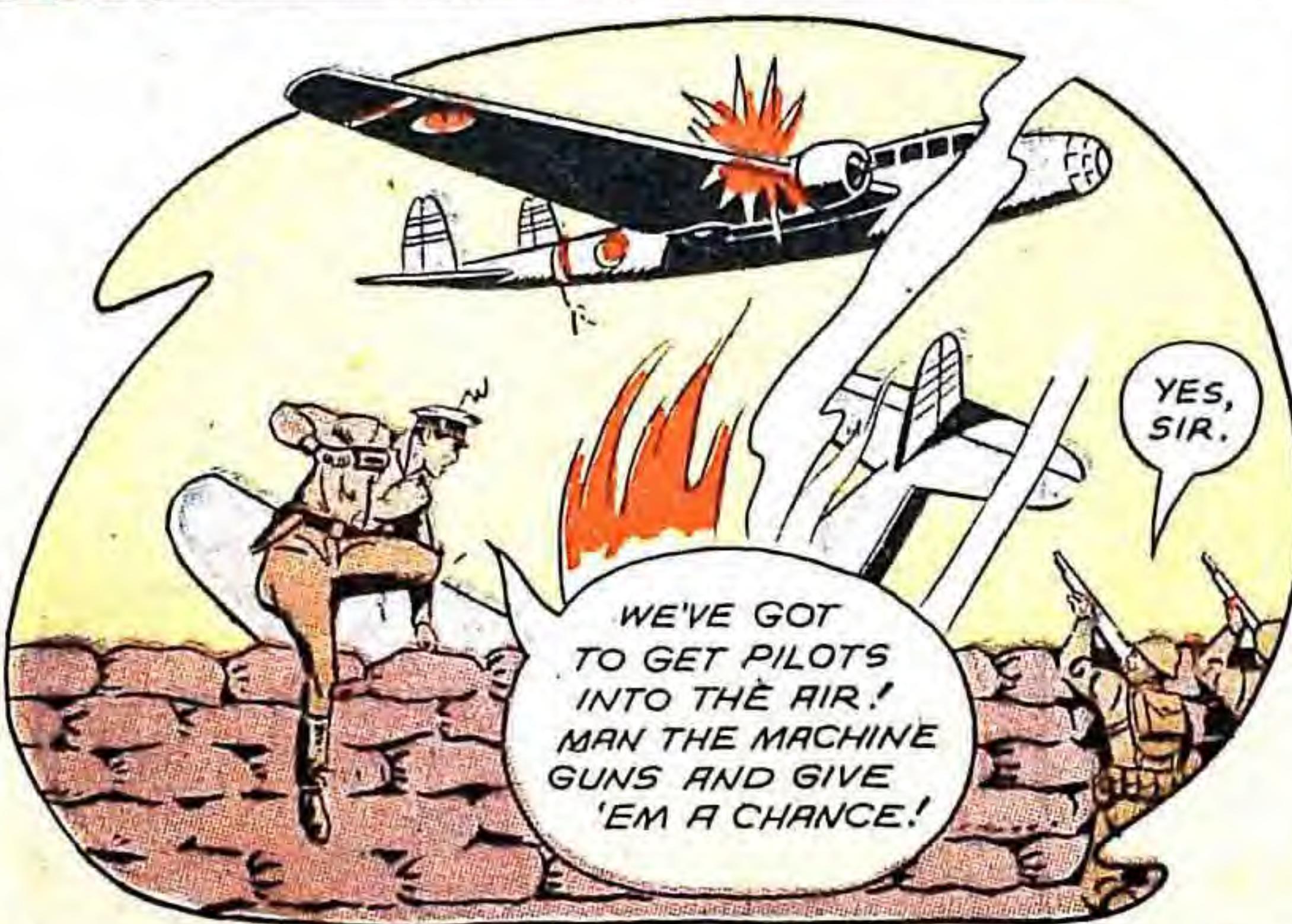
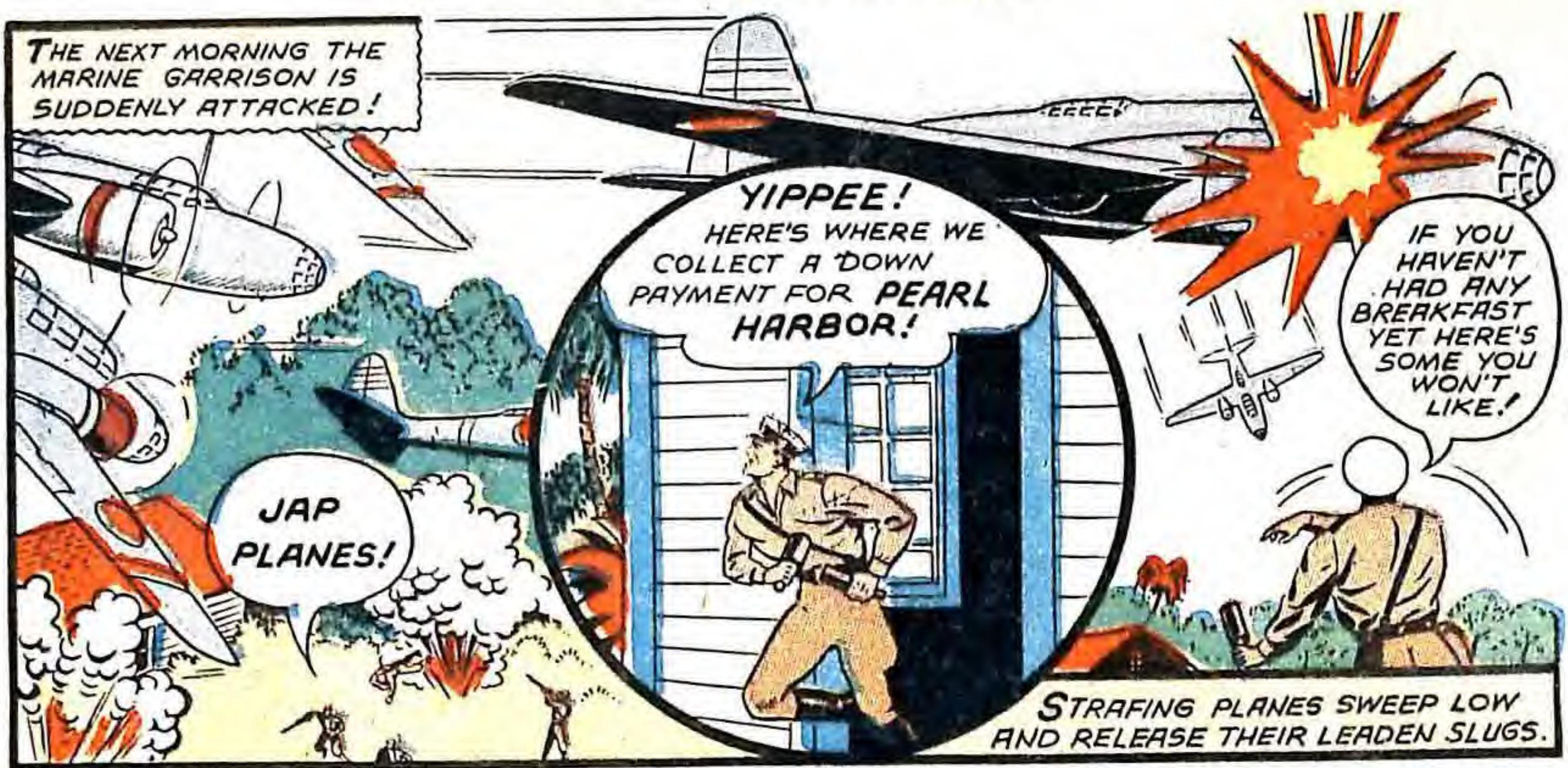
CAPTAIN STEELE
REPORTING FOR
DUTY, SIR!

MIGHTY FINE TO HAVE YOU
WITH US, STEELE! YOU'RE
PROBABLY TIRED, SO YOU
CAN GO TO YOUR BARRACKS
IF YOU WANT!



BIG SHOT COMICS

THE NEXT MORNING THE MARINE GARRISON IS SUDDENLY ATTACKED!



AMERICAN FIGHTER PLANES RISE TO THE ATTACK!

BIG SHOT COMICS

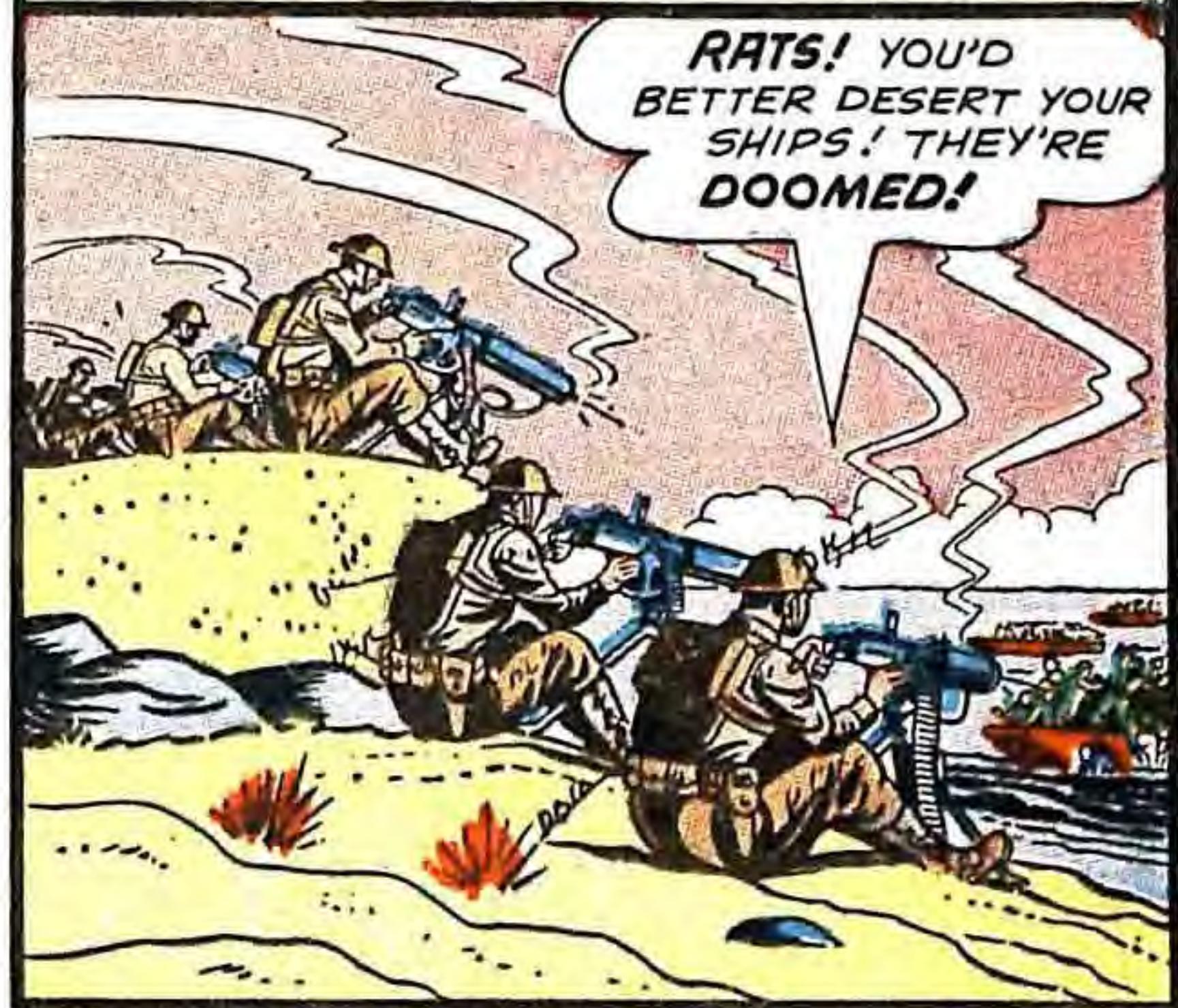
TINY, FAST JEEP CARS CARRY THE LEATHERNECKS ACROSS THE ISLAND.

THERE THEY ARE!
SCATTER AND FIRE
AT WILL!



HOT LEAD GREETS THE YELLOW INVADERS...

RATS! YOU'D BETTER DESERT YOUR SHIPS! THEY'RE DOOMED!



WITH GRENADES, DEVILDOG FORMS A ONE-MAN BOMBING SQUAD!

BULLSEYE ON THE FIRST TRY!



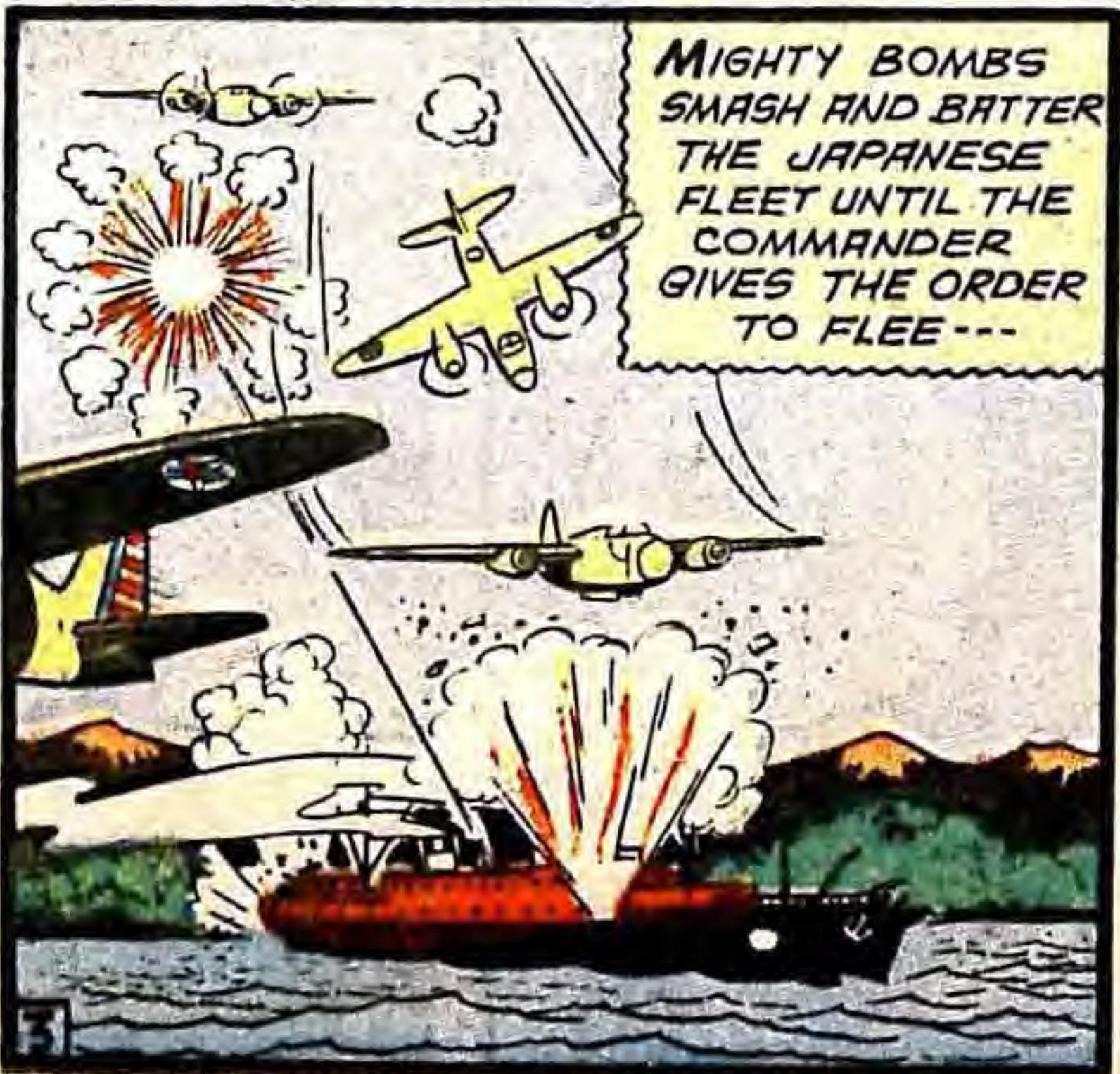
SOMEBODD SHOOT THAT GUY! I'M SO SCARED MY HAND SHAKES ALL OVER THE PLACE!



HERE COMES REINFORCEMENTS, BOYS! I'LL BET THEIR TROOP SHIP DOESN'T STAY HERE VERY LONG!



MIGHTY BOMBS SMASH AND BATTER THE JAPANESE FLEET UNTIL THE COMMANDER GIVES THE ORDER TO FLEE...

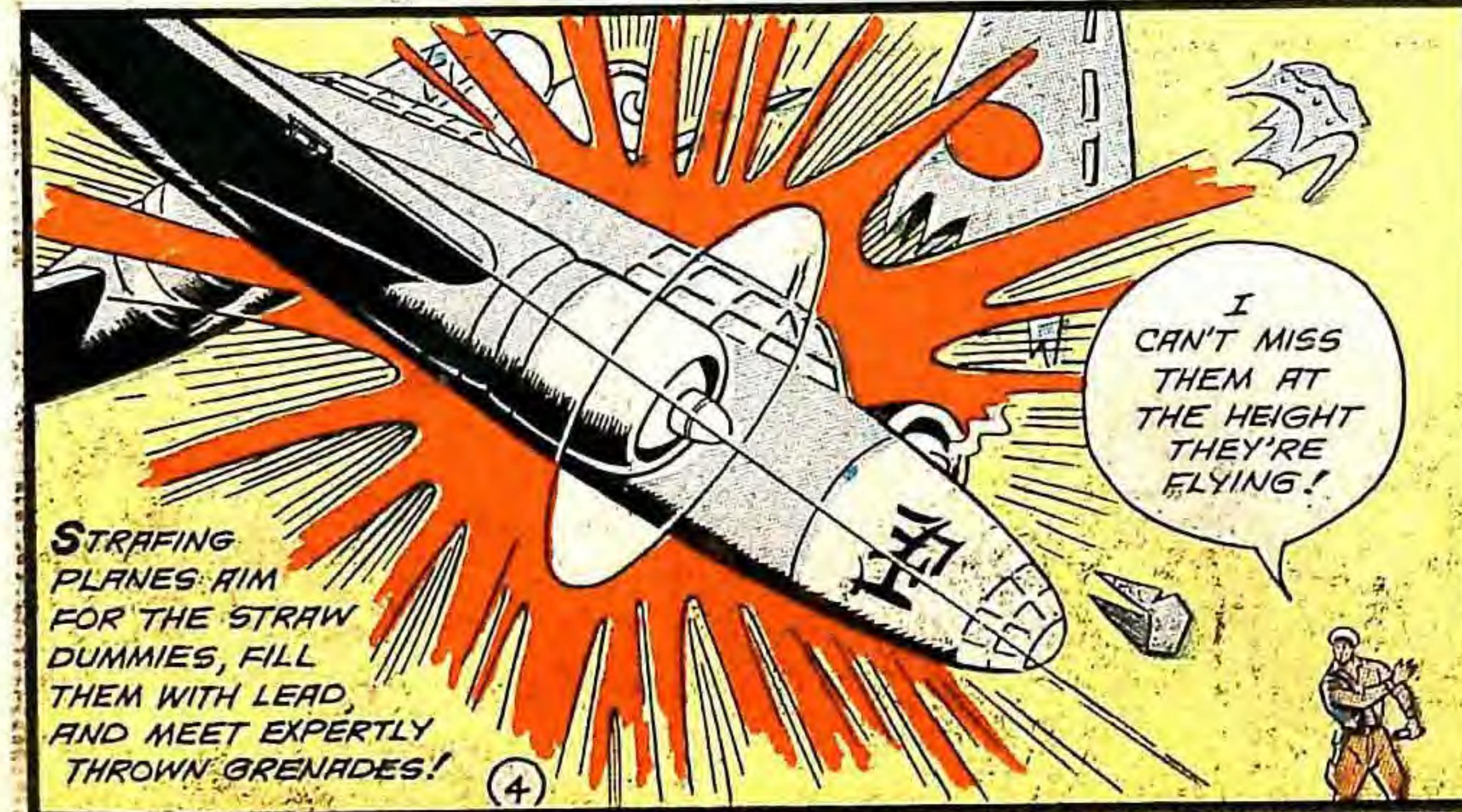
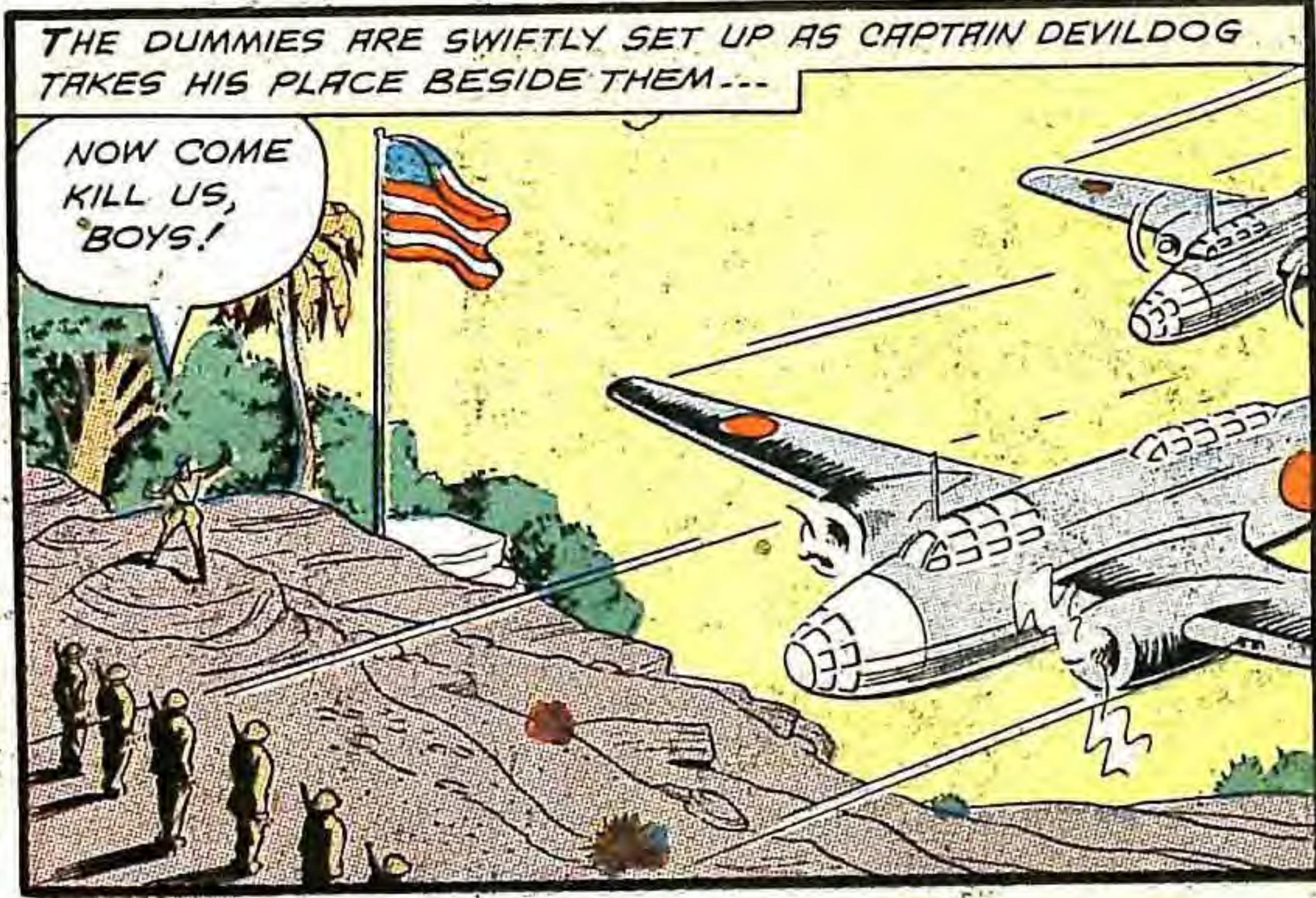


THE DESERTED JAPS QUICKLY HOIST THEIR ARMS AND YIELD...

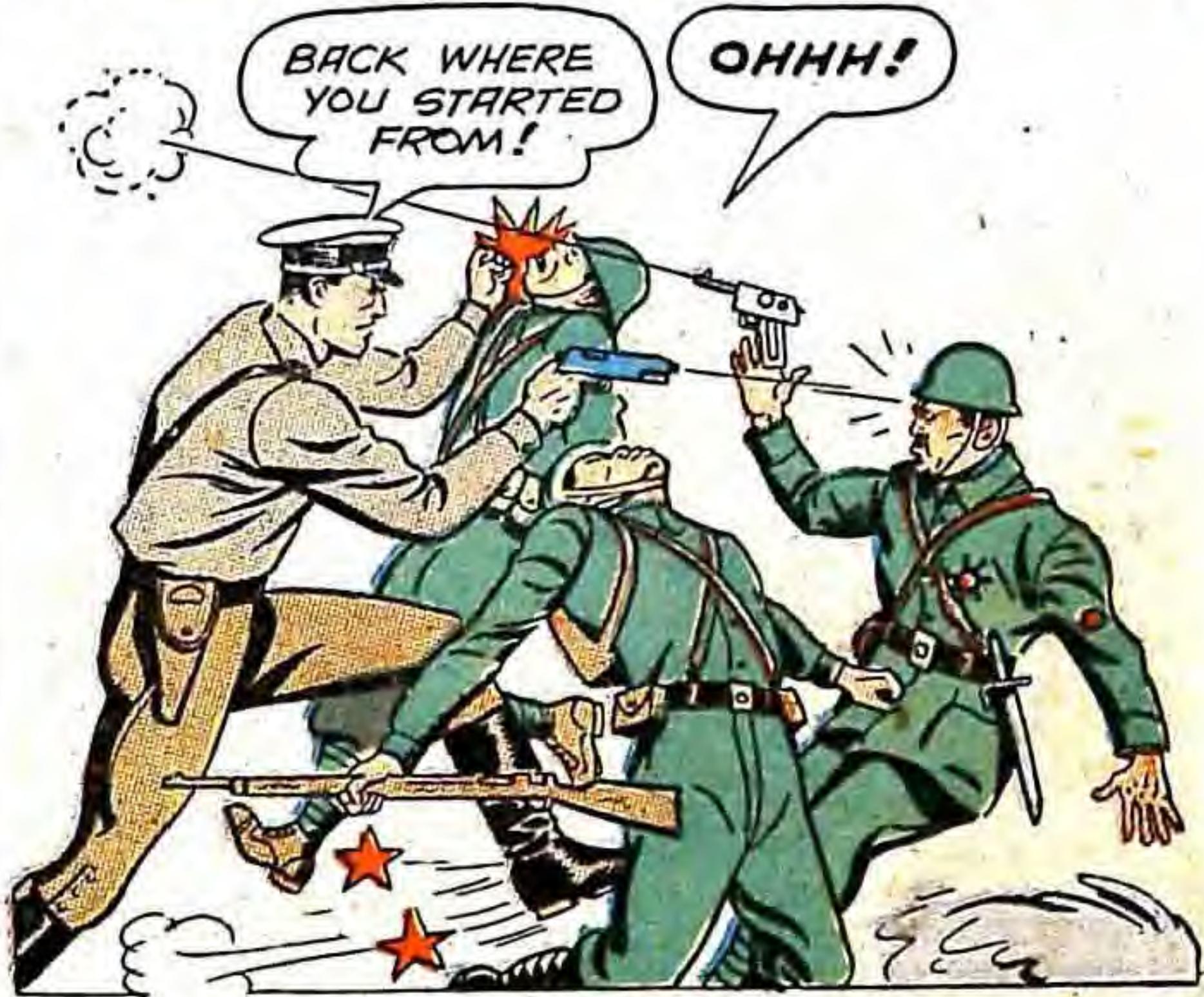
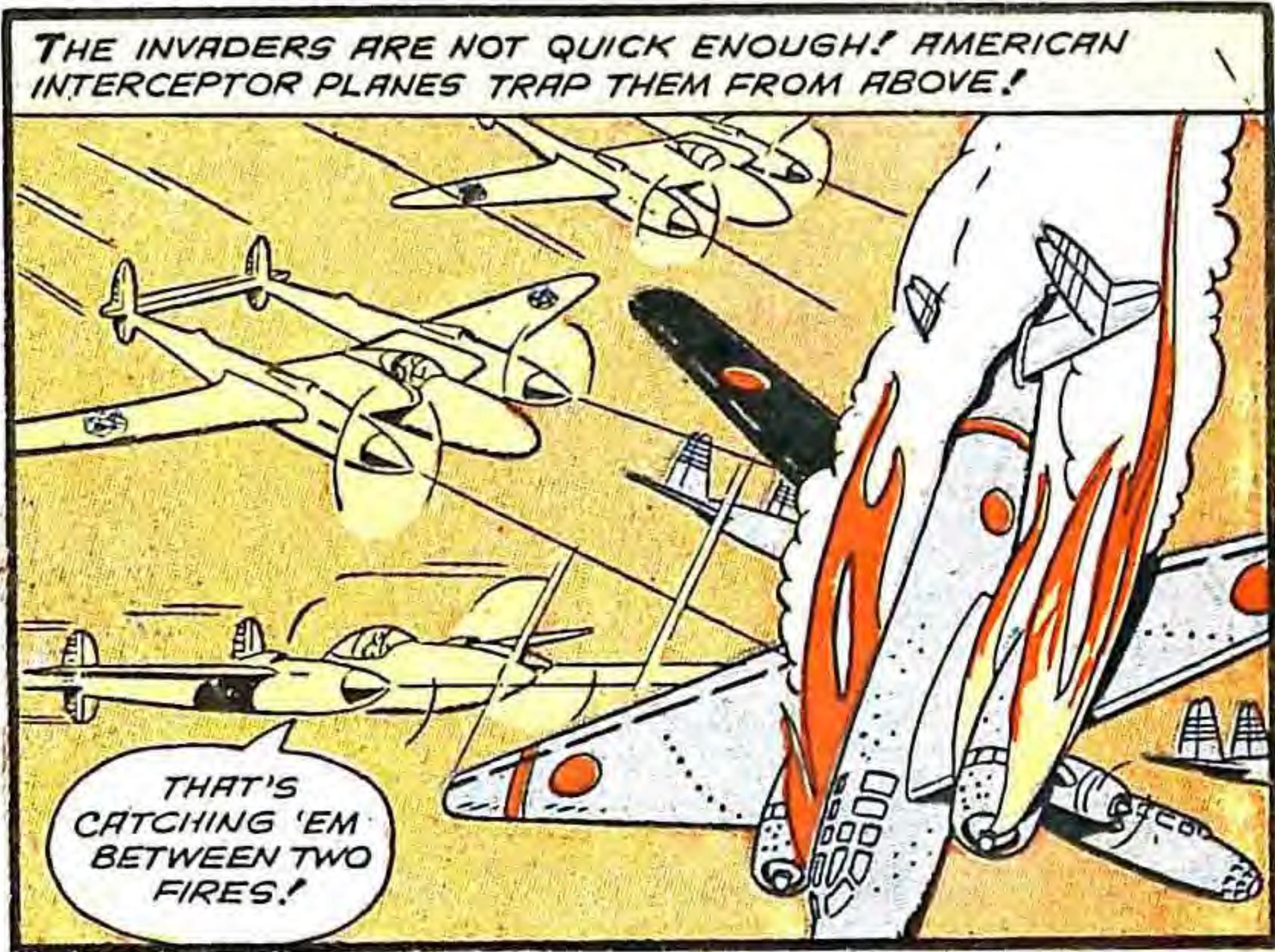
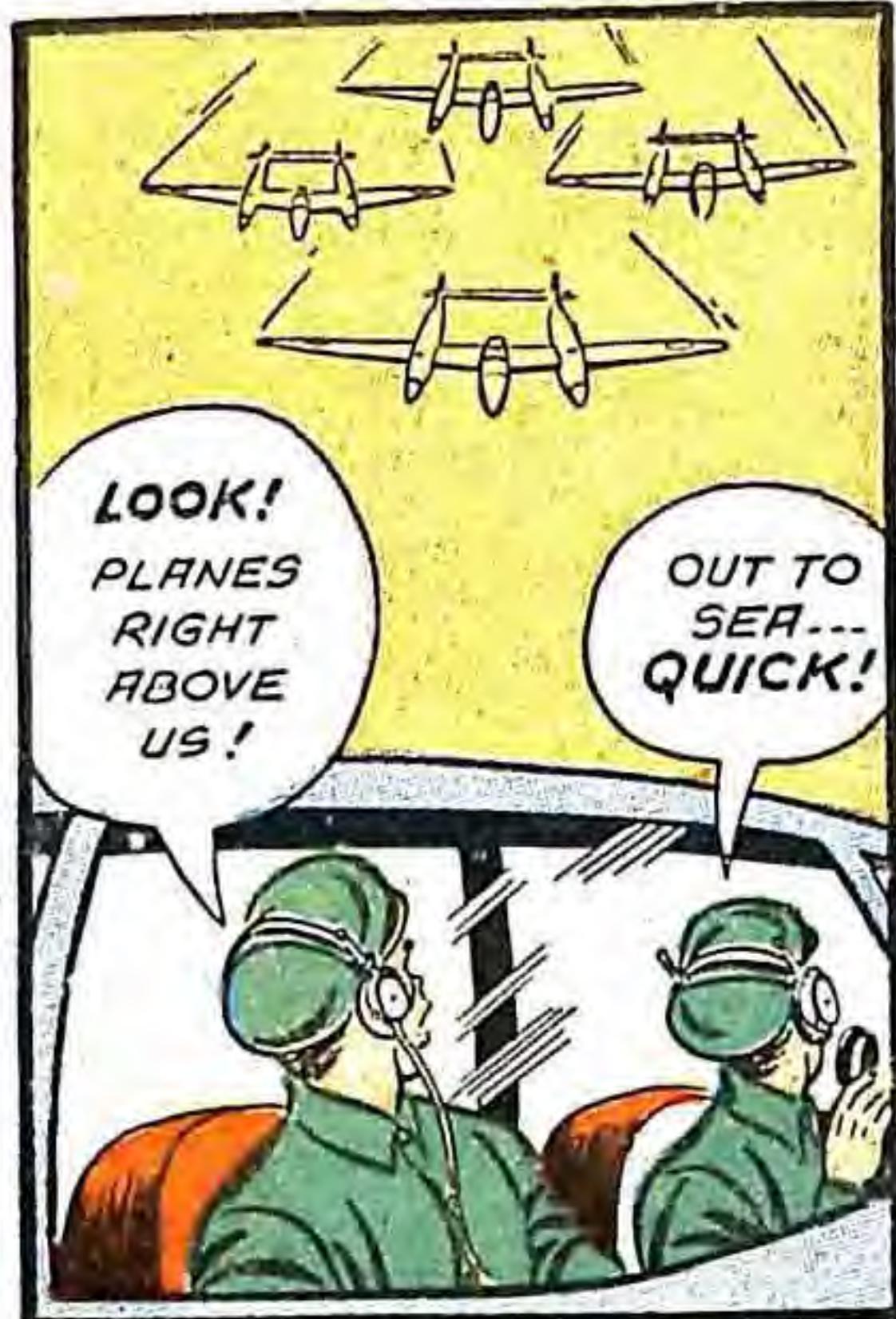
ONE FUNNY MOVE AND IT'LL BE YOUR LAST!



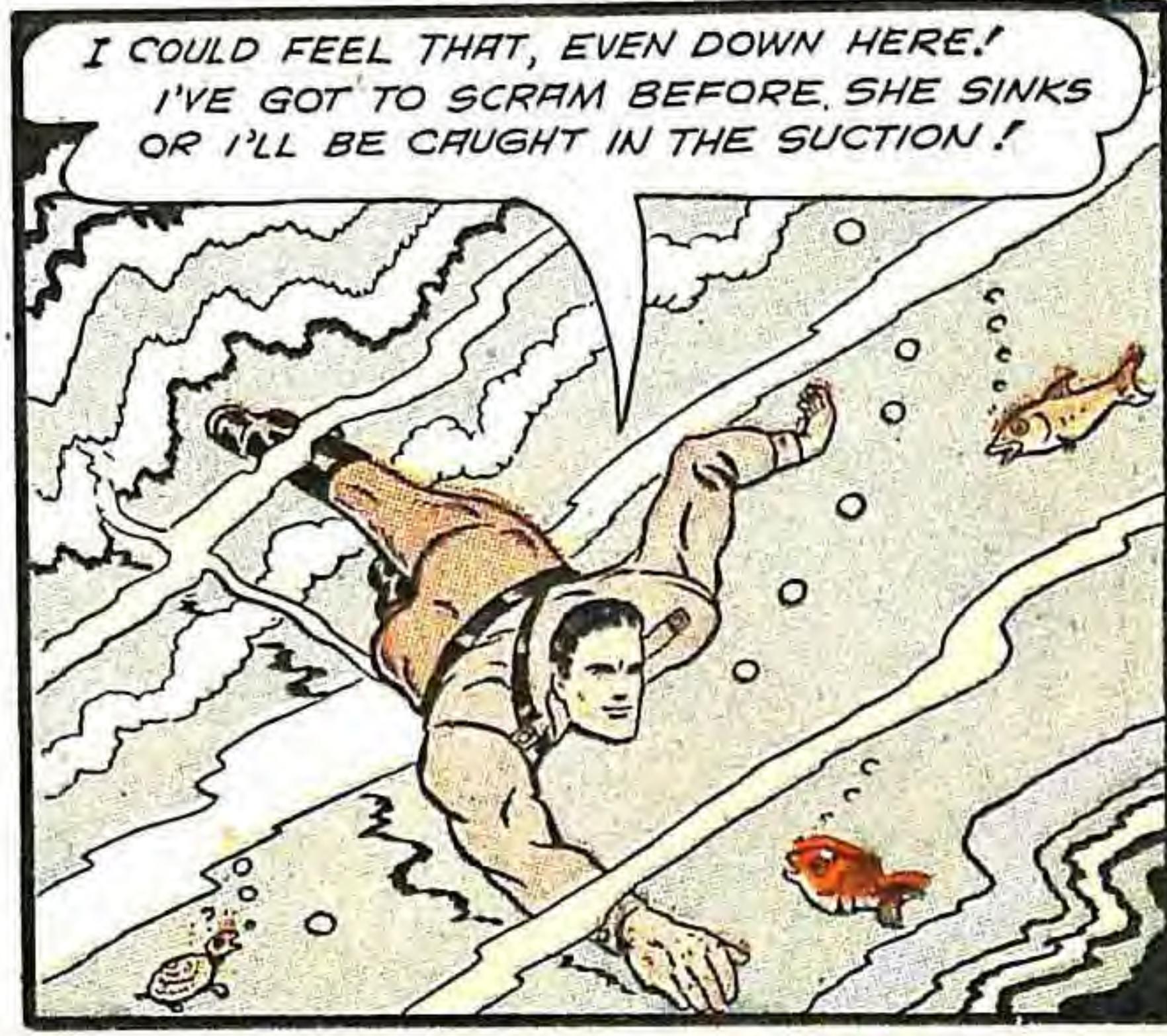
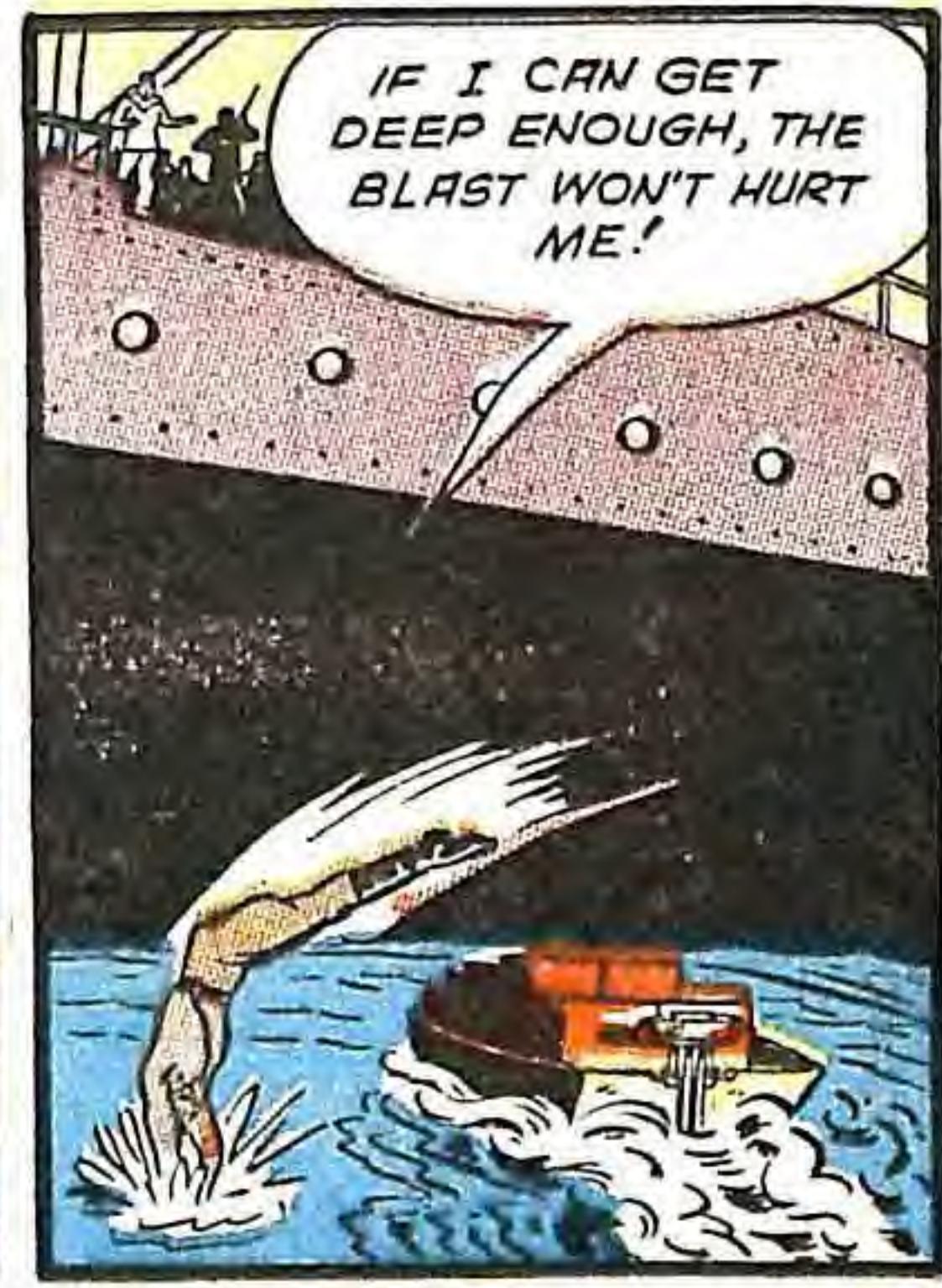
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



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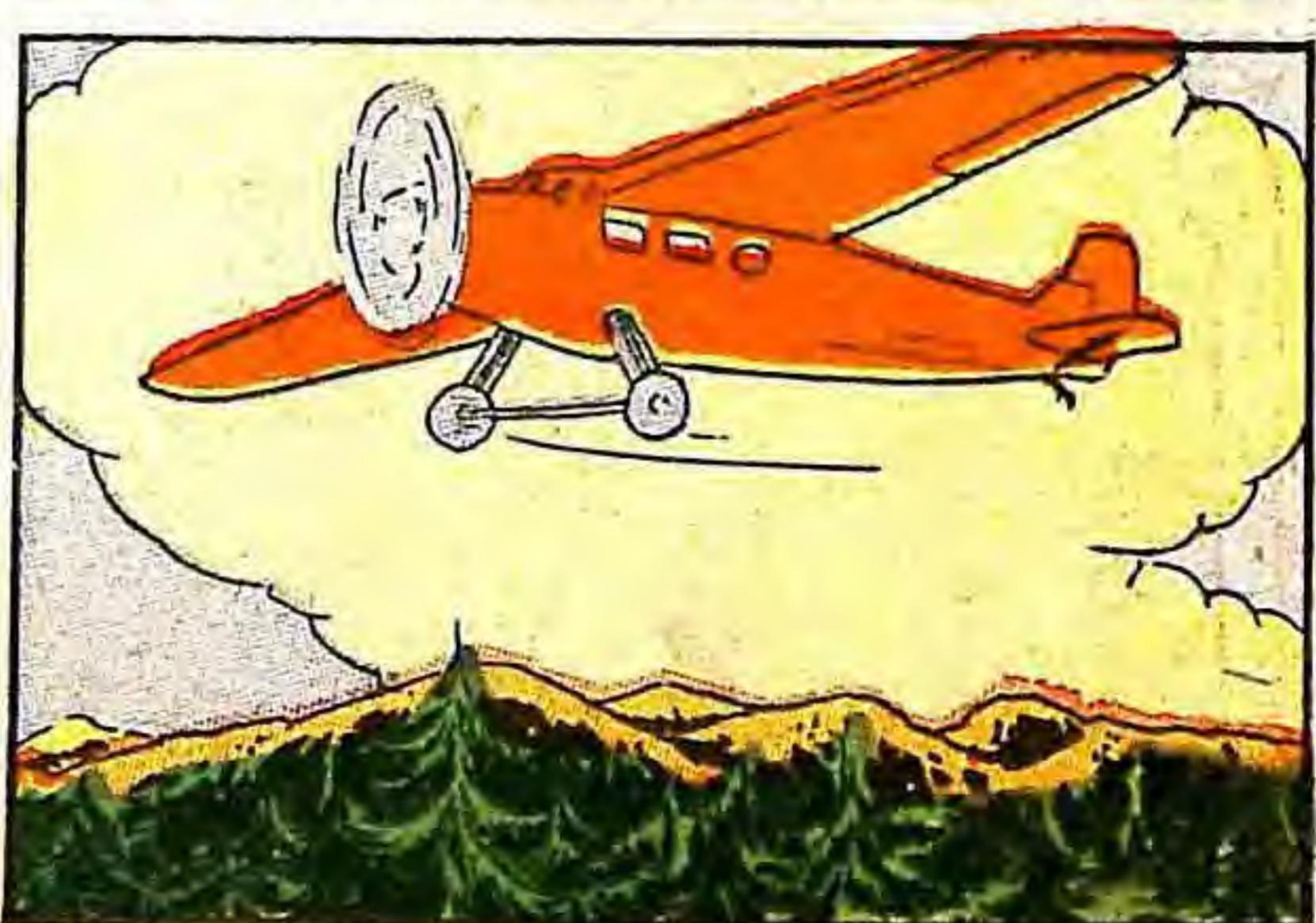
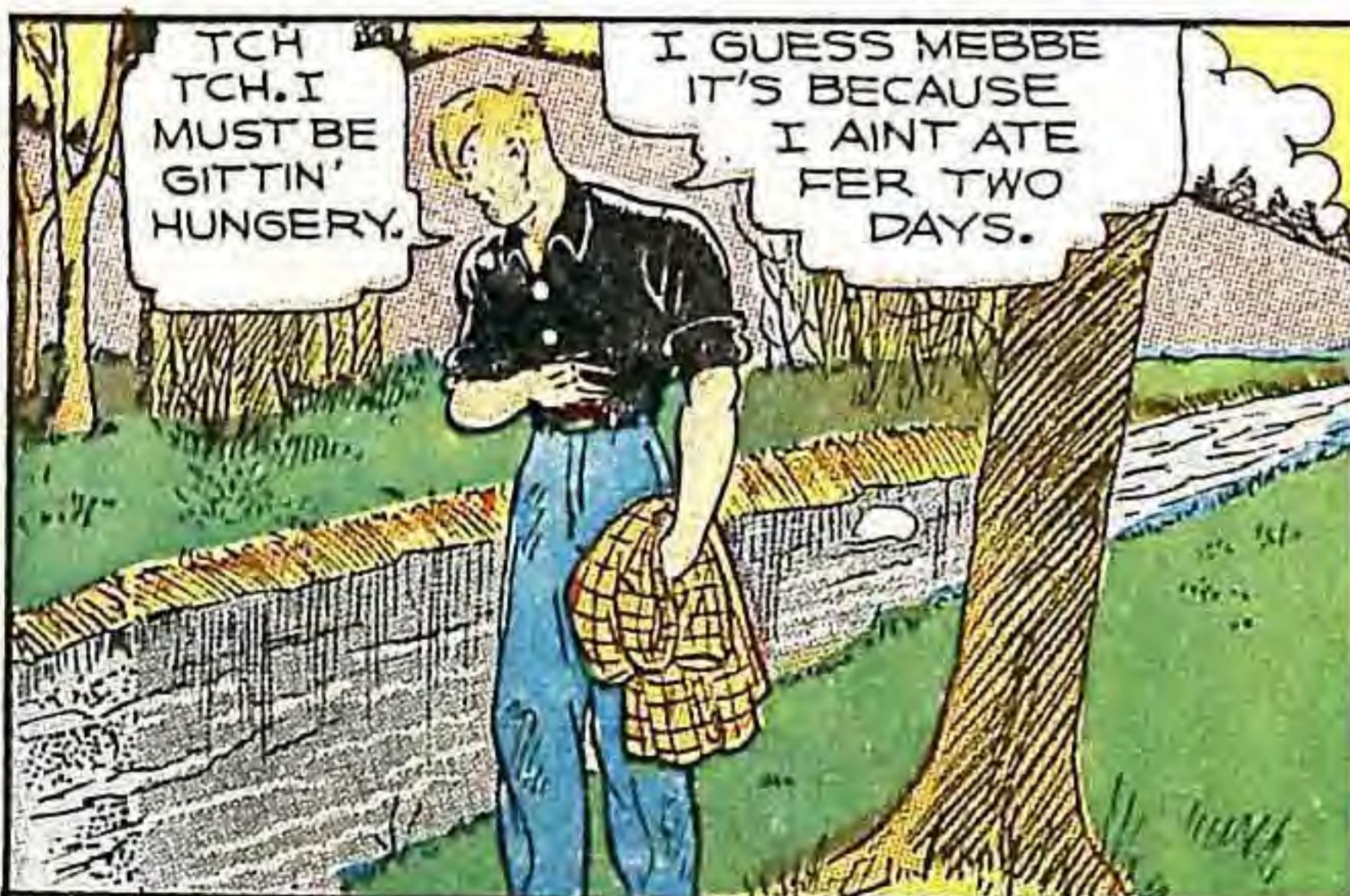
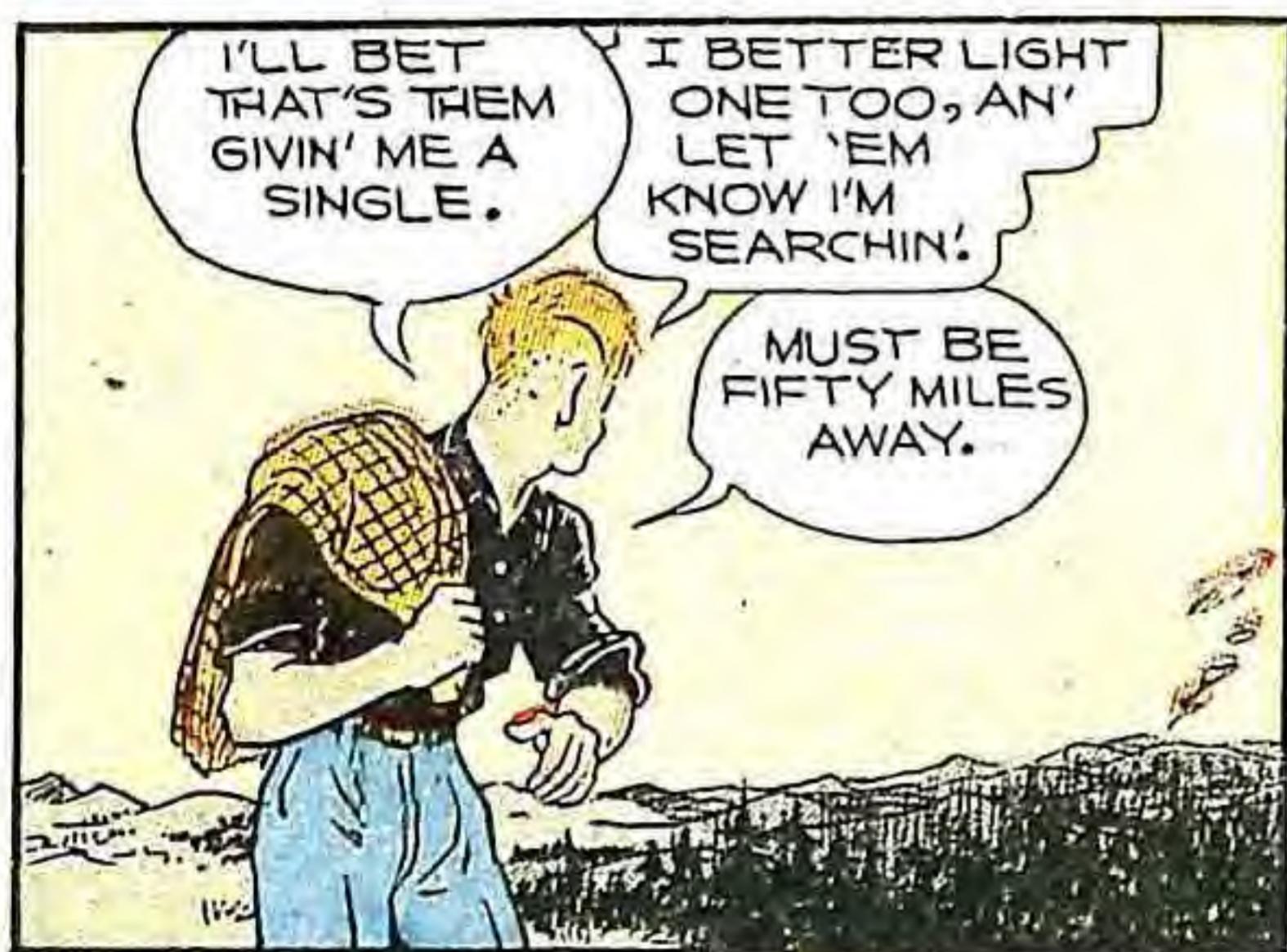
FOLLOW THE EXPLOITS OF THIS TWO-FISTED MARINE THROUGH THE WAR WITH JAPAN... BEGUN BY A TRICKY ASSAULT... BUT TO BE FINISHED WITH HARD, STEADY BLOWS OF AMERICAN LAND, AIR AND SEA POWER!

THE END

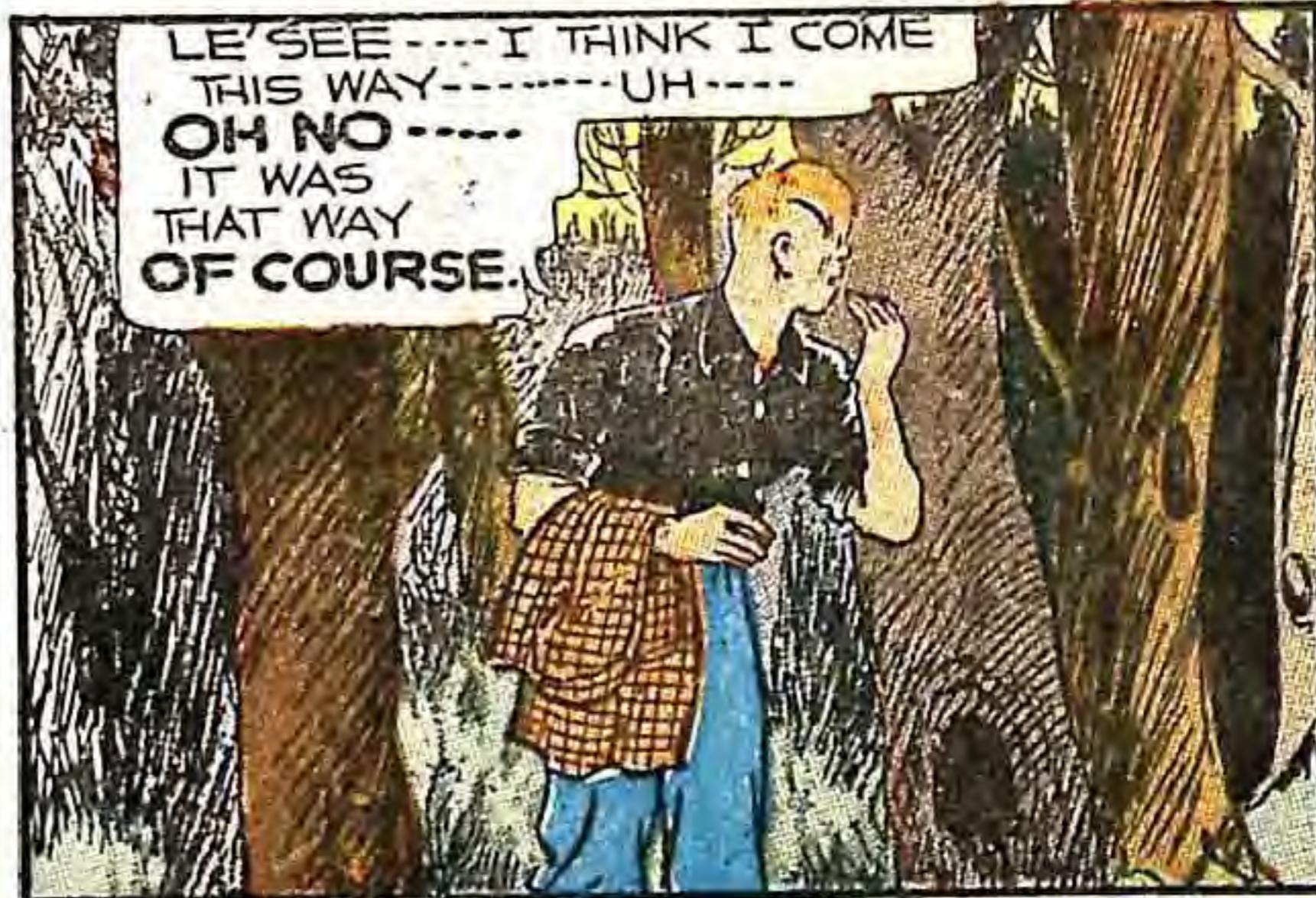
JOE PALOOKA

by *FISHER*

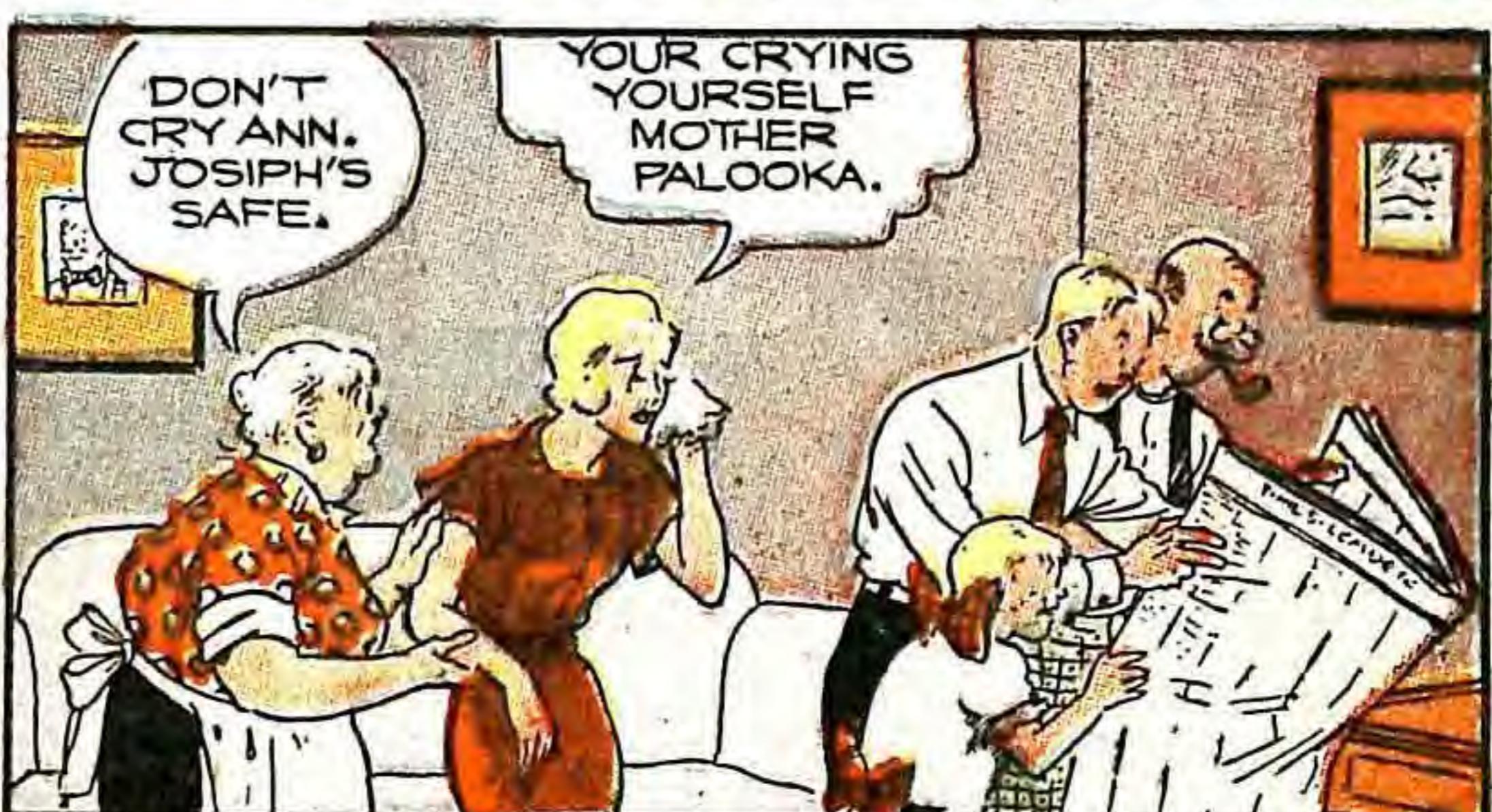
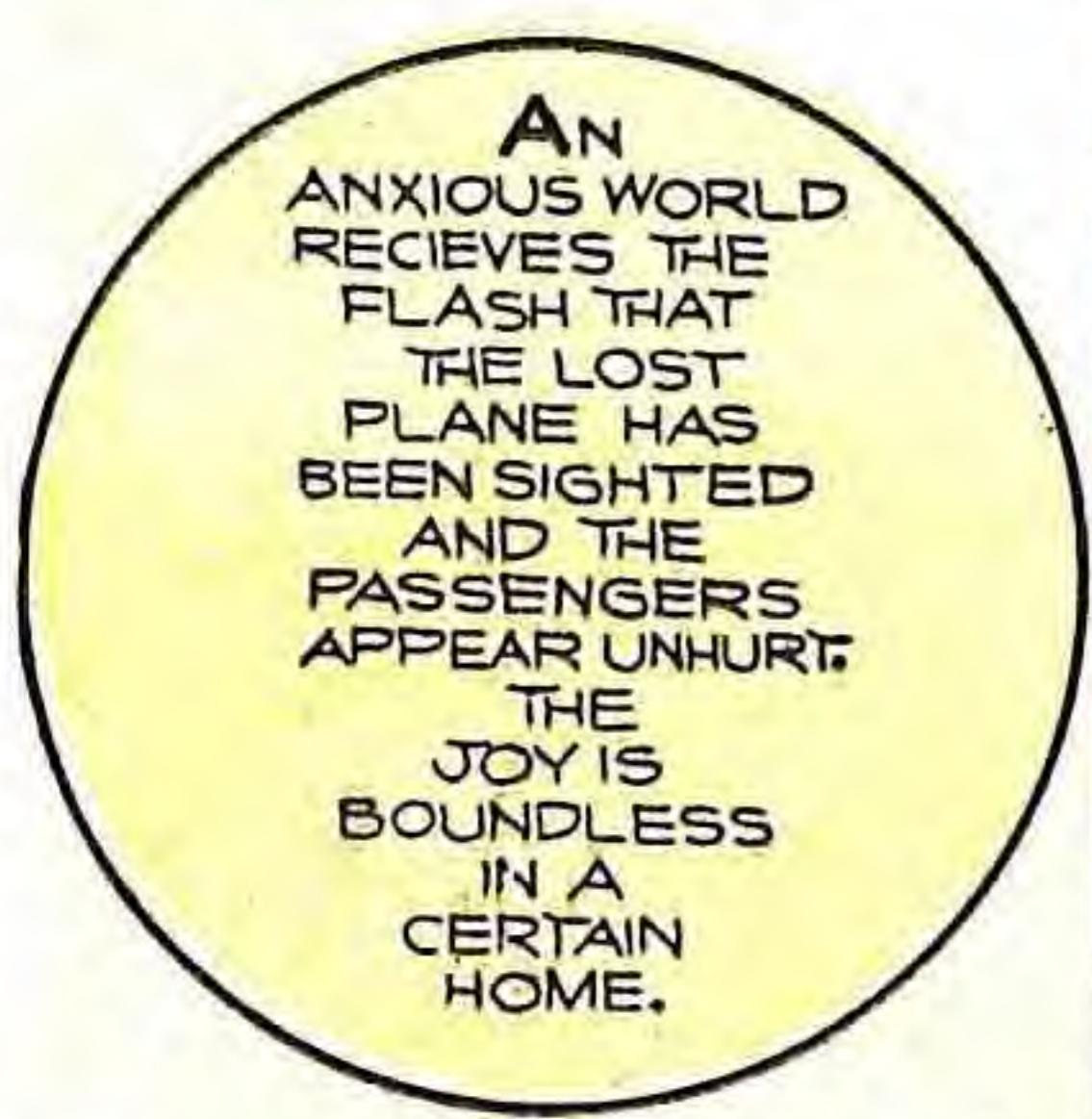
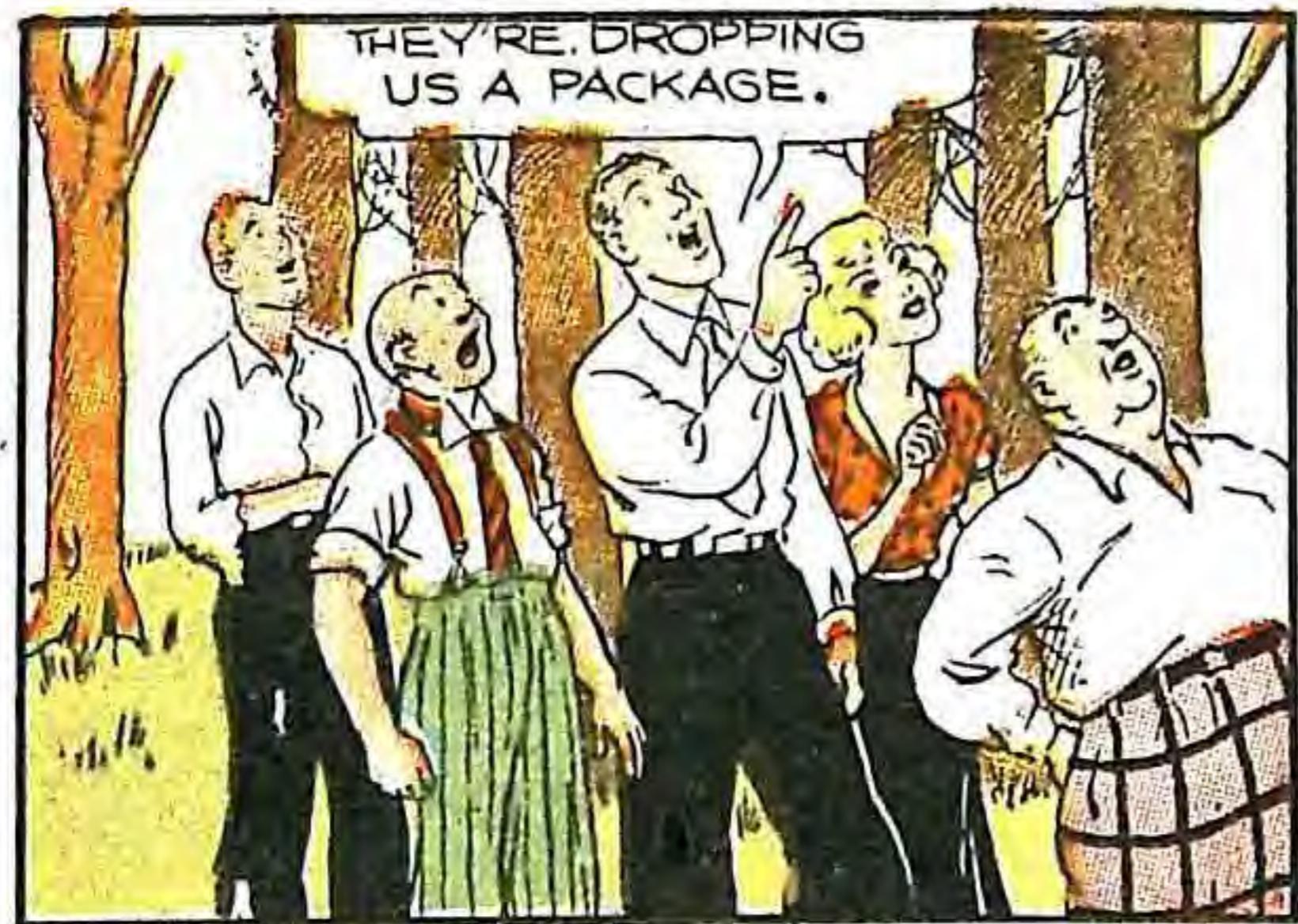
WHEN THE PLANE ON WHICH JOE AND KNOBBY ARE HEADIN' WEST IS LOST DUE TO A FORCED LANDING, JOE SETS OUT FOR HELP. HOWEVER HE GETS LOST IN THE FOREST AND CAN'T FIND HIS WAY BACK TO THE 'PLANE.



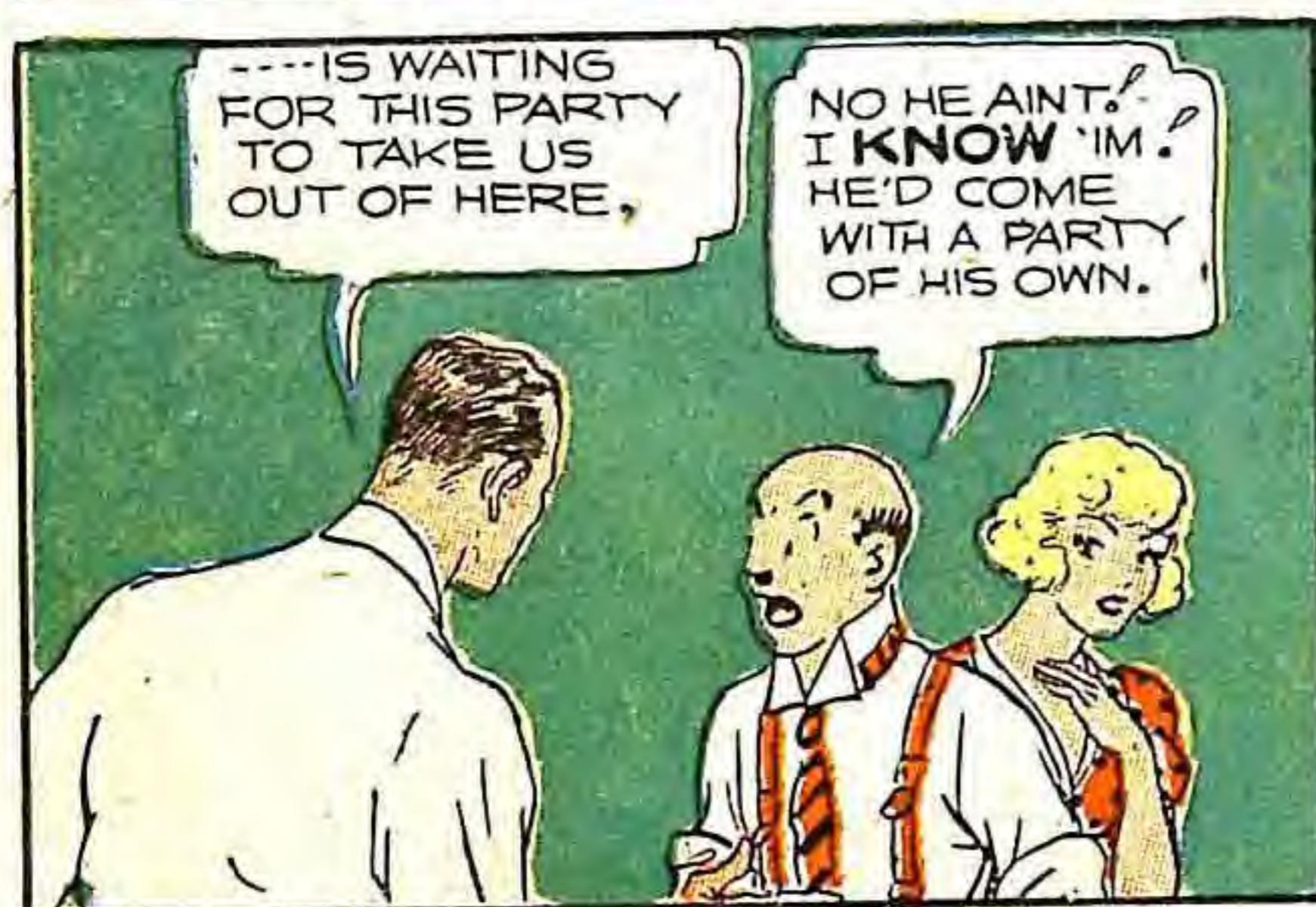
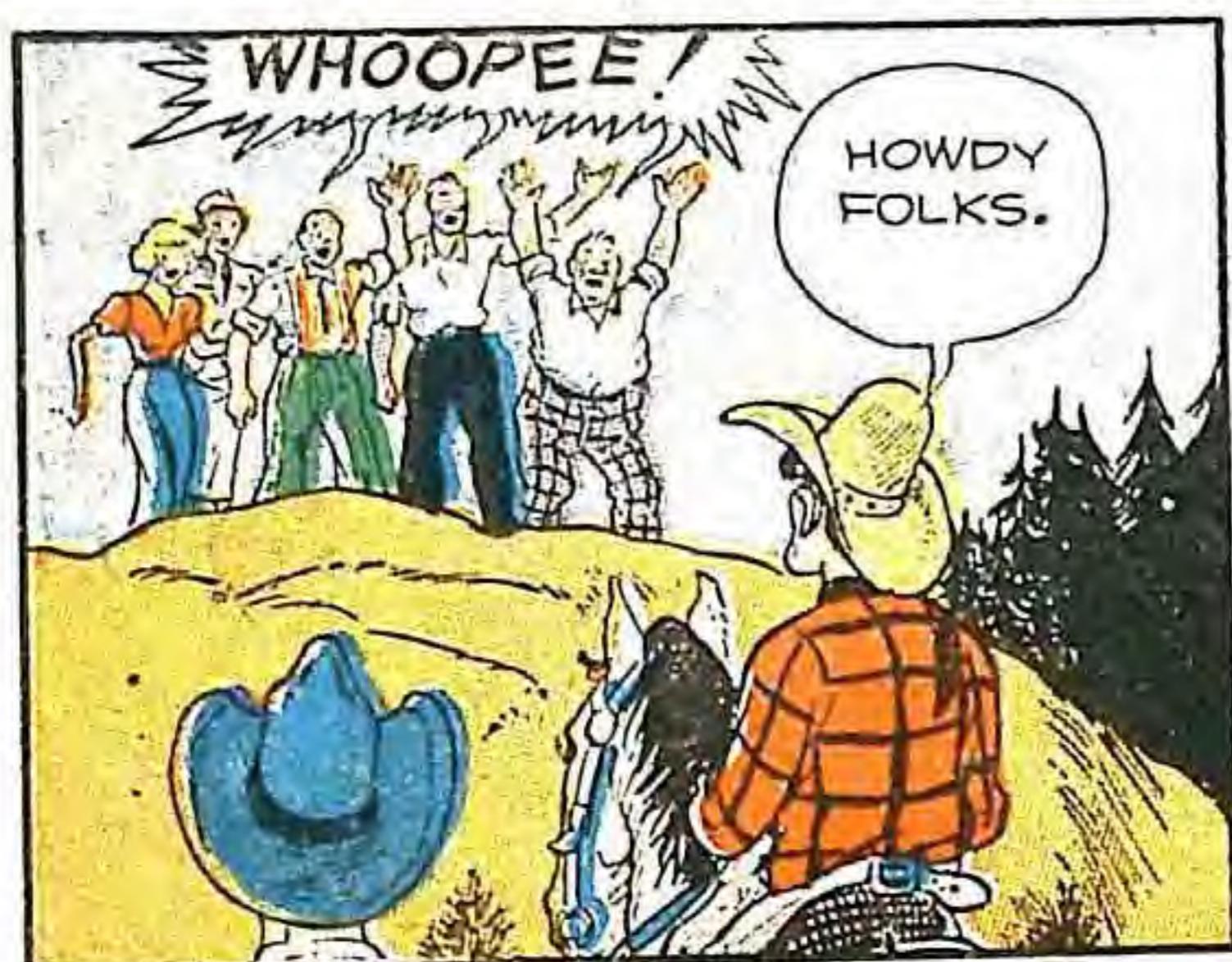
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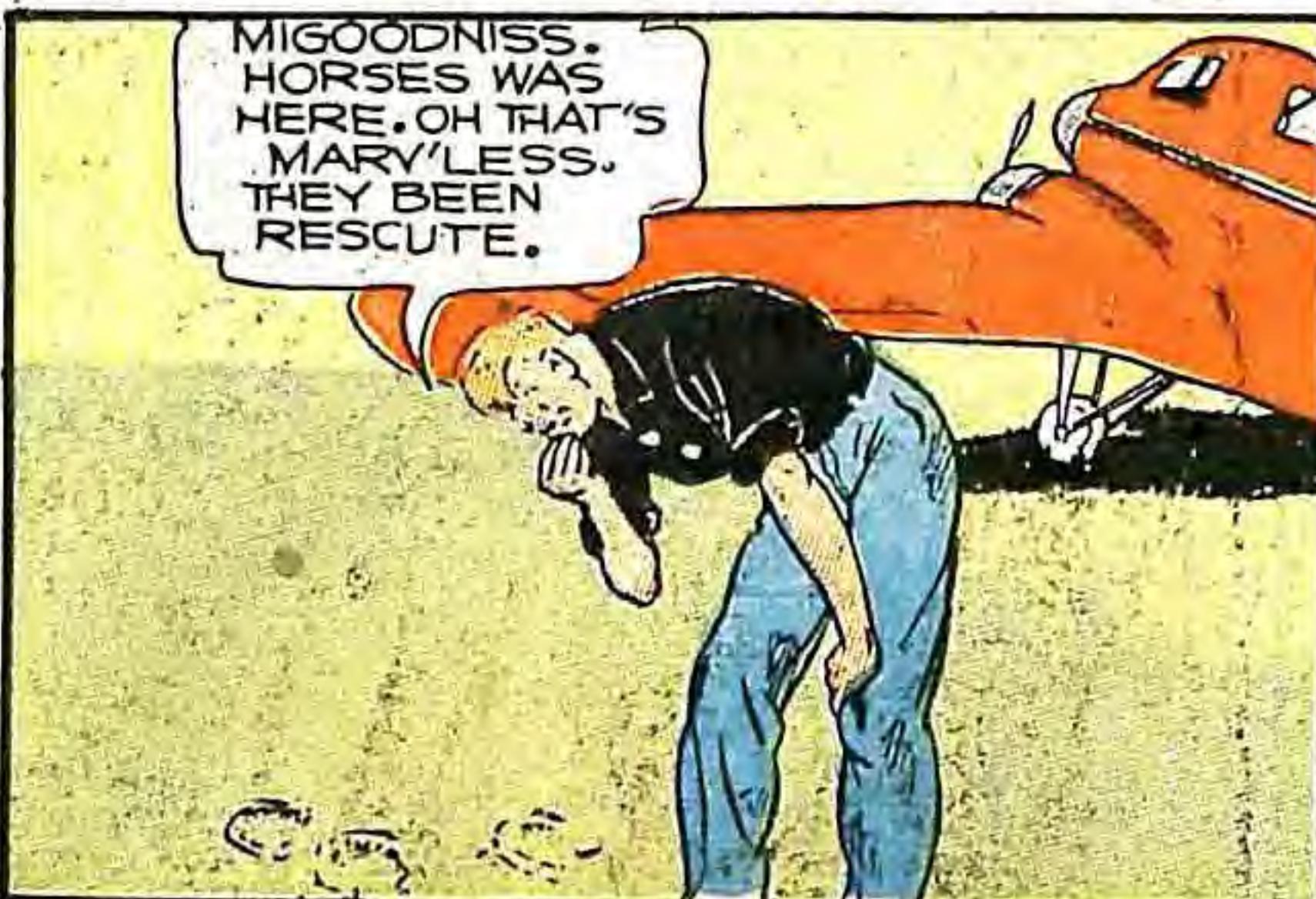
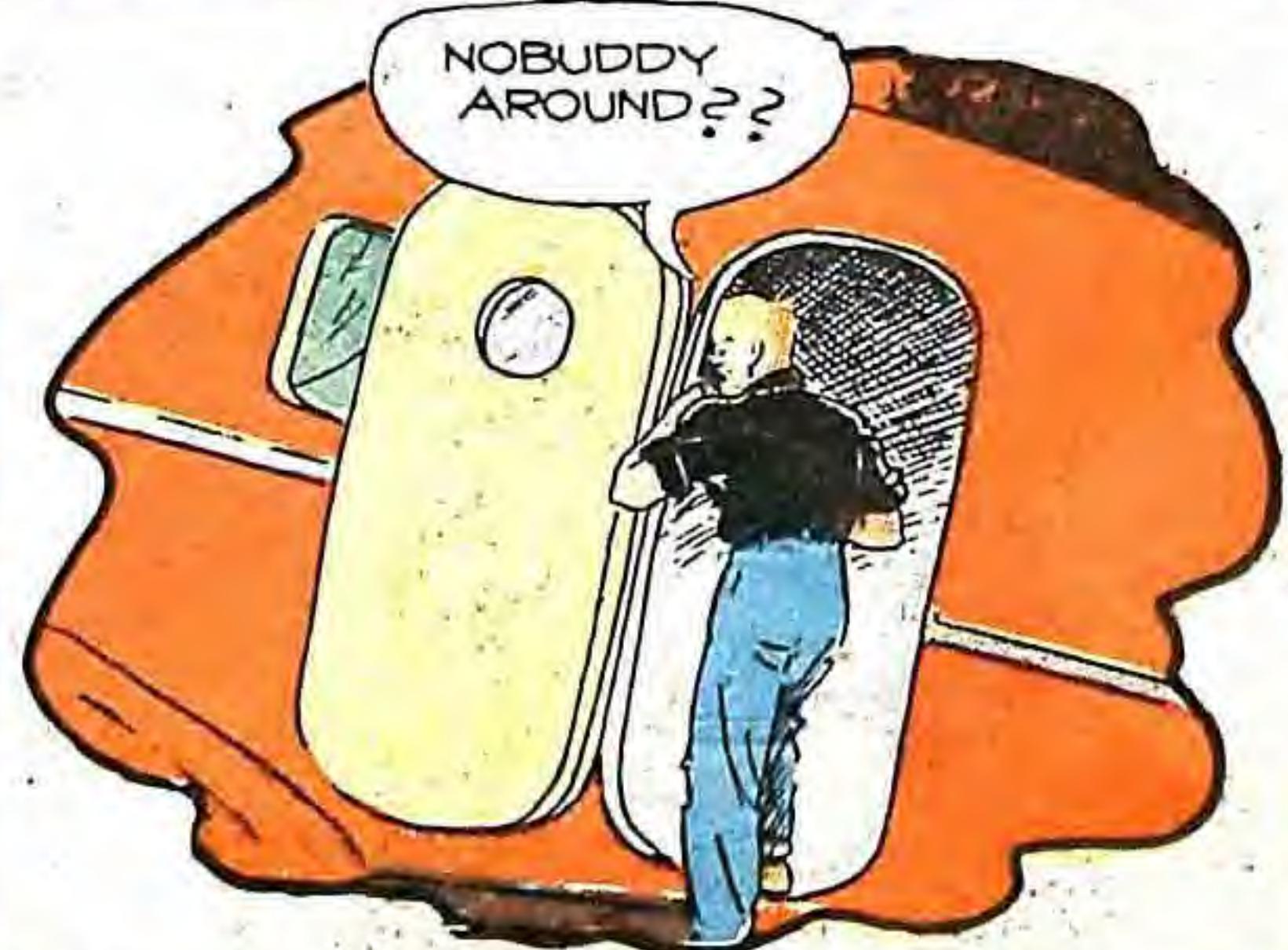
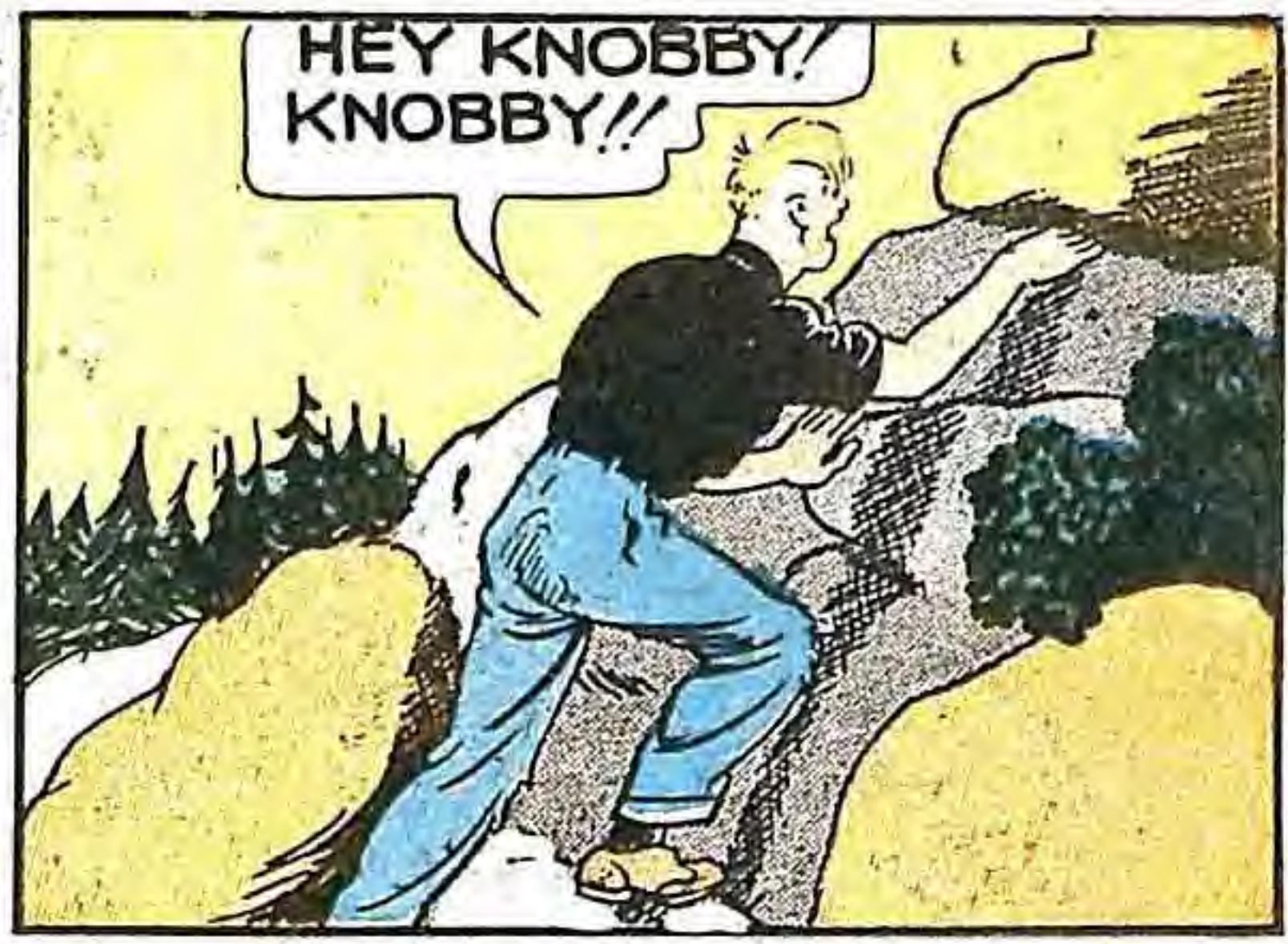
BIG SHOT COMICS



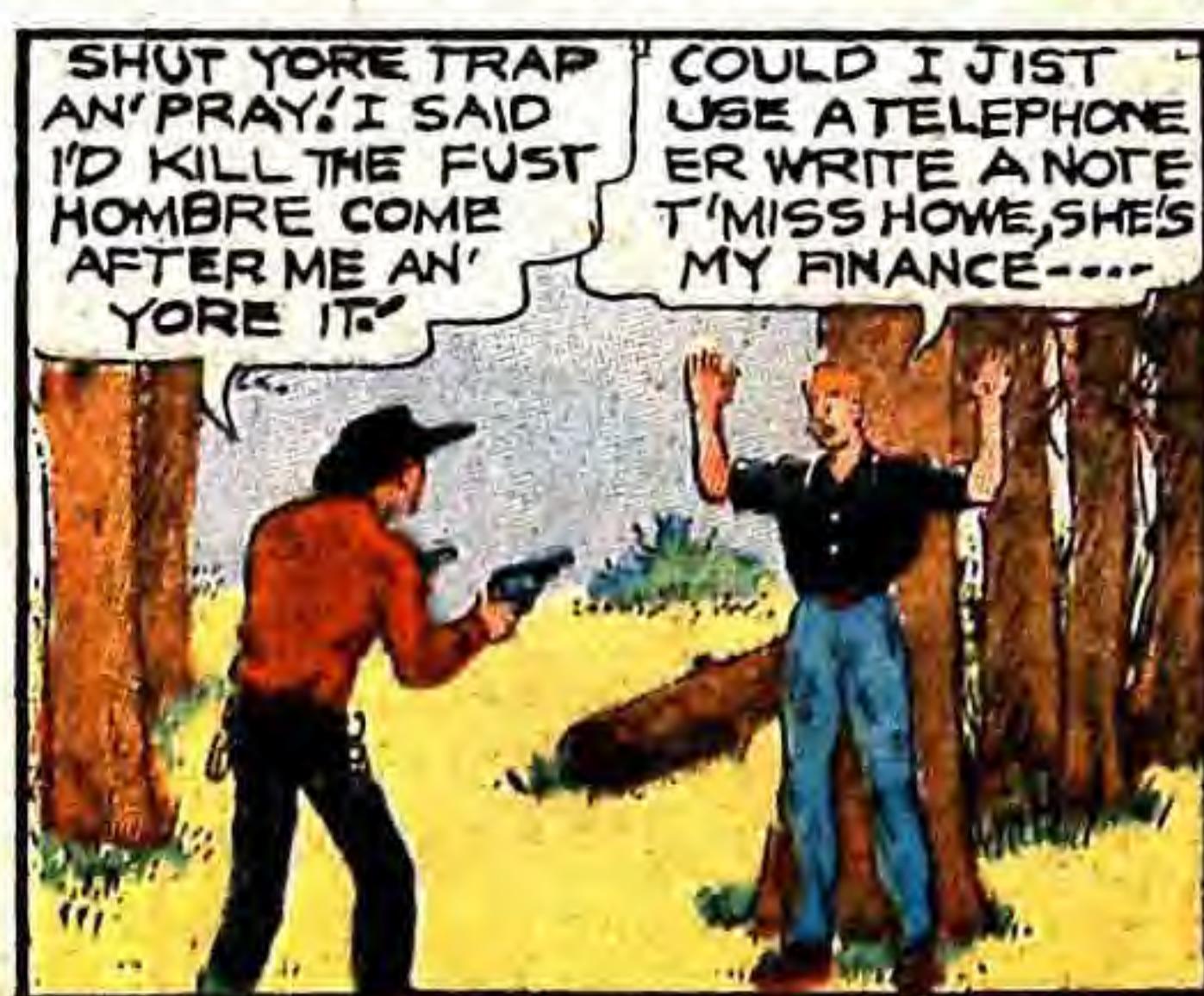
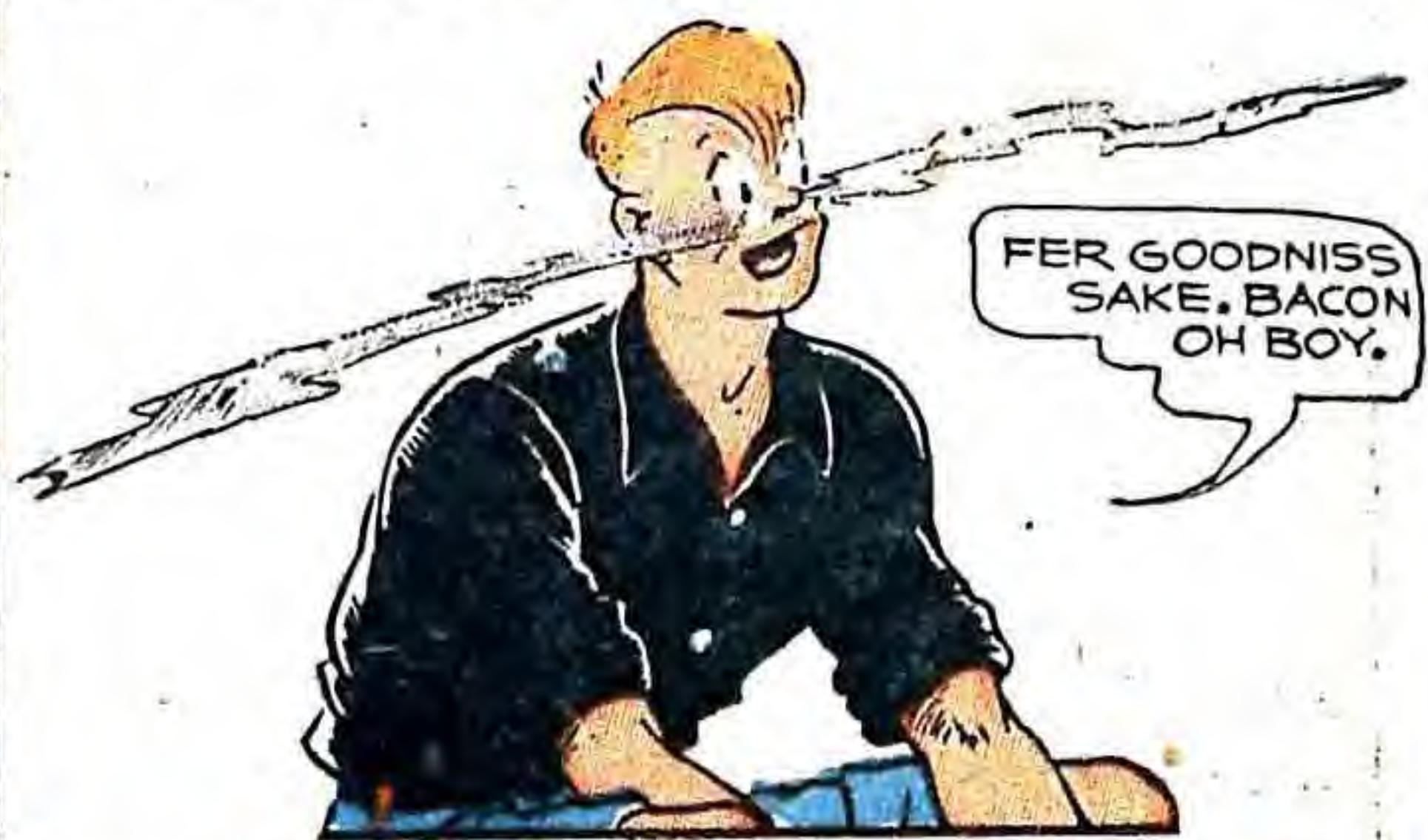
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



JOE
SURE
IS IN
A
TOUGH
SPOT.
DON'T
MISS
THE
NEXT
ISSUE
OF
BIG SHOT

BIG SHOT COMICS

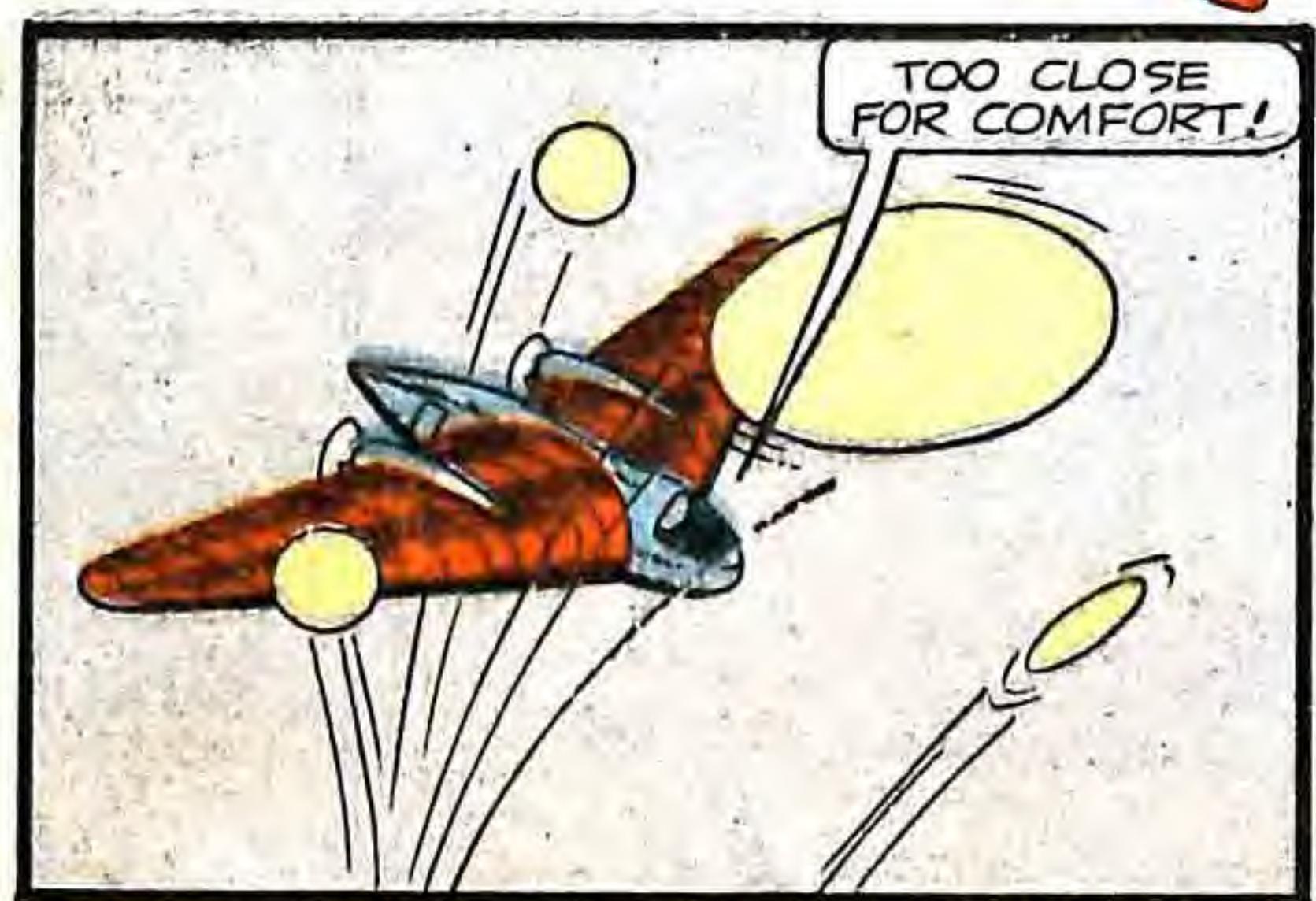
The **SKYMAN**

AMERICA'S
NATIONAL HERO!



BY PAUL DEAN

WHENEVER THE HYDRA-HEAD OF **EVIL**
REARS, THE **SKYMAN** — HERO-
SCIENTIST OF THE AIR — RACES
IN THE SPEEDY WING, TO
STRIKE THE VICIOUS MONSTER
DOWN — — AND SO, ONE DAY
OVER THE COLORADO PLATEAU OF
SOUTH-EASTERN UTAH — —



SETTING THE STABILIZER, WHICH UTILIZES THE
MAGNETIC ENERGY OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH
POLES, THE SKYMAN LEAVES THE WING
FLOATING MOTIONLESS IN MID-AIR — —



BIG SHOT COMICS

HAVE TO GET HER TO A HOSPITAL! MEANWHILE, IF YOU'LL HANDLE THE EQUIPMENT, WE'LL GIVE HER A BLOOD TRANSFUSION --



LATER -- A HOSPITAL IN ROCK CITY --

JOE BASILE WAS ON THE AIR-LINER, AND I WAS TRAILING HIM! A SUSPECTED SPY --

I WAS AFTER HIM MYSELF! BUT BASILE'S DEAD! YOU AND THE HOSTESS WERE THE ONLY SURVIVORS!



NEITHER FAWN NOR THE HOSTESS SAW THE DISCS COMING! BUT I MIGHT BE ABLE TO SPOT ONE ON THE GROUND AND FIGURE ITS COURSE OF FLIGHT!



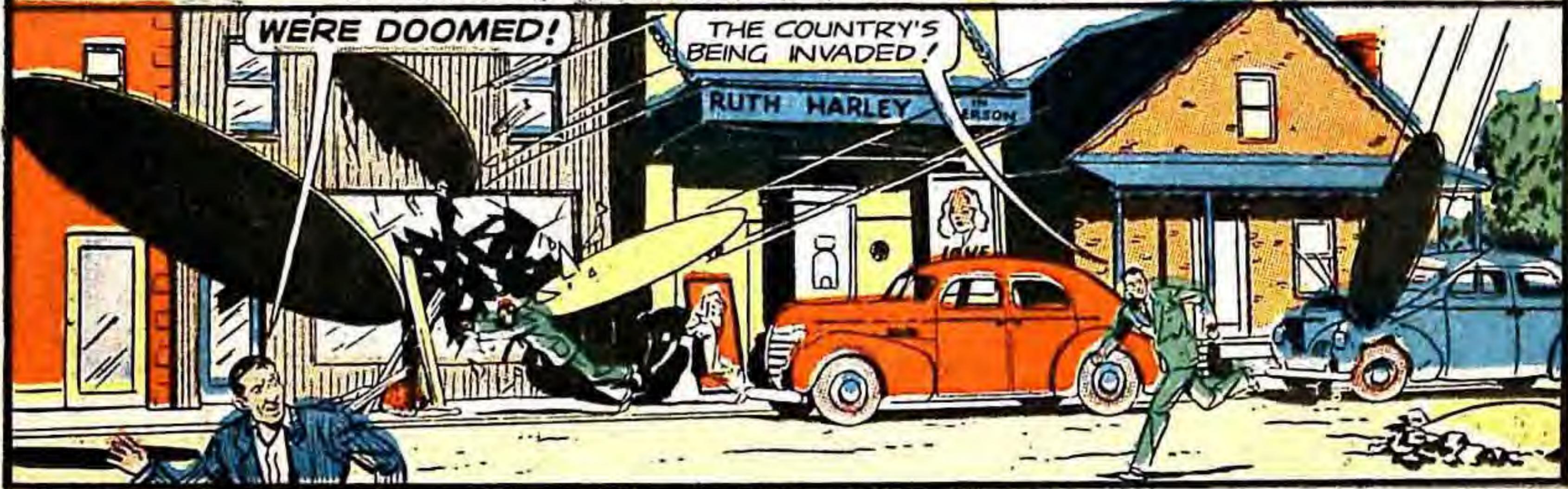
AFTER TWO HOURS OF FUTILE SEARCH --

COULDN'T FIND A SINGLE DISC -- HANG THEM! I GUESS -- WHAT'S THAT?

EVERYBODY REMAIN INDOORS! THE ROCK CITY POLICE AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS WILL SOUND SIRENS WHEN THE DISCS CEASE FALLING --



IN ROCK CITY, THE DEADLY DISCS WREAK HAVOC!

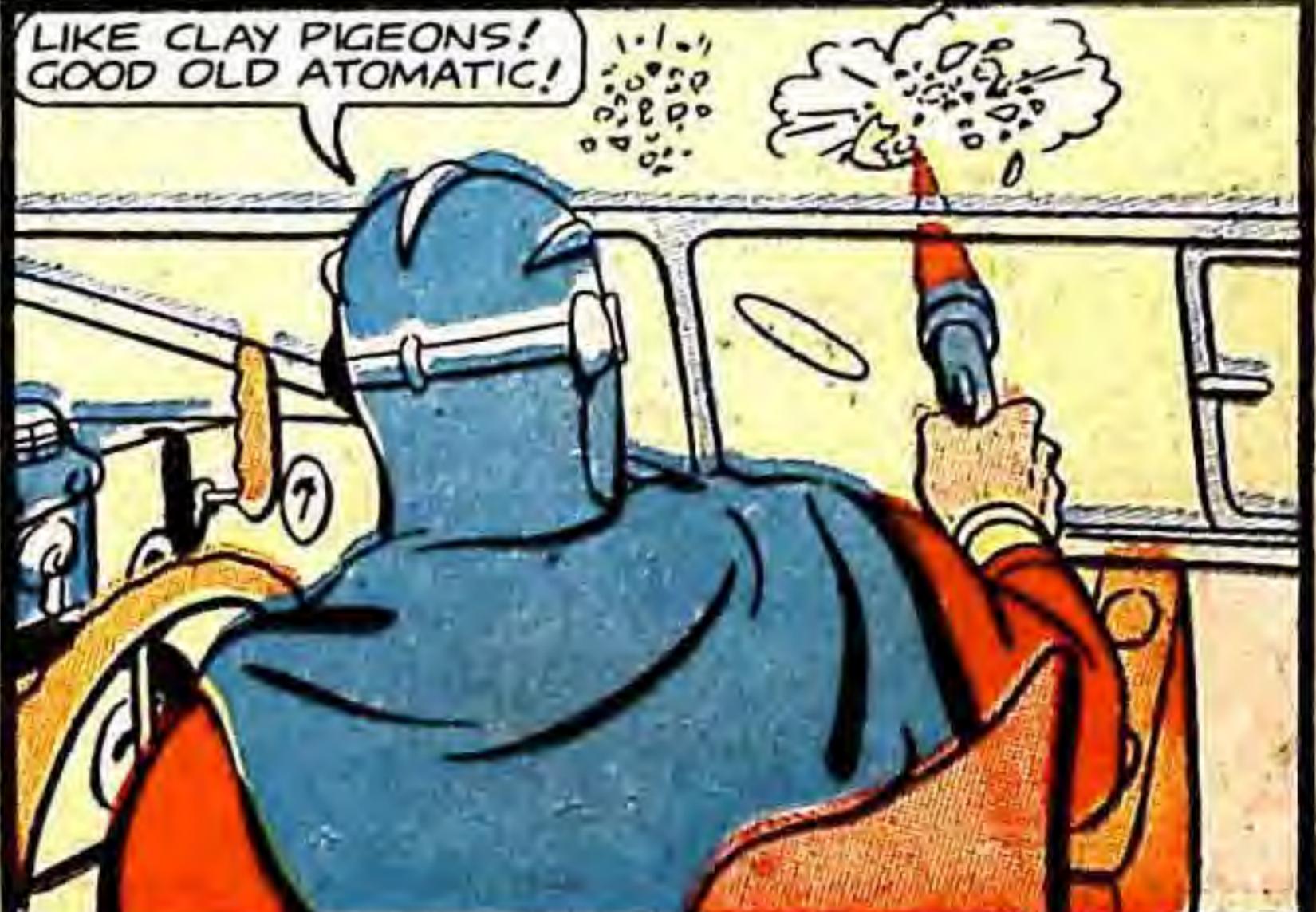


SUDDENLY -- --

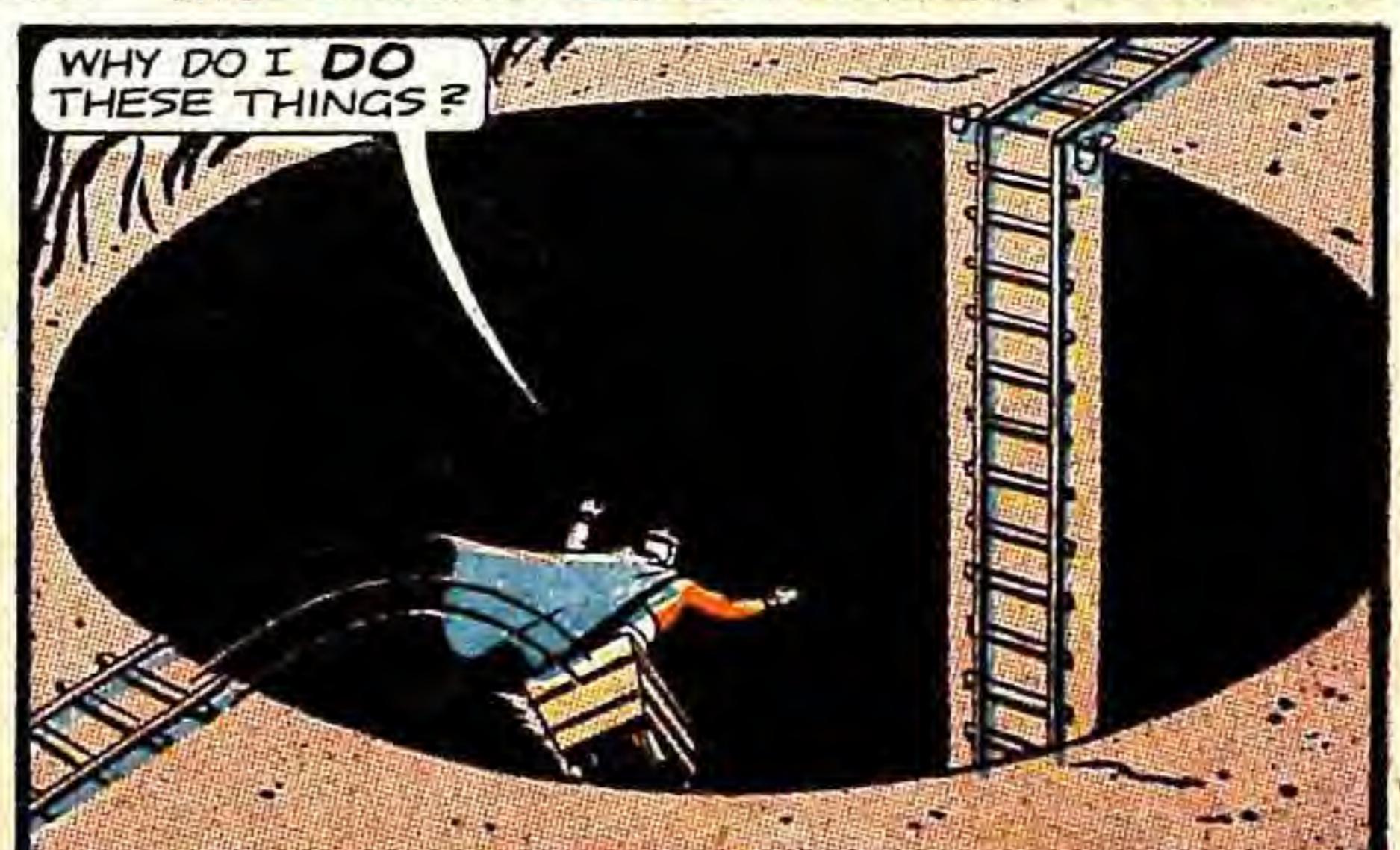
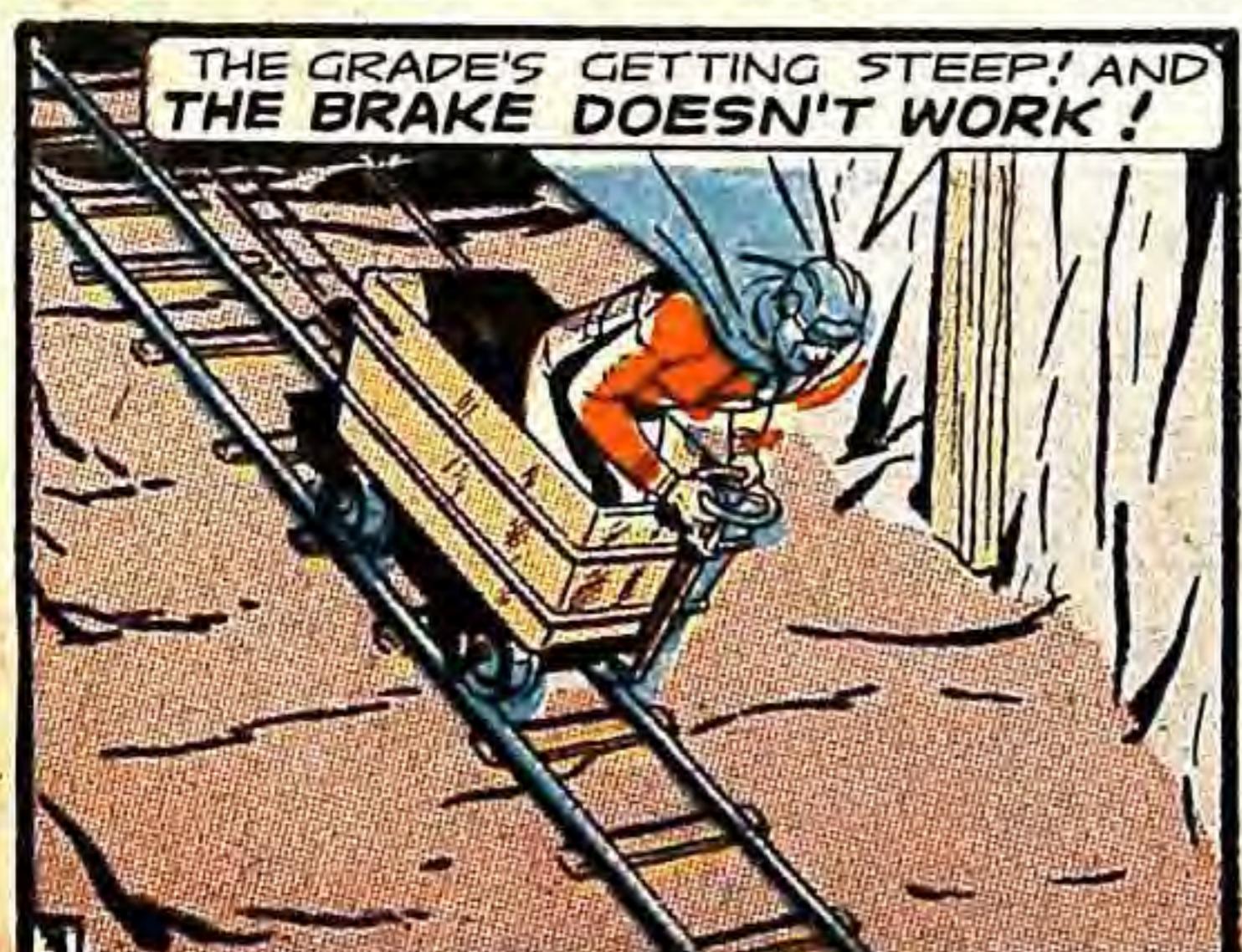
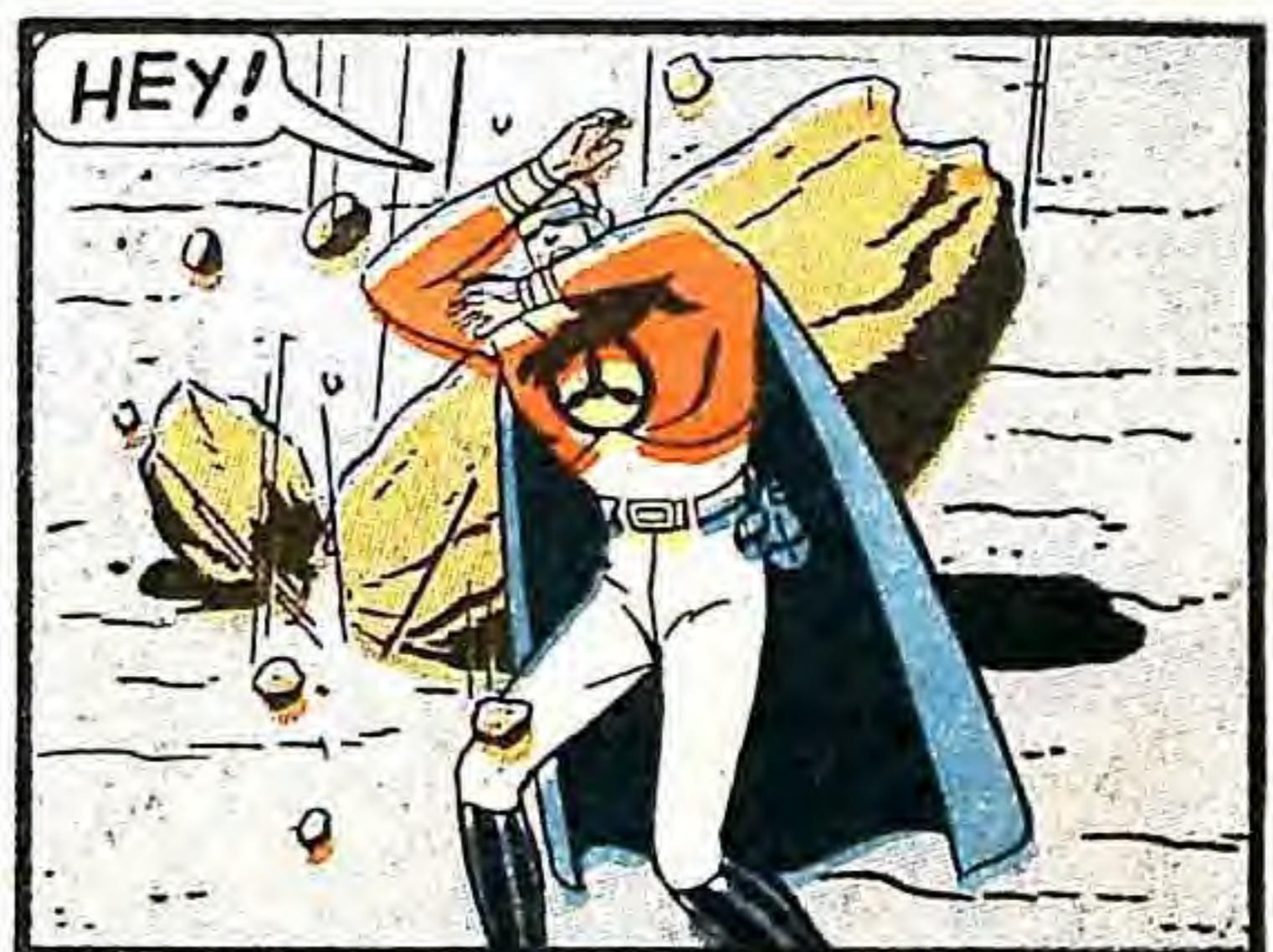
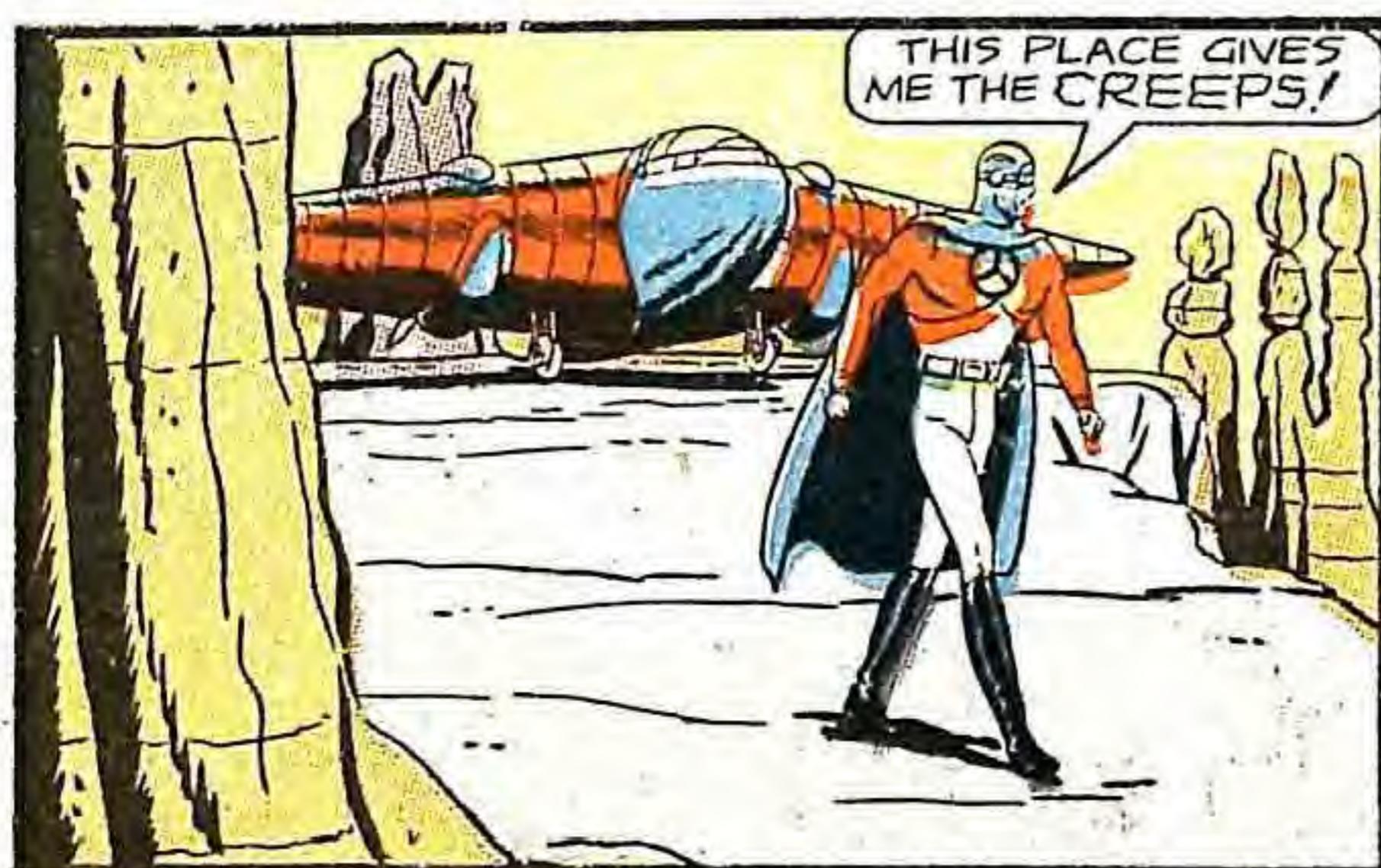
LOOK! THEY'RE SHATTERING IN MID-AIR!



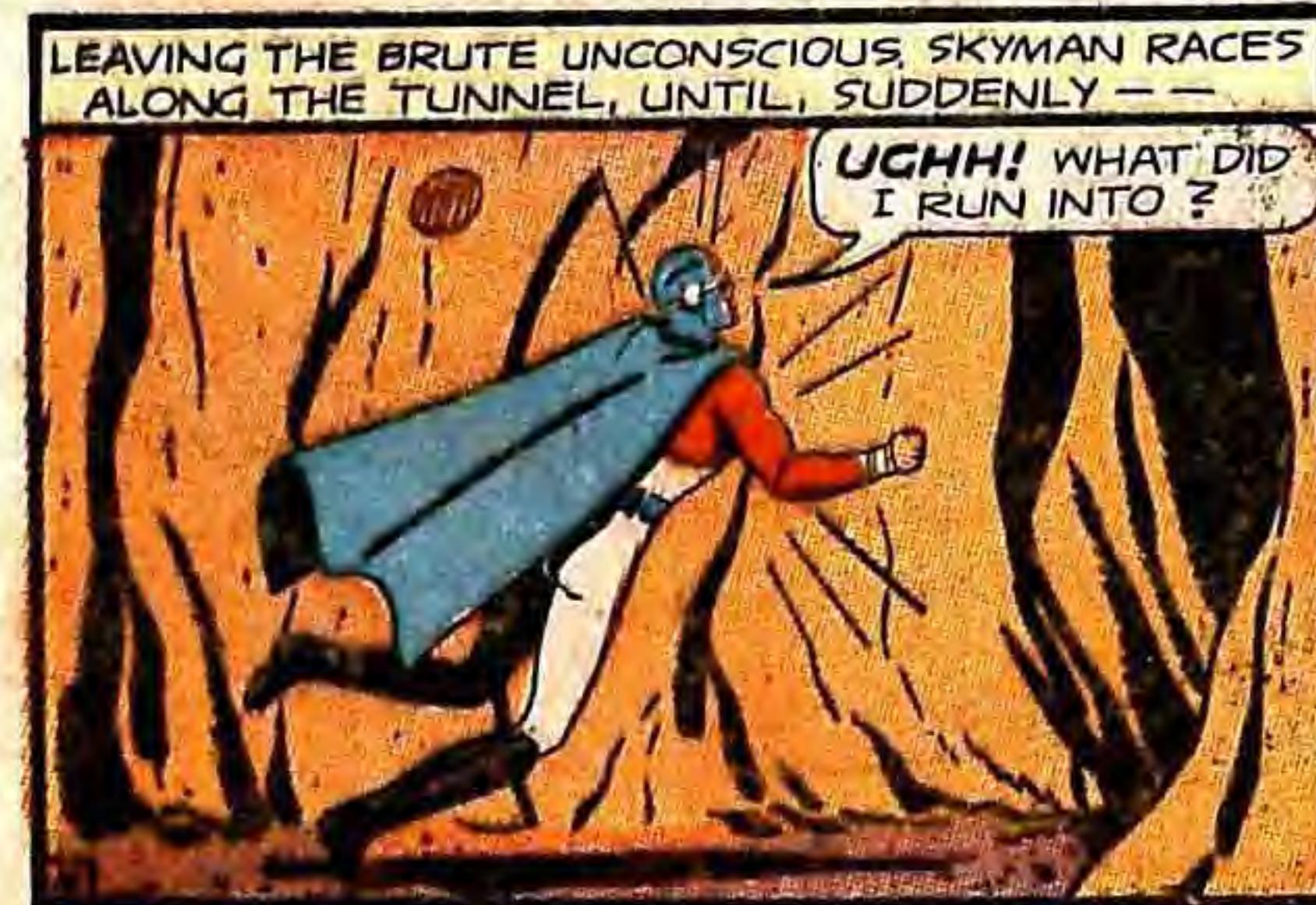
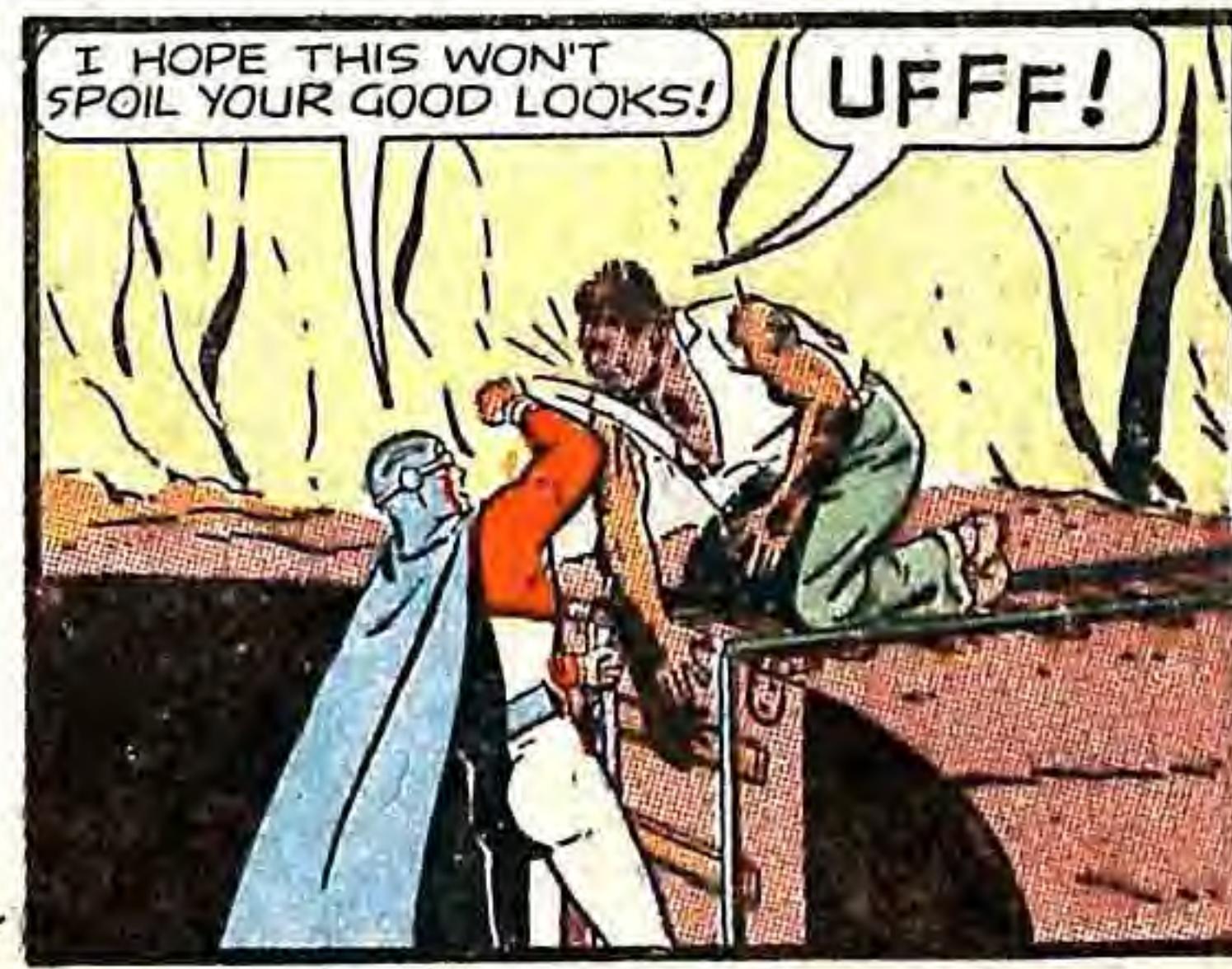
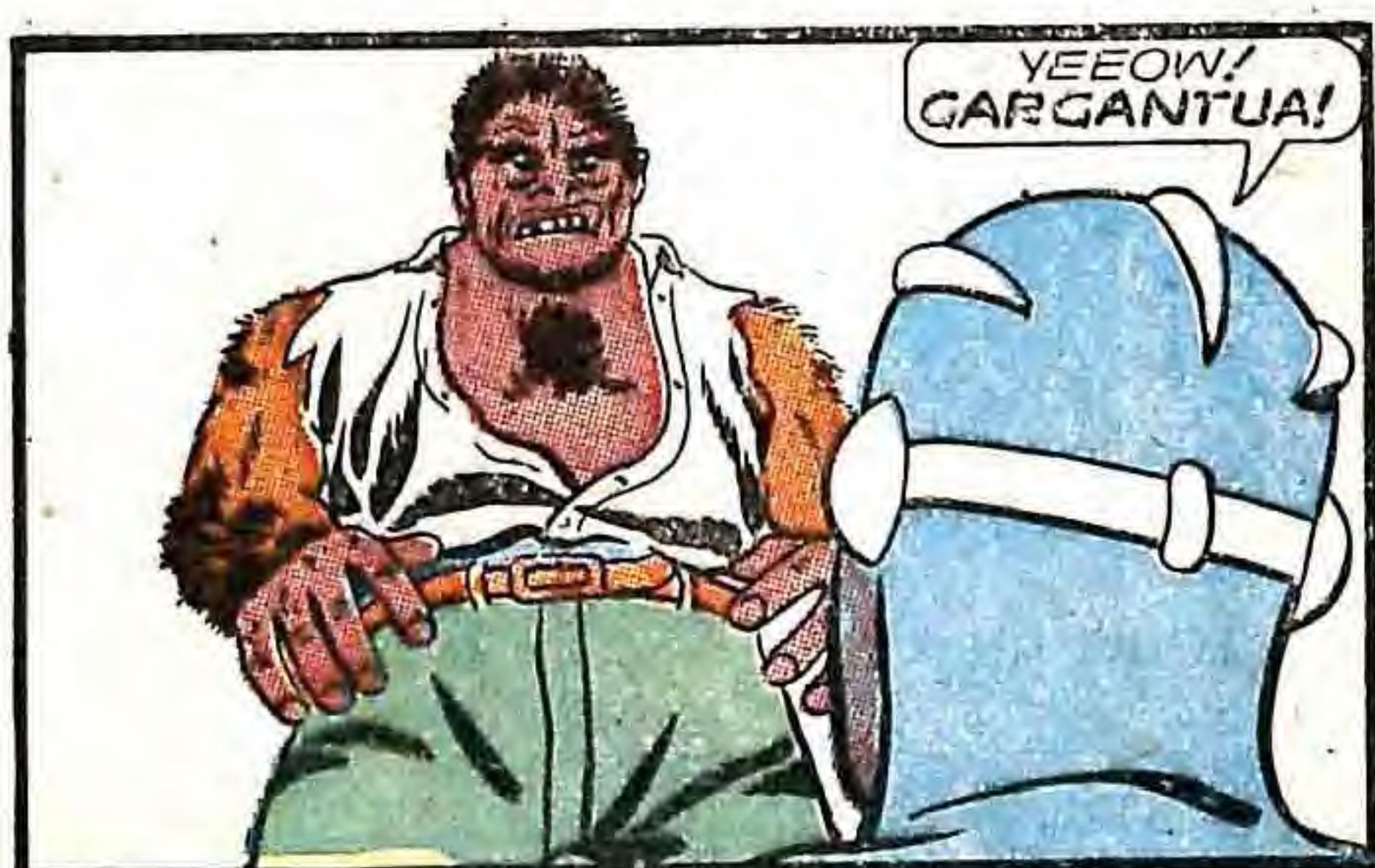
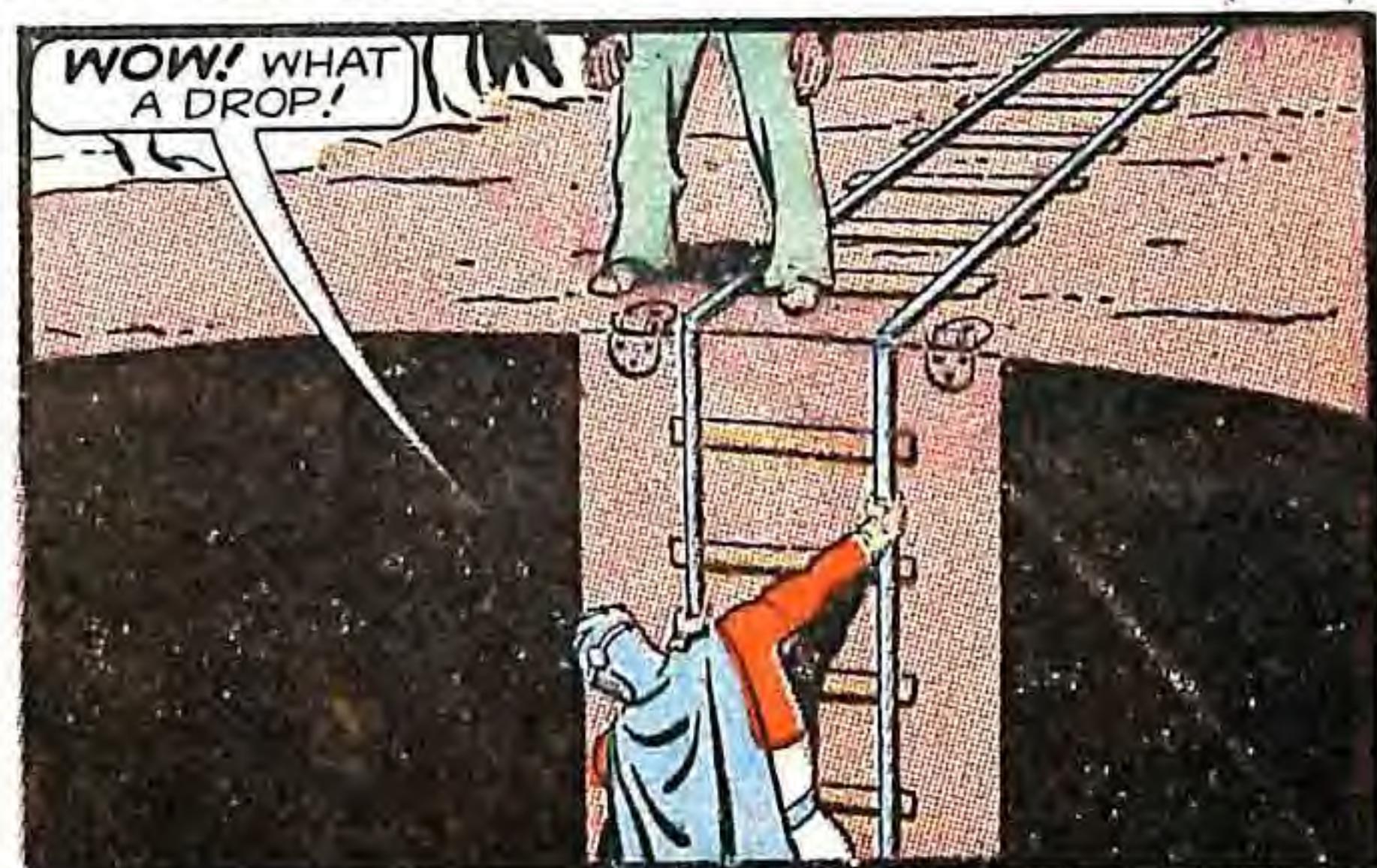
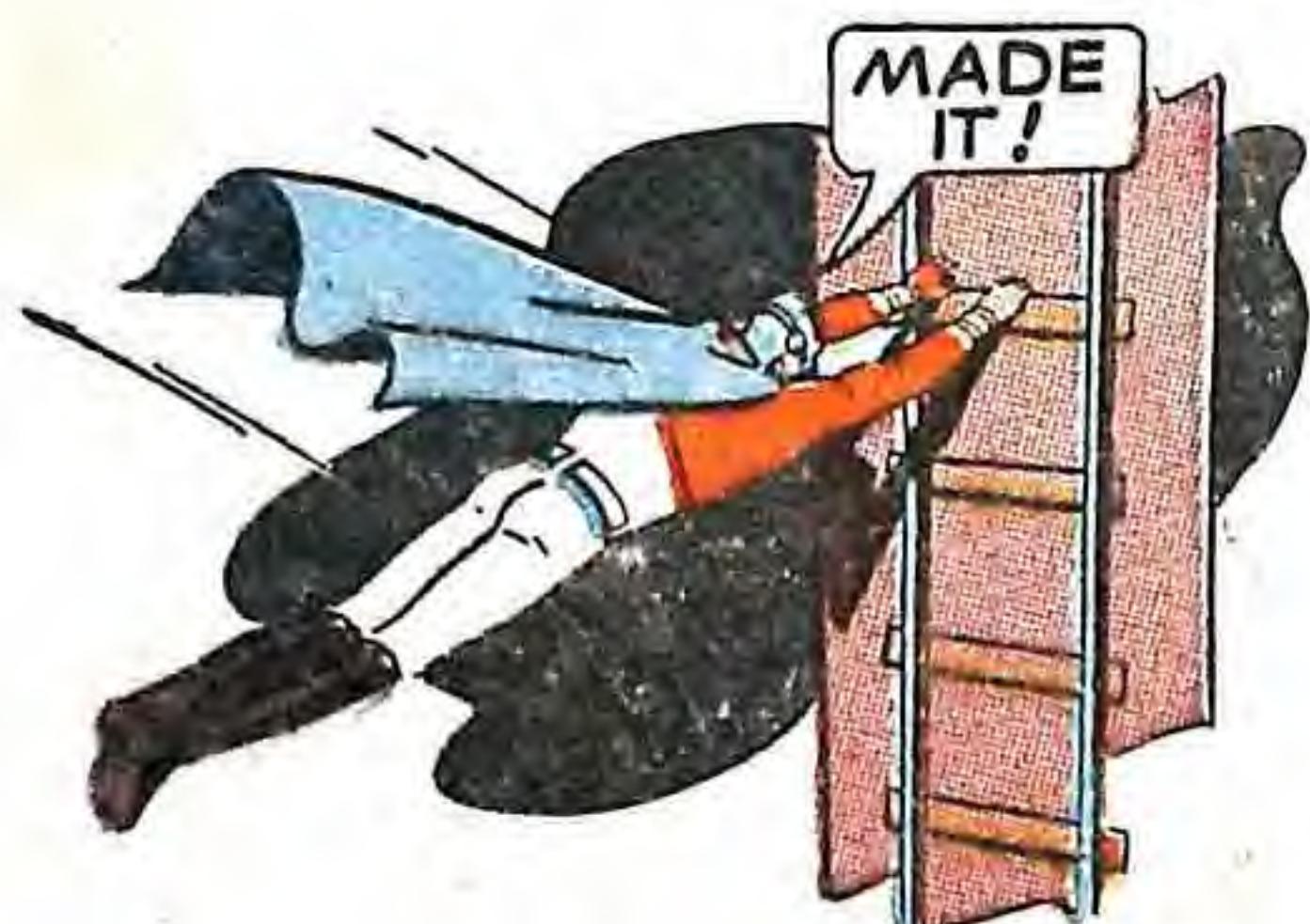
LIKE CLAY PIGEONS! GOOD OLD AUTOMATIC!



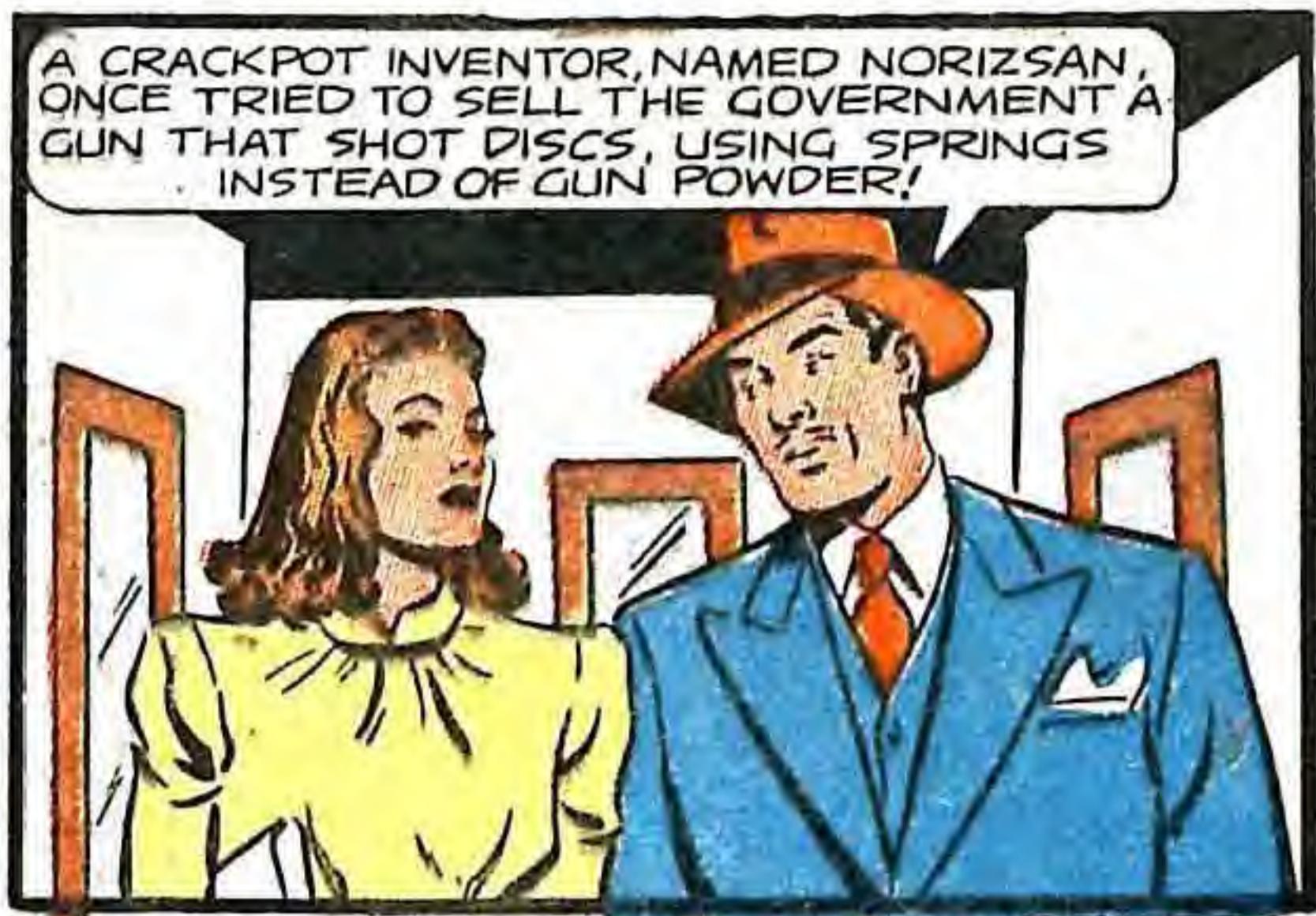
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BIG SHOT COMICS



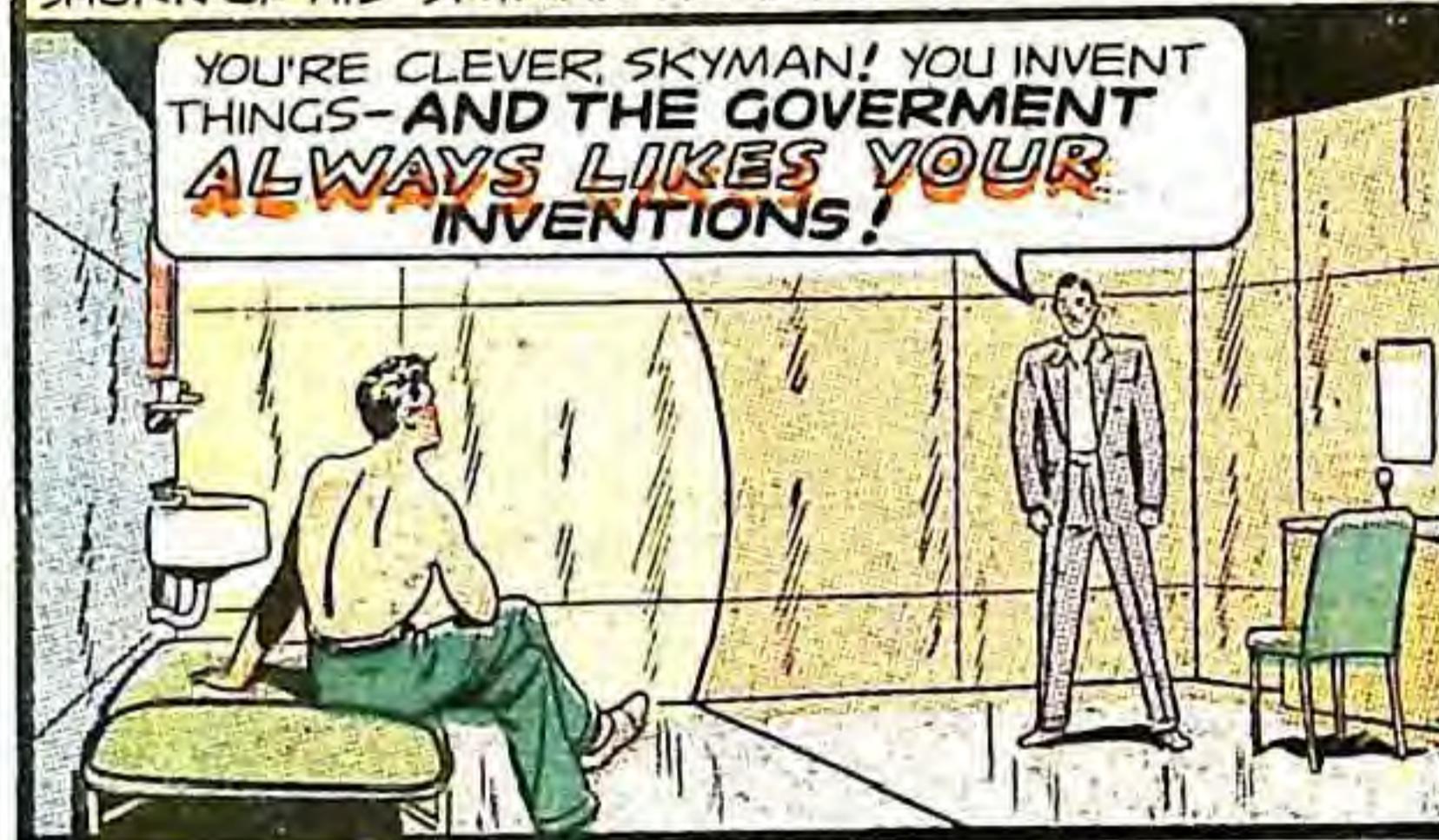
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



MEANWHILE, IN NORIZSAN'S SUBTERRANEAN STRONGHOLD, IN THE CANYON, ALLAN TURNER, SHORN OF HIS SKYMAN GEAR, IS HELD PRISONER



WHY DON'T THEY LIKE **MINE**? THIS INVISIBLE SHATTER-PROOF GLASS THAT SEPARATES US! MY DISC-CANNON! MY IGNI-GUN!



JUST THEN, A BUZZER SOUNDS, AND NORIZSAN THROWS A SWITCH--



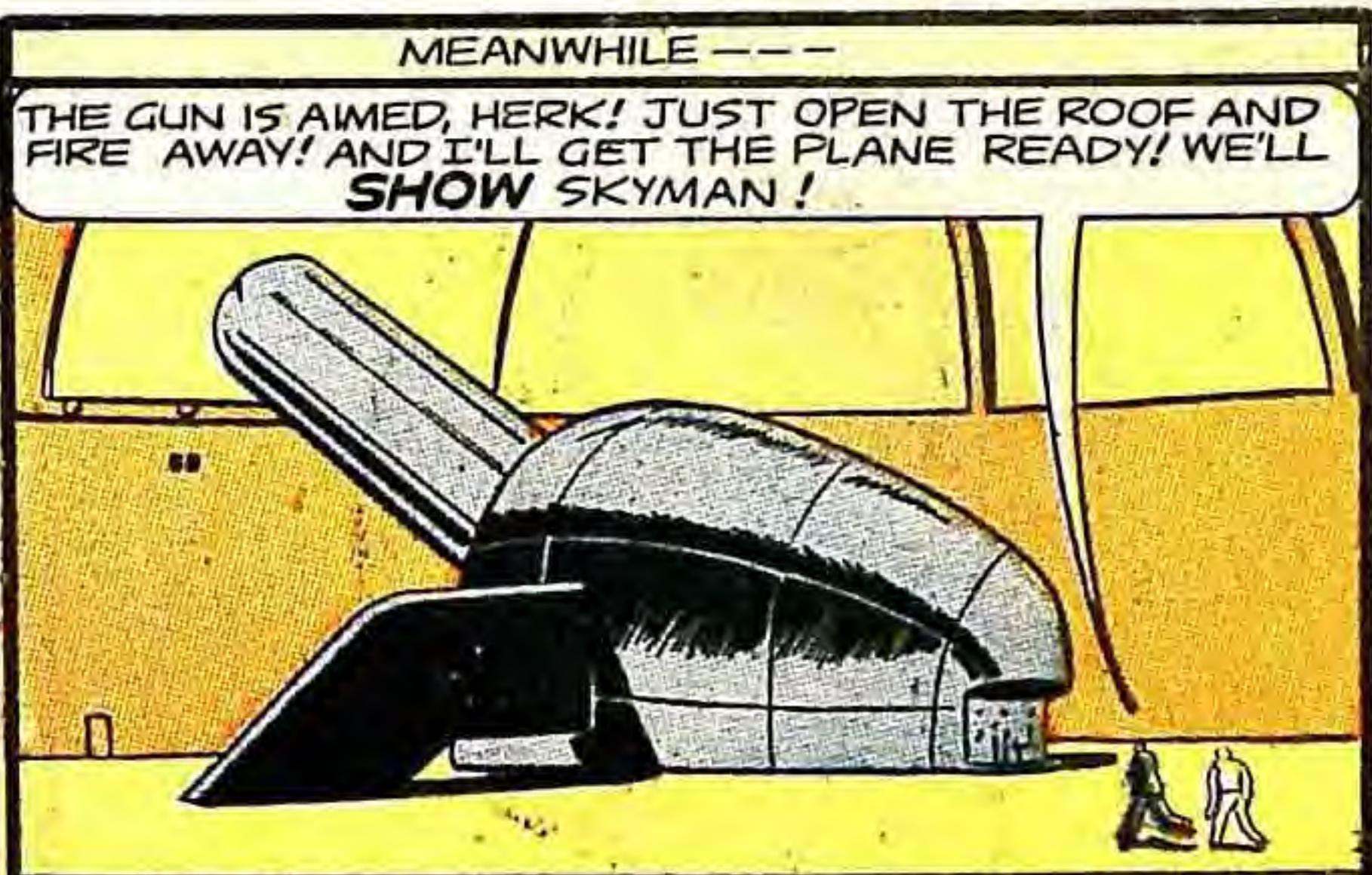
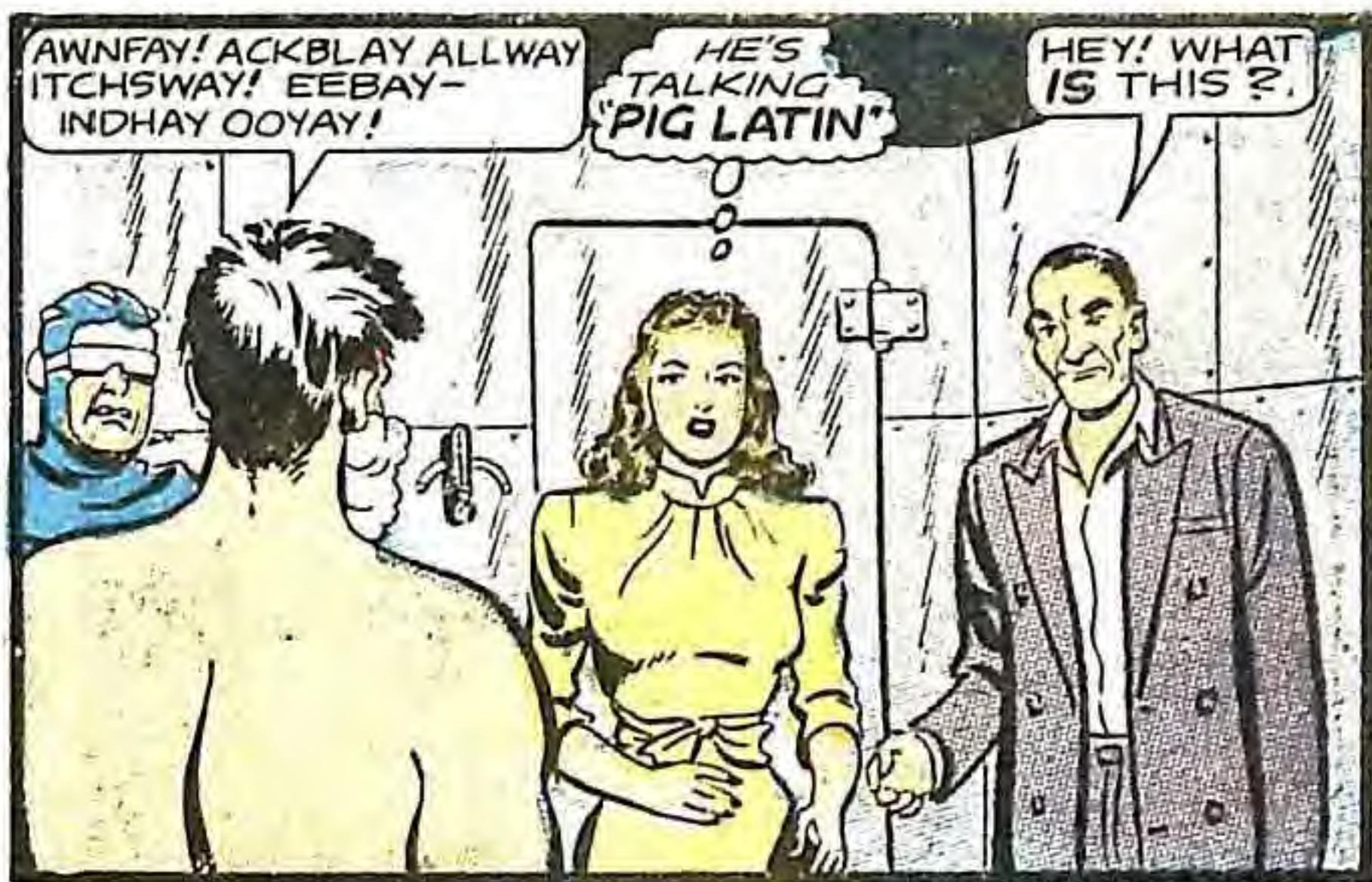
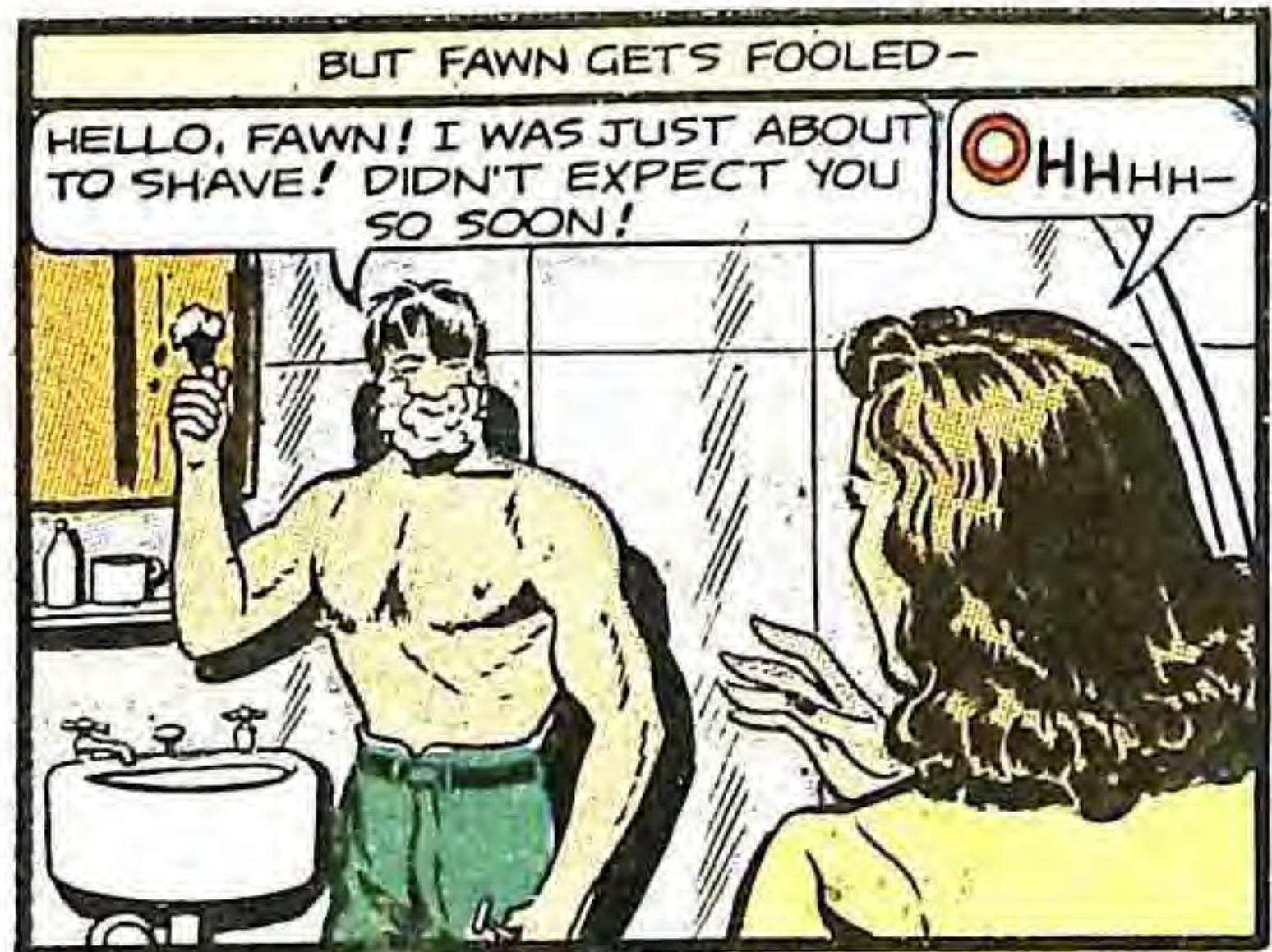
YOU'RE A FOOL, JOE! I'LL BET YOU MESSED IT UP- AS USUAL! WELL, BRING THAT GIRL DOWN HERE AND WE'LL LET HER SEE HER FRIEND!



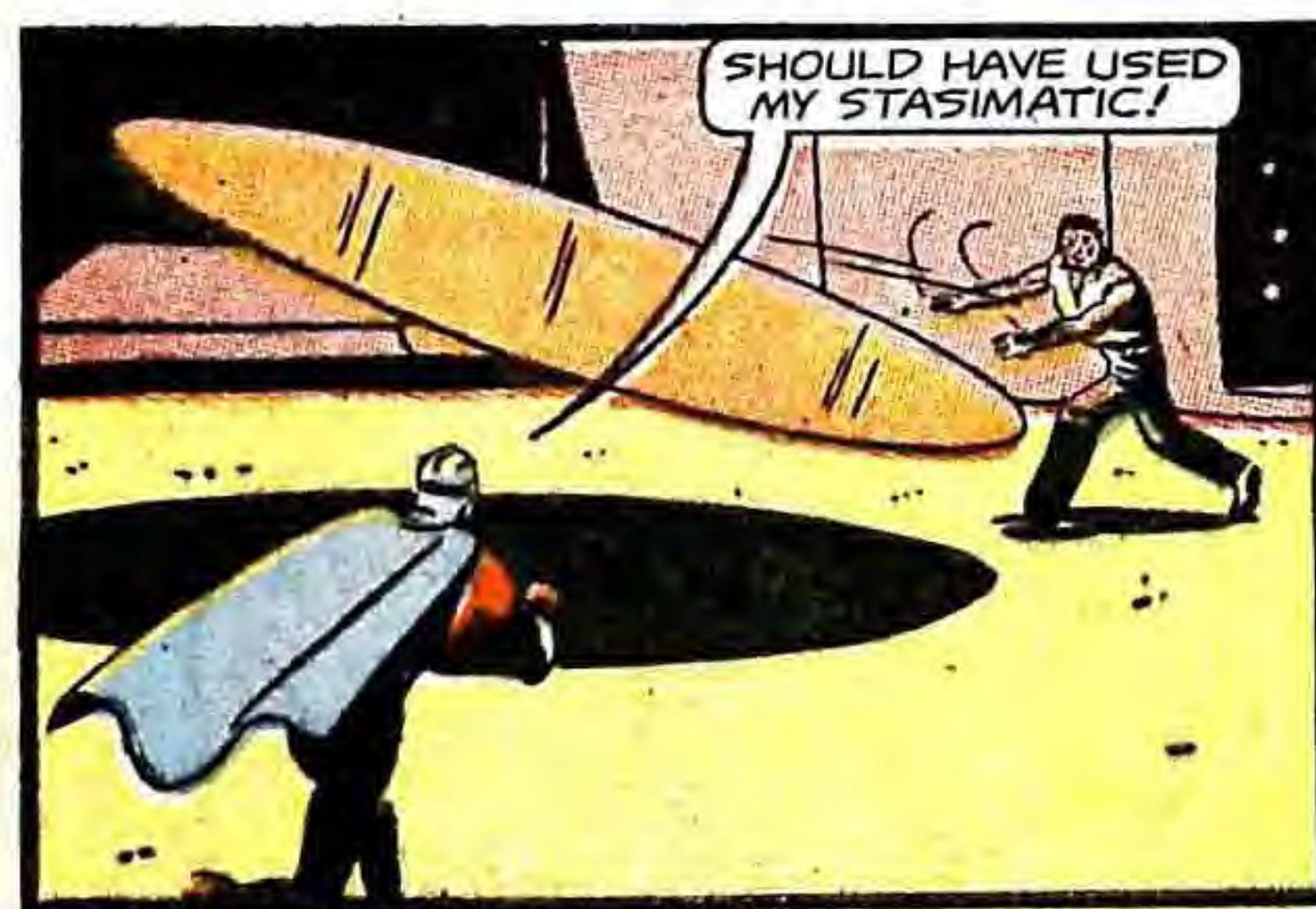
GOOD NIGHT! WHEN FAWN SEES ME, SHE'LL FINALLY LEARN THAT ALLAN TURNER AND SKYMAN, ARE ONE AND THE SAME MAN!



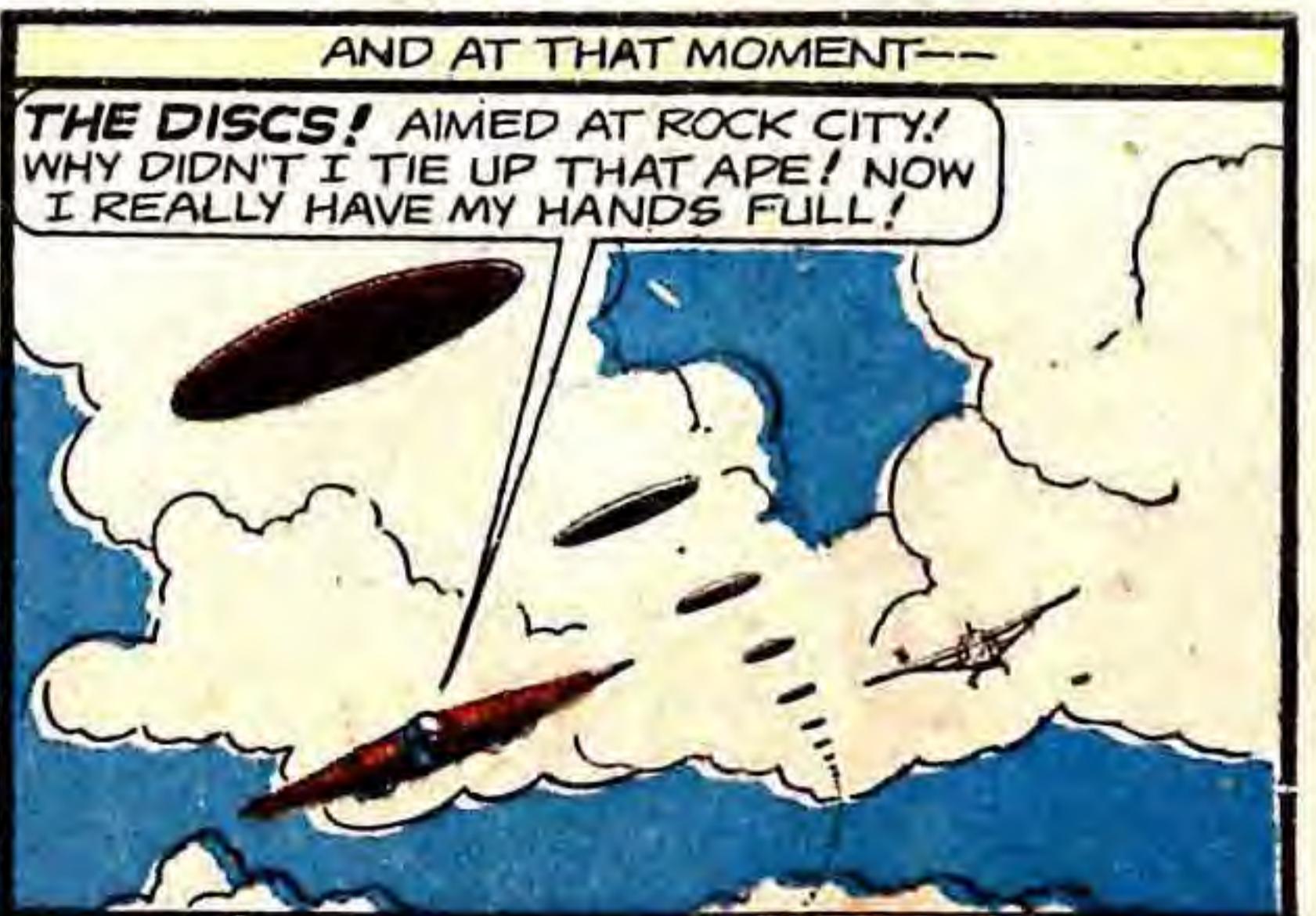
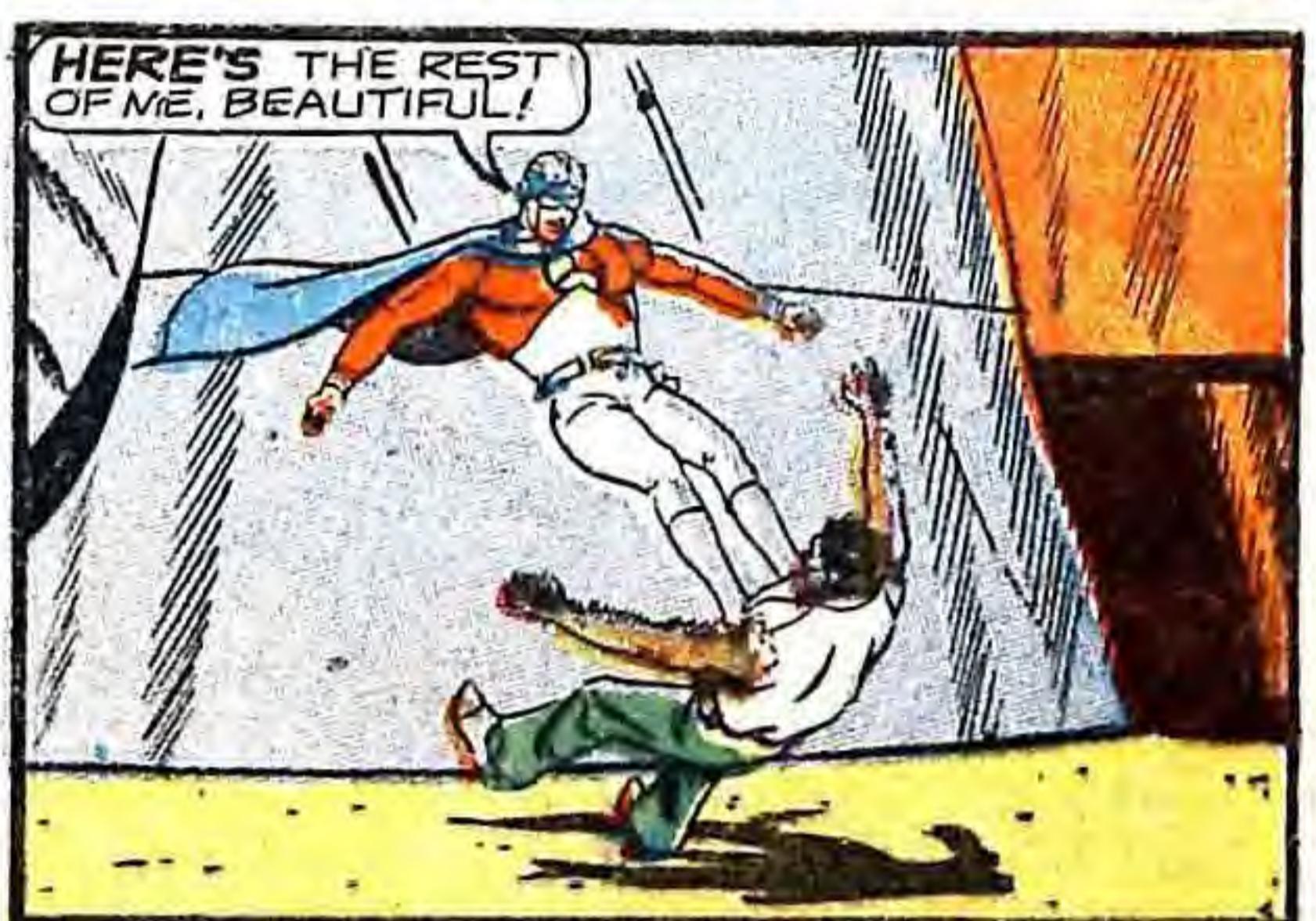
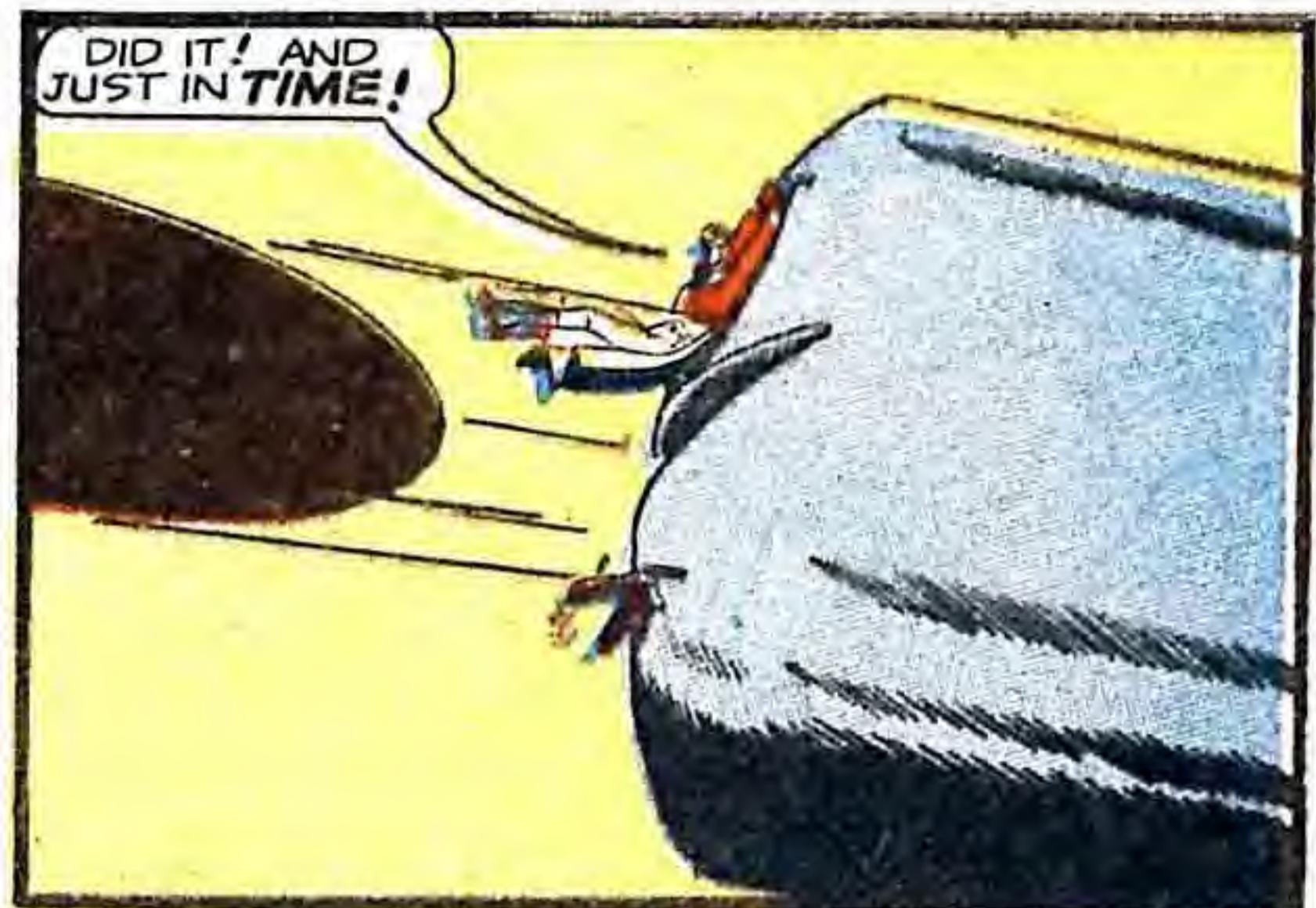
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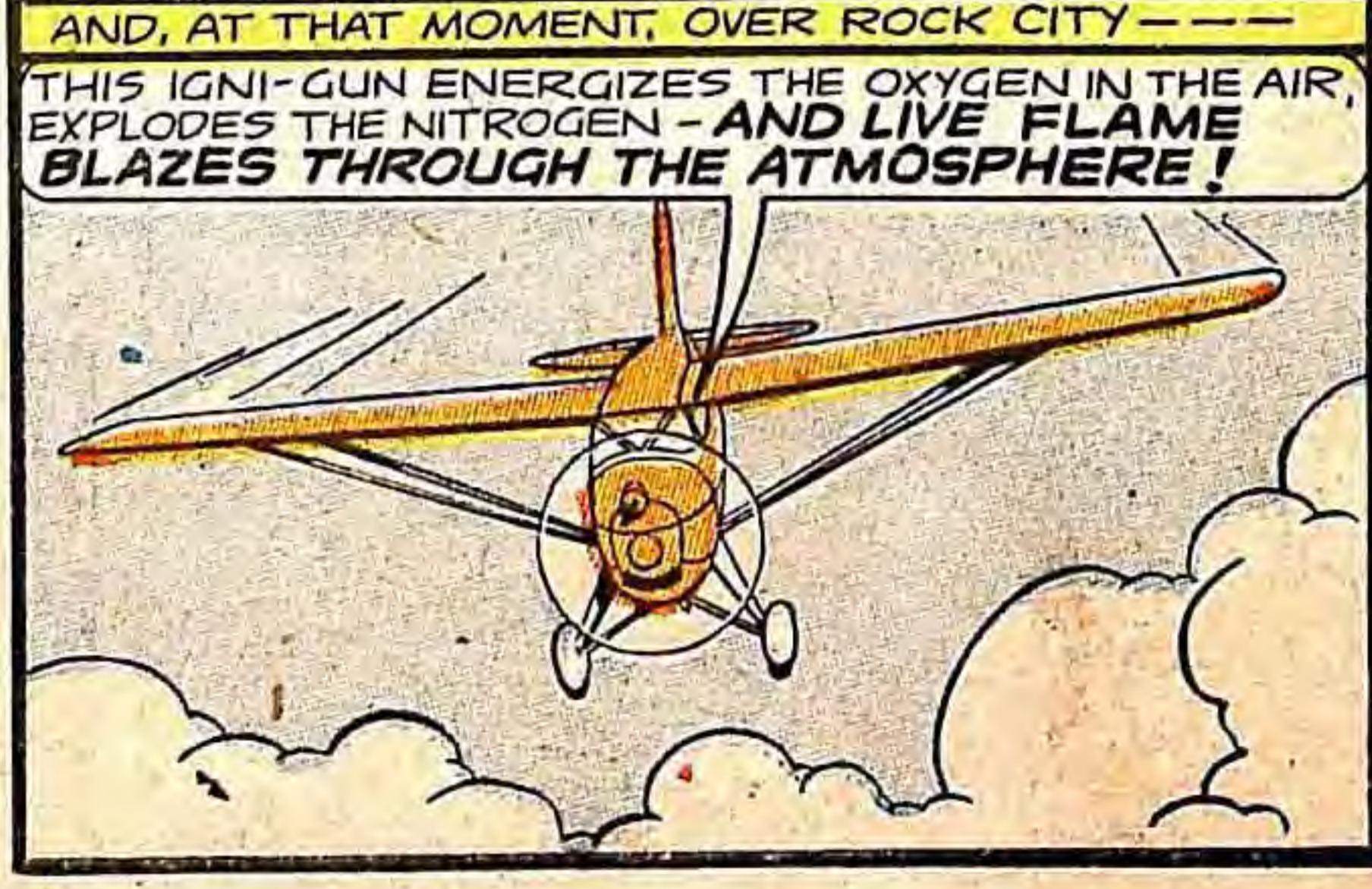
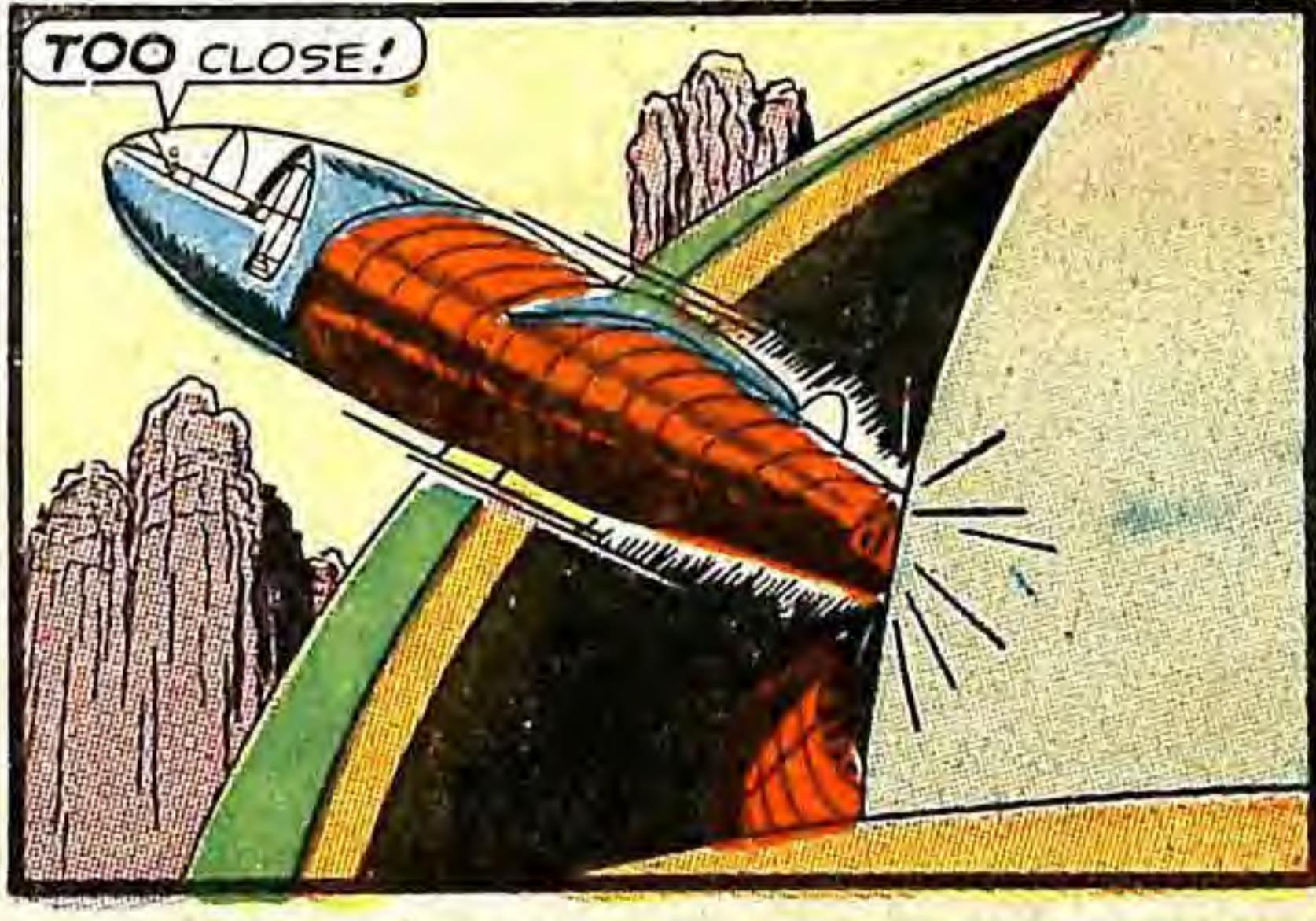
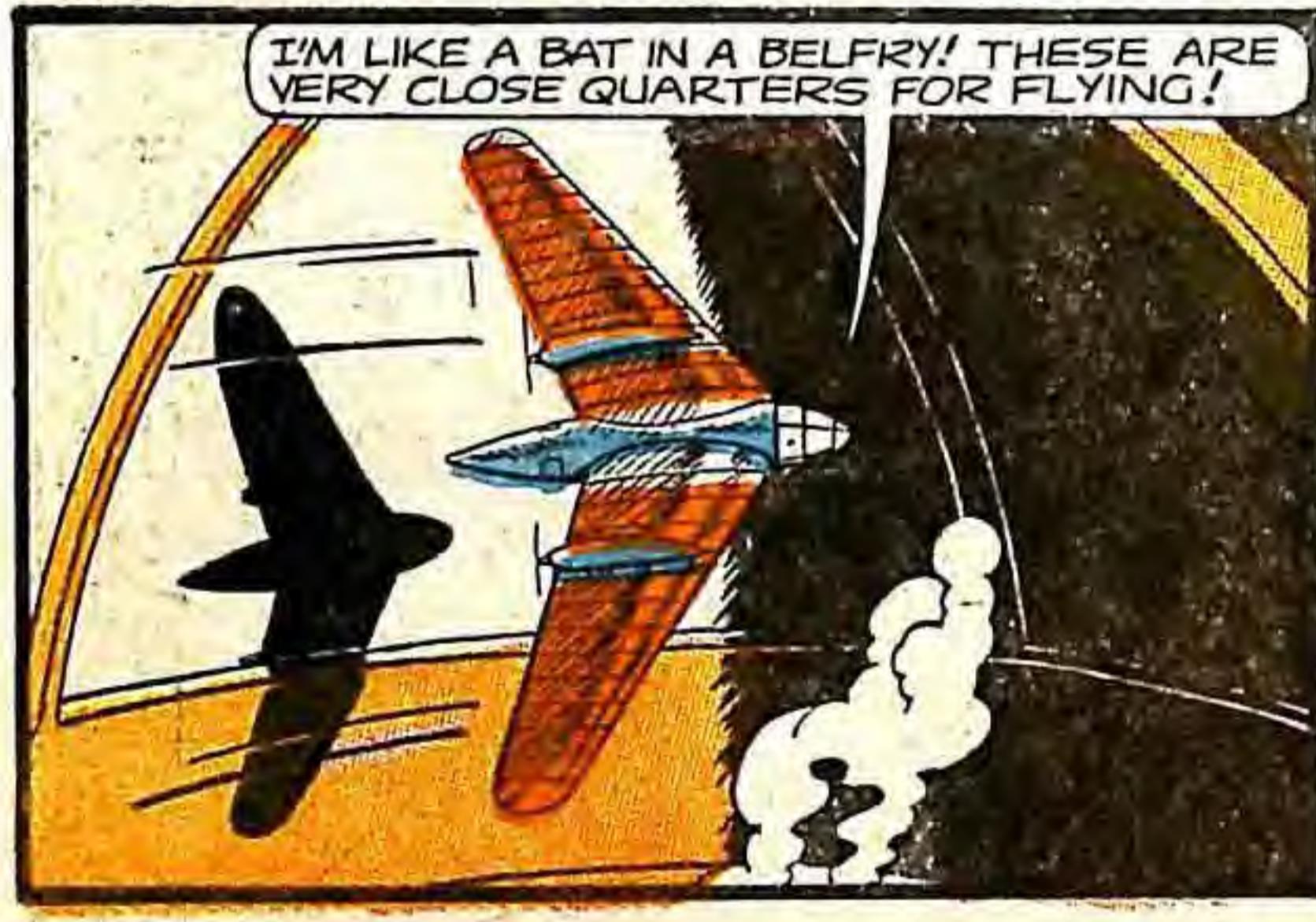
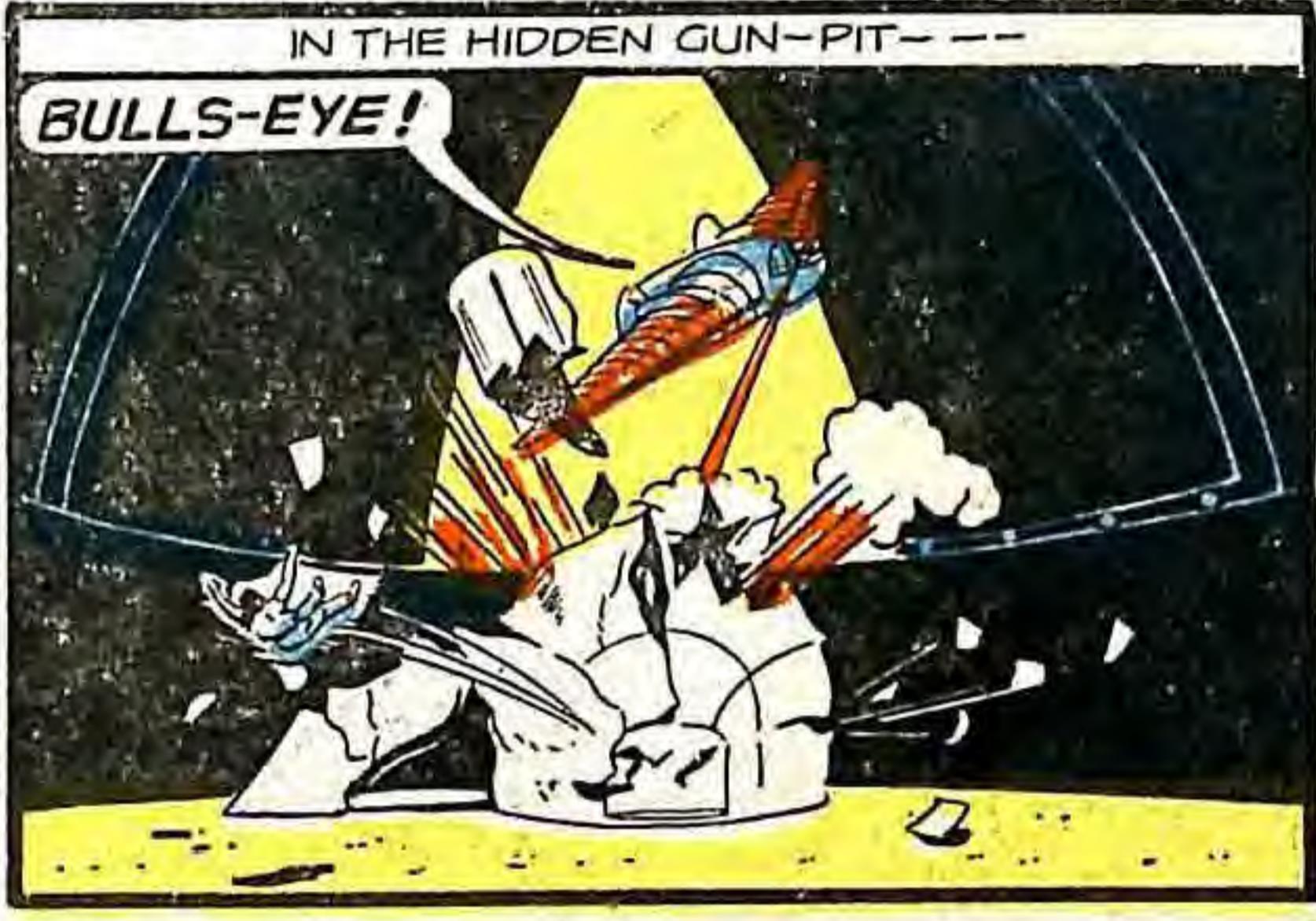
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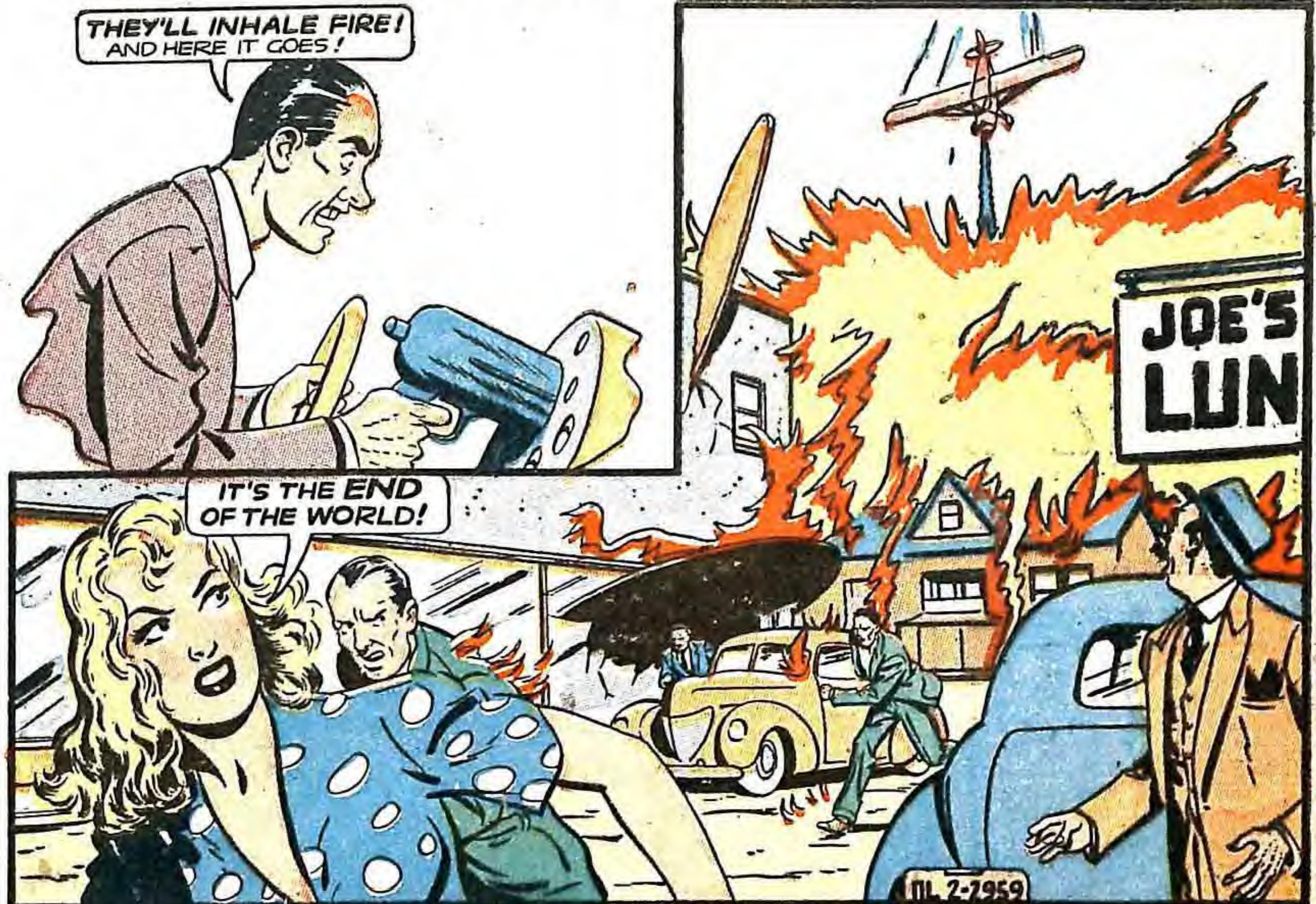
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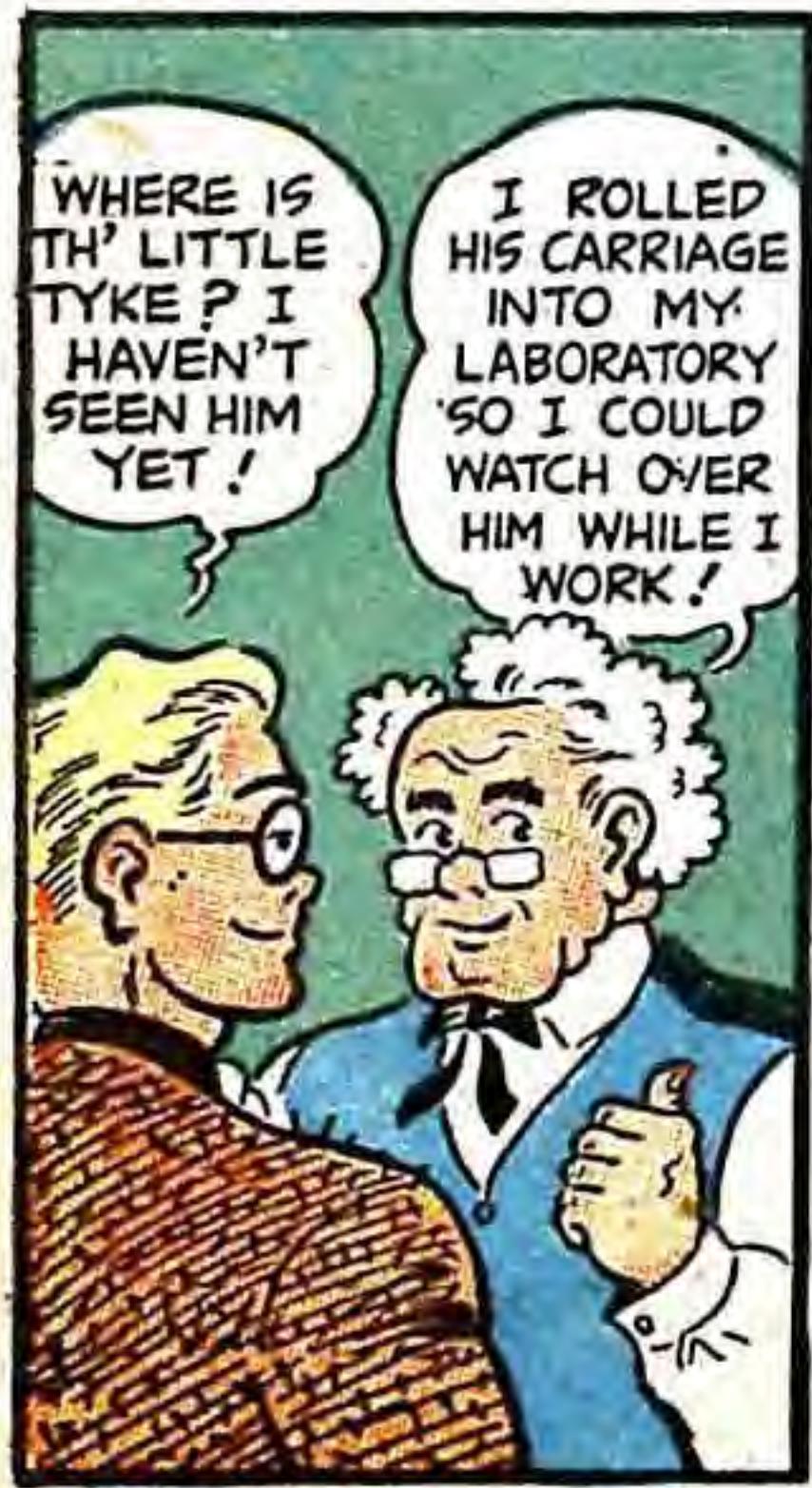
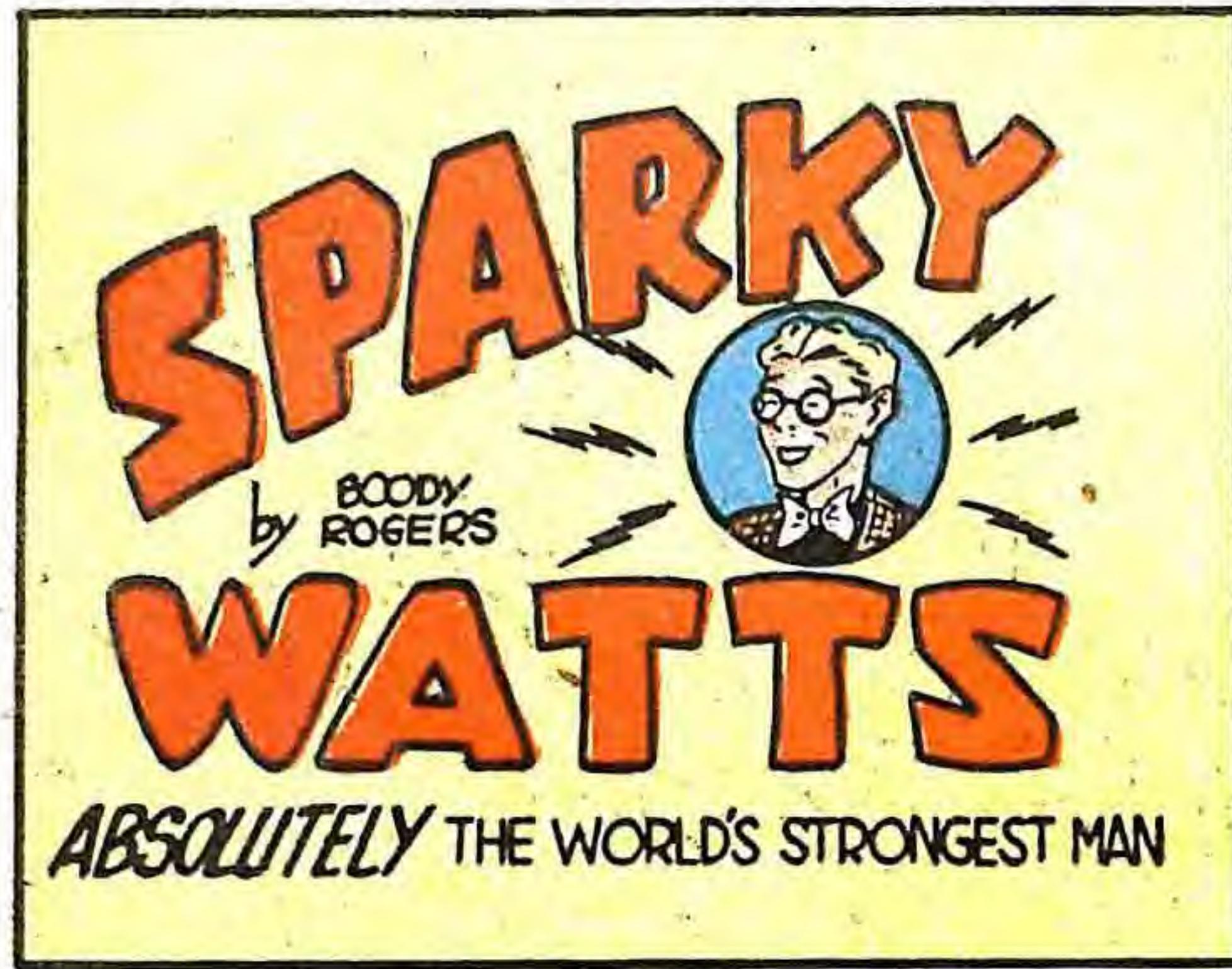


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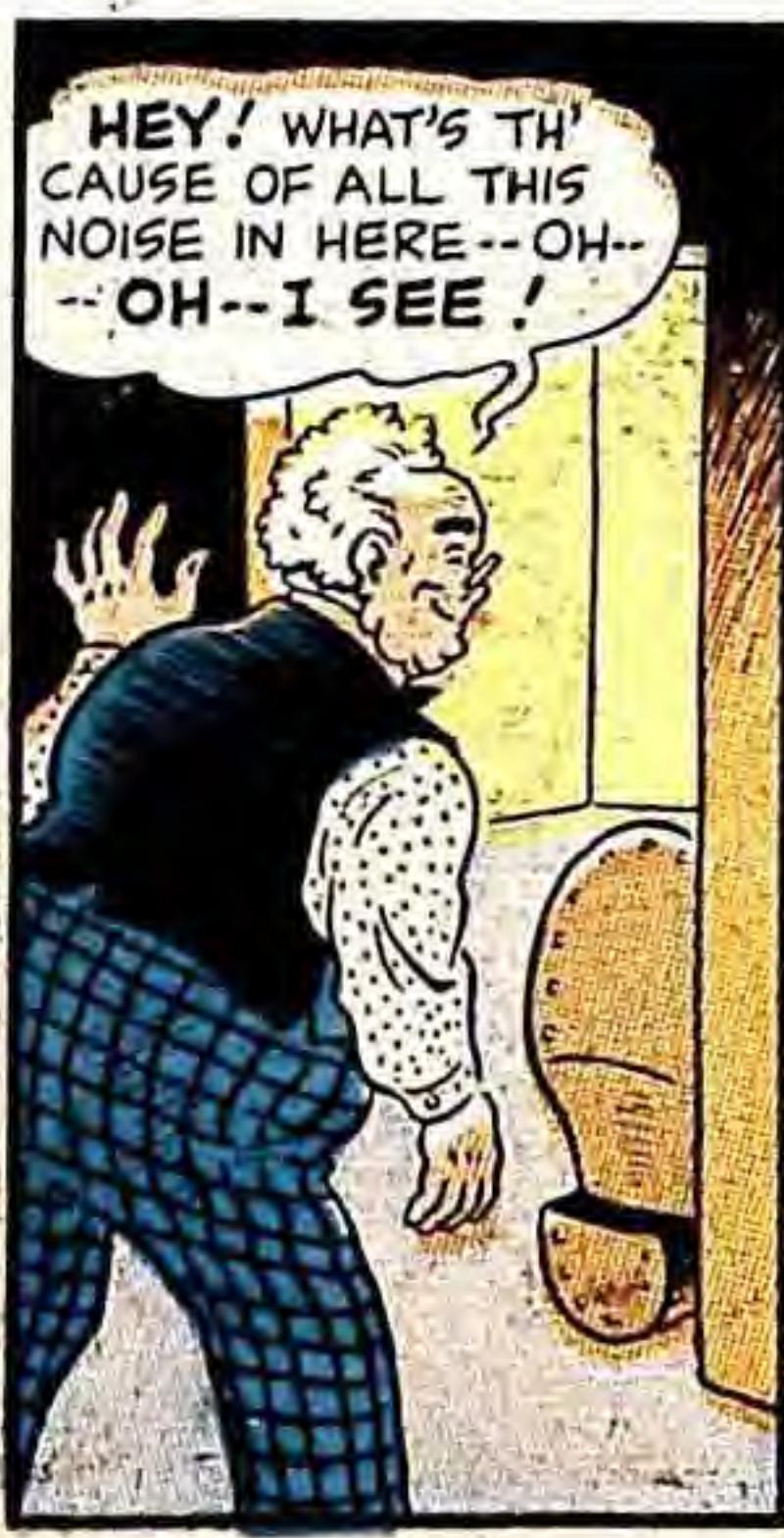
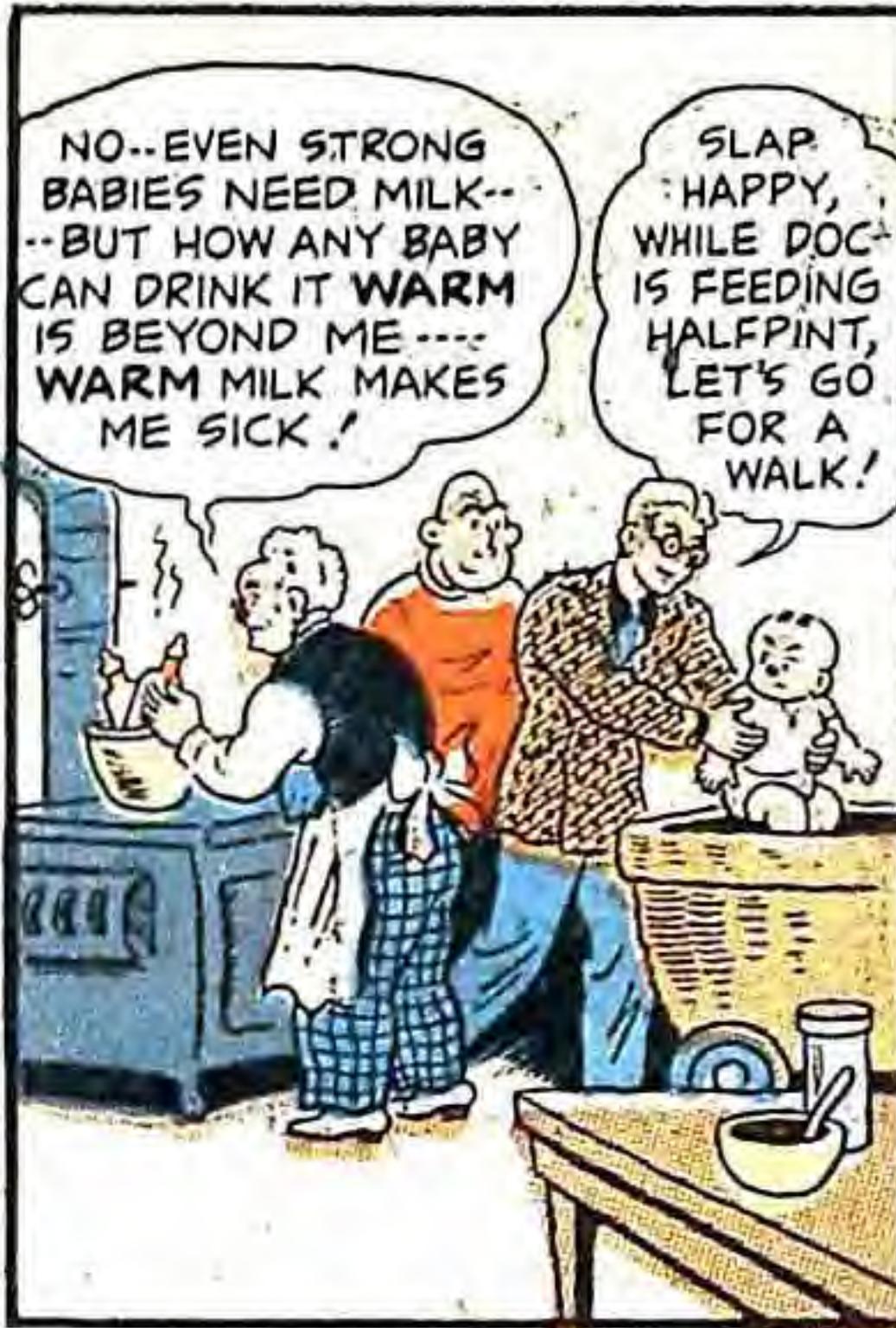
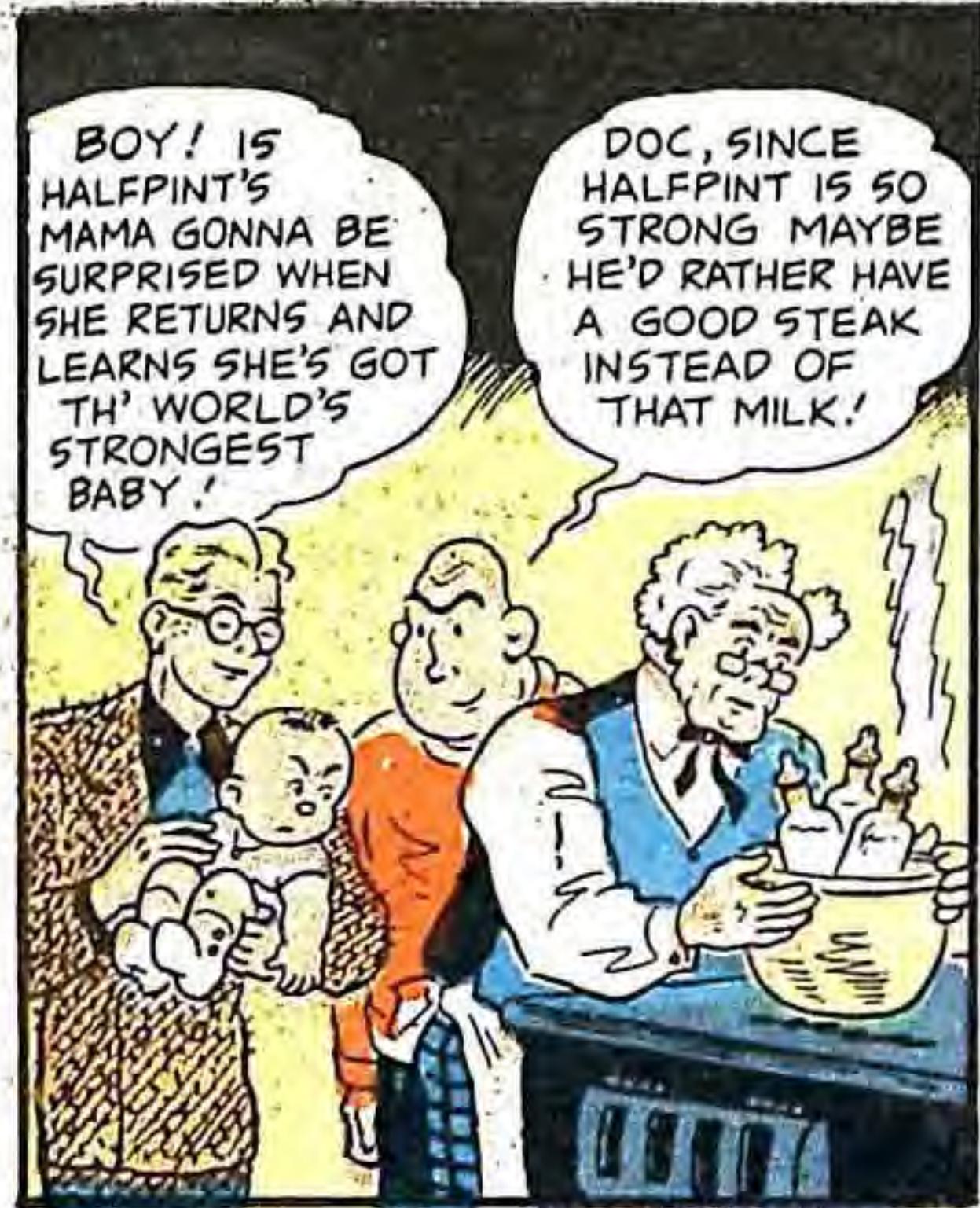


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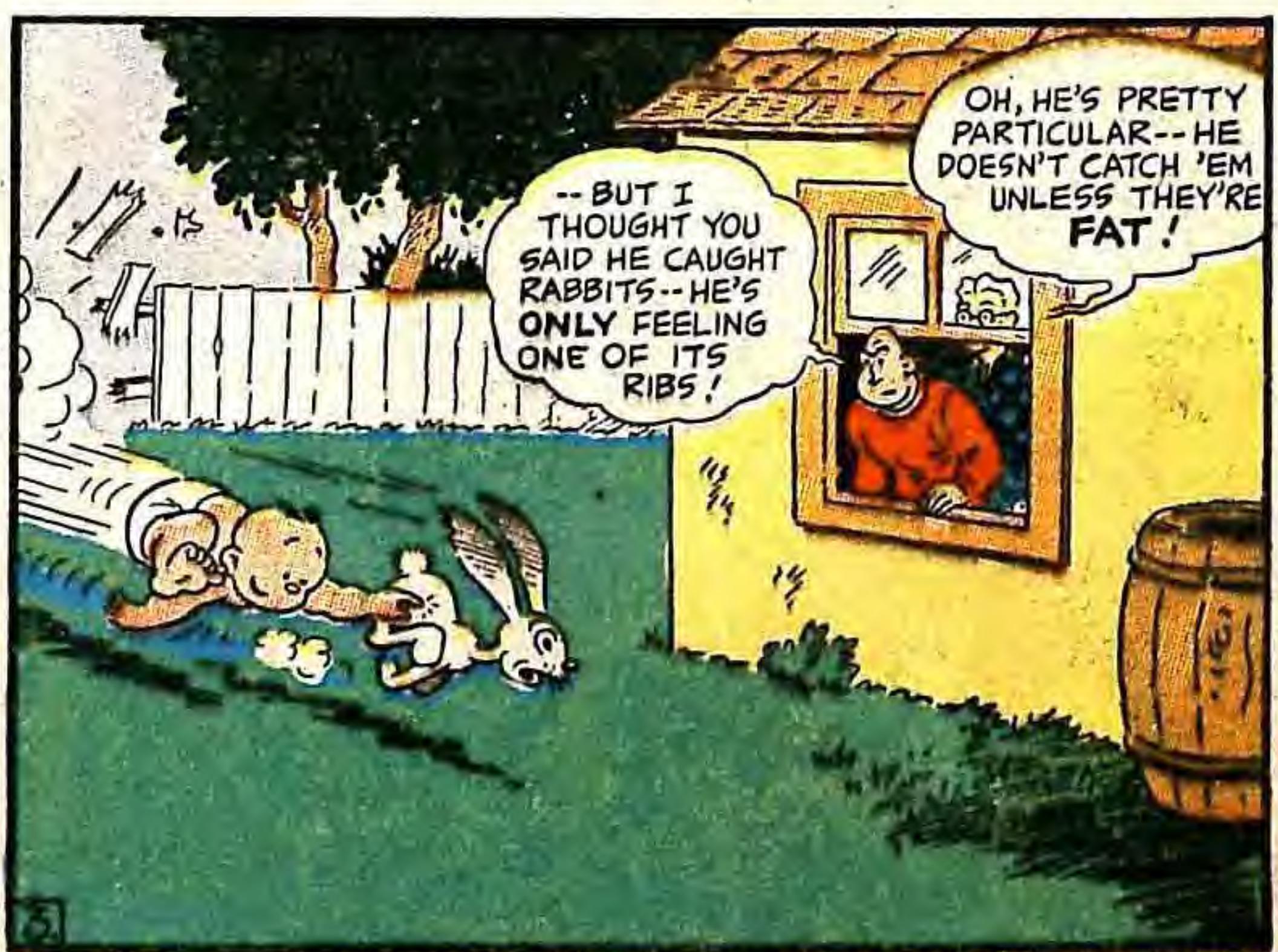
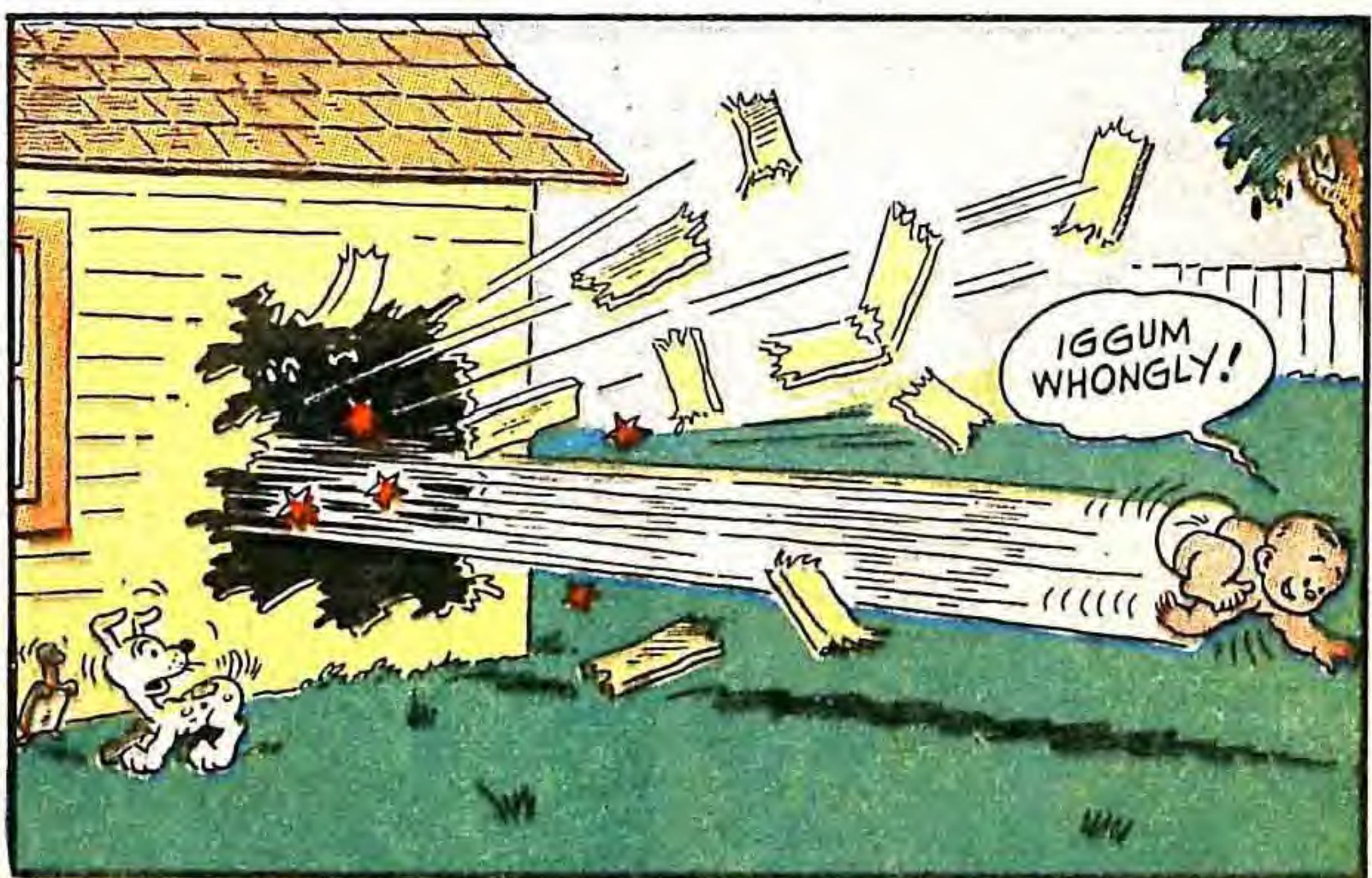




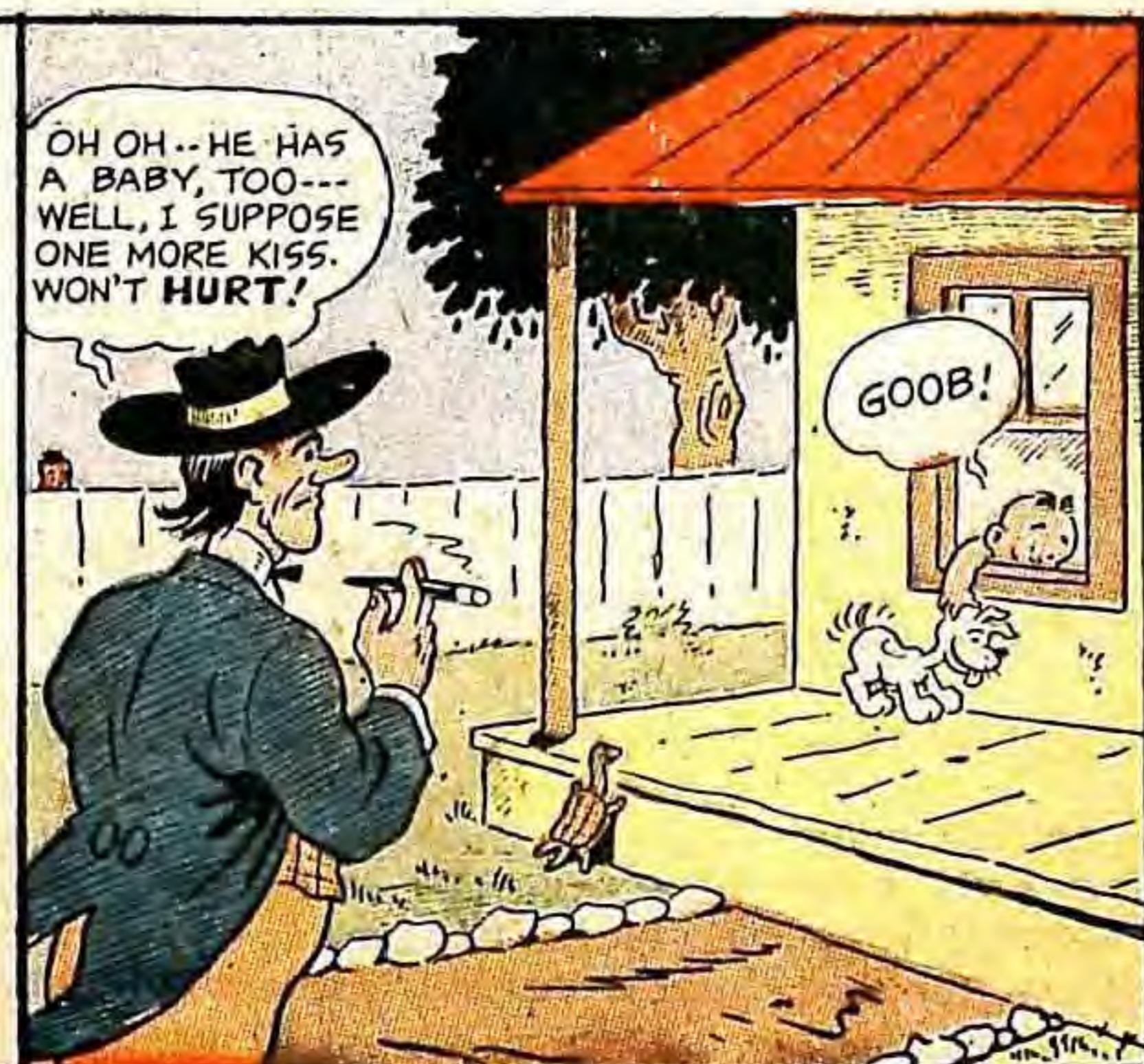
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK,
SENATOR--
LITTLE HALFPINT
DOESN'T LIKE
A STRANGER'S
OSCULATIONS!

DON'T
MISS
THE
NEXT
ISSUE!

CHINA INCIDENT

THE small city of Hongchow, on the China coast, had been unmercifully shelled and pillaged for over three weeks. The pent-up emotion and blood-thirstiness of the invading army were eventually satisfied and it marched southward to conquer and destroy other towns and villages.

The inhabitants of Hongchow, those who were fortunate enough to escape the wrath of the advancing army, emerged from their hiding places and set about to clean up and rebuild the shambles and ruins. The dead were buried and the sick and maimed were rushed to a group of small buildings on the outskirts of the town where Doctor Byrne, an American, had swiftly established and maintained temporary medical quarters.

It was nine-thirty that night when the doctor finally sent his last patient for the day on his way home. He sank on his cot, filled his briar and puffed gratefully on it as his mind traveled back and reviewed the series of events that had carried him to this war-torn spot on the China coast. His heart was filled with pity for the thousands of bewildered men, women and children who found themselves at the mercy of the cruel and brutal soldiers from across the sea. The very thought of the unfairness of the whole situation caused him to clench his fist fiercely and he suddenly wished that he might be endowed with some superior power that would enable him to level the unbalanced scale of justice.

At that moment there came a soft tapping at the door. He arose, crossed the floor and drew back the door. A rather ancient looking Chinese stood on the threshold blinking at him through thick tortoise-shell glasses.

"Won't you come in?" Byrne invited the man.

"Yes, I would like to. Thank you very much." A few short steps brought him to the center of the room. The doctor closed the door

and sat down behind his desk.

"I am most sorry to trouble you like this and in such a secretive fashion," the elderly man said in precise English, "but conditions prevent me doing otherwise. I can see by your face that you are a bit puzzled and I will endeavor to explain this rather unusual visit."

He paused for a moment and produced from beneath the folds of his clothing a long, dark leather wallet. "I have here \$1,500,000 in American currency with which to purchase arms and ammunition to supply our fighting men. If the Chinese army can obtain these arms within a reasonable time, they may possibly slow down and perhaps even halt the ruthless onslaught of our enemies."

"What would a reasonable time be?" inquired Byrne.

"A week to ten days at the most," was the answer.

The doctor looked at the wallet and then glanced up at the elderly Chinese. Though the latter's countenance bore the impassive expression of the oriental race, nevertheless his eyes penetrated the doctor's own and transmitted a message of pleading and hopefulness.

"You must have had some reason for coming to me with this problem," said Byrne. "What is it?"

"I'll be very direct, doctor," replied the man. "This money must reach General Yang Sun within the period I have just mentioned and the only person who could accomplish such a mission right at this present time is . . . yourself!"

"I feel greatly flattered," said Byrne, "but why me? Why not some fellow countryman here in Hongchow?"

"Most of the able bodied men are with the army in the south, the others have unfortunately been killed or wounded," the man answered. "However, doctor, I can assure you that an important and urgent journey such as this will not go unrewarded. There will be ten

thousand dollars in American cash waiting for you when you deliver this wallet to General Yang Sun. Will you make this sacrifice . . . for the Chinese people?"

IT was close to three o'clock in the morning when Doctor Byrne had finally arranged everything for his departure. He placed the money from the wallet in a leather belt and strapped it securely around his waist. He slipped an automatic and a box of cartridges in his tweed coat. Extinguishing the oil lamp he went out into the black night and made his way down the rutted roadway towards the outskirts of the ransacked city.

The silver crescent of the moon, rising in the east, made his journey somewhat easier and he could see that by proceeding directly ahead he would enter a neck of woods that stretched down the sloping side of a hill to the winding Tangpu River. He reached the crest of the hill and began groping his way through the forest.

Then as if from nowhere, the dark form of a man materialized and growled a command at him. The doctor saw the reflected light of the moon on cold steel and knew that he must have stumbled on a sentry. Byrne stopped abruptly in his tracks and leaped suddenly behind a large tree. Once again, even more fiercely, came the command to halt. But Byrne remained quiet and waited.

The soldier was a man of definite action, for without a moment's hesitation, he raised his rifle and poured lead at the spot where he had last seen the doctor.

"Now I'm in for it," thought Byrne. "And the chances are those shots will bring other soldiers. I've got to do something in a hurry!"

A bullet from the guard's rifle whistled past his face, missing him by the fraction of an inch. Byrne knew that every moment counted, and drawing his automatic he fired at the sentry. There came a hoarse cry of pain and then all became quiet.

BYRNE raced through the forest, tense but sick at heart. Never in his life had he ever killed a man and the whole thing seemed revolting and hideous, for as a medical doctor he had taken the oath to preserve and nourish life for his fellow men. But in this instance it had been a question of

BIG SHOT COMICS

self-preservation and he was grimly determined that the \$1,500,000 he carried in the money-belt around his waist should reach General Yang Sun.

Back of him in the woods he could hear the approach and commotion of the other soldiers as they came upon the fallen body of their comrade. He glanced over his shoulder and occasionally through the foliage his eye caught the glint of cold, reflected moonlight on rifle bayonets.

Bending low, he pressed forward down the hill. And though he tried to make his progress as quiet as possible, it seemed that each snap of a twig or rustle of a branch rumbled through the forest like peals of thunder.

The shouting of the soldiers back of him suddenly grew louder; and whether or not they had discovered his presence, he did not know, but he exerted every bit of energy and fled toward the river. He swerved around large trees, leaped over fallen boughs and then burst into the narrow strip of open land that skirted the river.

The noise of the soldiers indicated that they were becoming closer and closer. If he remained where he was, Byrne knew he would surely be seen. Back of him was the forest, on either side were the banks of the Tangpu and they offered neither protection nor place of concealment. Directly before him was the river itself, swift and dark save where the climbing moon speckled it with silver.

Without hesitation, the doctor plunged into the foaming waters and struck out boldly for the opposite shore. He was about half way across the river when he saw the dark forms of the soldiers rush from the forest, armed with pistols and rifles. Evidently, in the darkness they had not as yet discovered him, for they started searching along the banks of the river.

Byrne's water-soaked coat and trousers made it doubly difficult for him to make any headway in the swift current. Time and again he found himself submerging in the churning waters but he fought desperately ahead. Ten minutes later his feet touched the solid ground of the far bank and pulling himself out of the water, sank on the rocky shore utterly exhausted.

He rested himself for a few minutes and then arose and climbed the bank to an open field. Several

hundred yards ahead twinkled the lights of an encampment.

"Out of the frying pan and into the fire!" Byrne remarked wryly. "Evidently, a large detachment of the same boys I just slipped away from!"

HE turned to make his way along the river front when his eye caught the silhouetted form of a locomotive and a few freight cars on the outskirts of the encampment. An idea flashed through his mind and swinging to his right, he headed straight for the train. The field was covered with numerous rocks and clumps of stubby bushes, making excellent hiding places.

Unseen, he came within twenty feet of the engine and noted with satisfaction that a lone sentinel guarded it. The soldier, weary and half asleep, trudged toward the rear of the train and Byrne dashed across the clearing and slipped between the coal car and the first freight car.

The unsuspecting guard turned and retraced his steps along the side of the train. He passed the spot where Byrne hid; and the doctor, slipping noiselessly behind him brought the flat of his automatic down on the guard's head. Without a sound, the man slumped to the ground.

Byrne gagged the soldier and bound his hands with his own leather belt. Then he hurried along to the locomotive and climbed into the cabin. The fire in the engine was alive and quite hot, and Byrne was pleased to find that there was a sufficient amount of steam pressure to run the train. He seated himself in the engineer's compartment, opened the steam valve, released the brake and slowly opened the throttle.

The huge locomotive coughed once or twice and then started rolling forward. Byrne increased the speed, dividing his attention between the engine and the encampment. And, as he anticipated, the soldiers' quarters suddenly burst into frenzied activity. Guards shouted and officers rasped commands and many of the awakened soldiers grabbed their rifles and racing after the disappearing train, sent volley upon volley in a vain effort to halt it.

Byrne now had the throttle opened wide and the engine thundered along the rails at a terrific speed. The doctor kept his eyes

on the twin ribbons of steel rail stretching off into the moonlit night. Somewhere to the left, on the opposite side of the Tangpu River, he knew that the major part of the invading army was marching steadily southward on its path of destruction. And it was now his fondest hope to race and beat them to their destination.

Hour after hour passed, and the train still flew along the rails. Dawn finally lightened the eastern horizon and as the sun rose over the land, Byrne sighted the skyline of the city of Ranton, the headquarters and base of General Yang Sun's army.

He throttled the train down and slowly came to a halt outside the city limits. He alighted from the cabin and was immediately confronted by a group of Chinese soldiers. He explained who he was and they escorted him to the general's tent.

General Yang Sun, a little man with a care-worn face, greeted him graciously. "You wish to see me?"

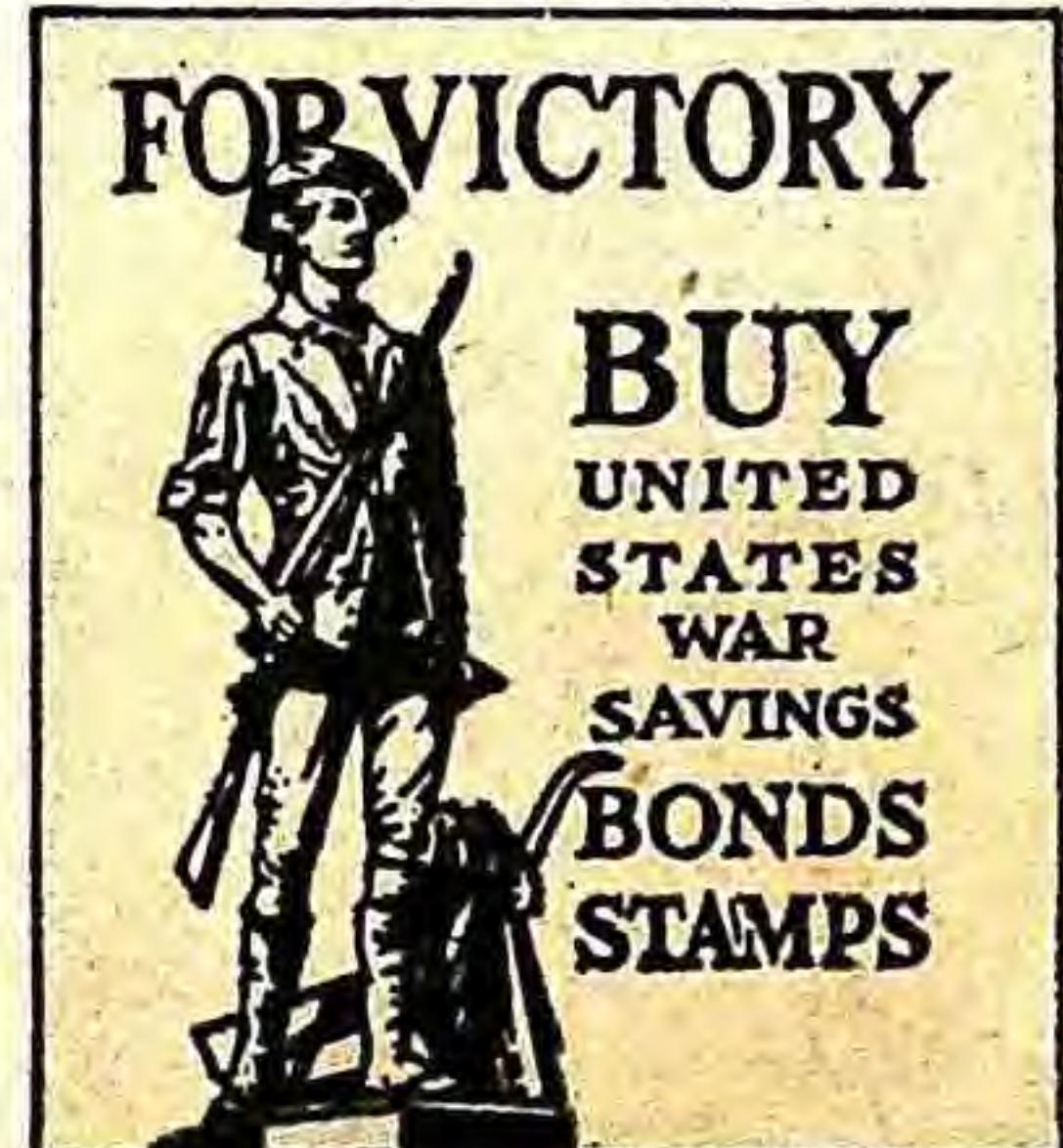
Byrne smiled and produced the several packages of money from the belt around his waist. He handed them over to the general. "\$1,500,000 in American currency . . . I believe you'll find it a bit damp but all there!"

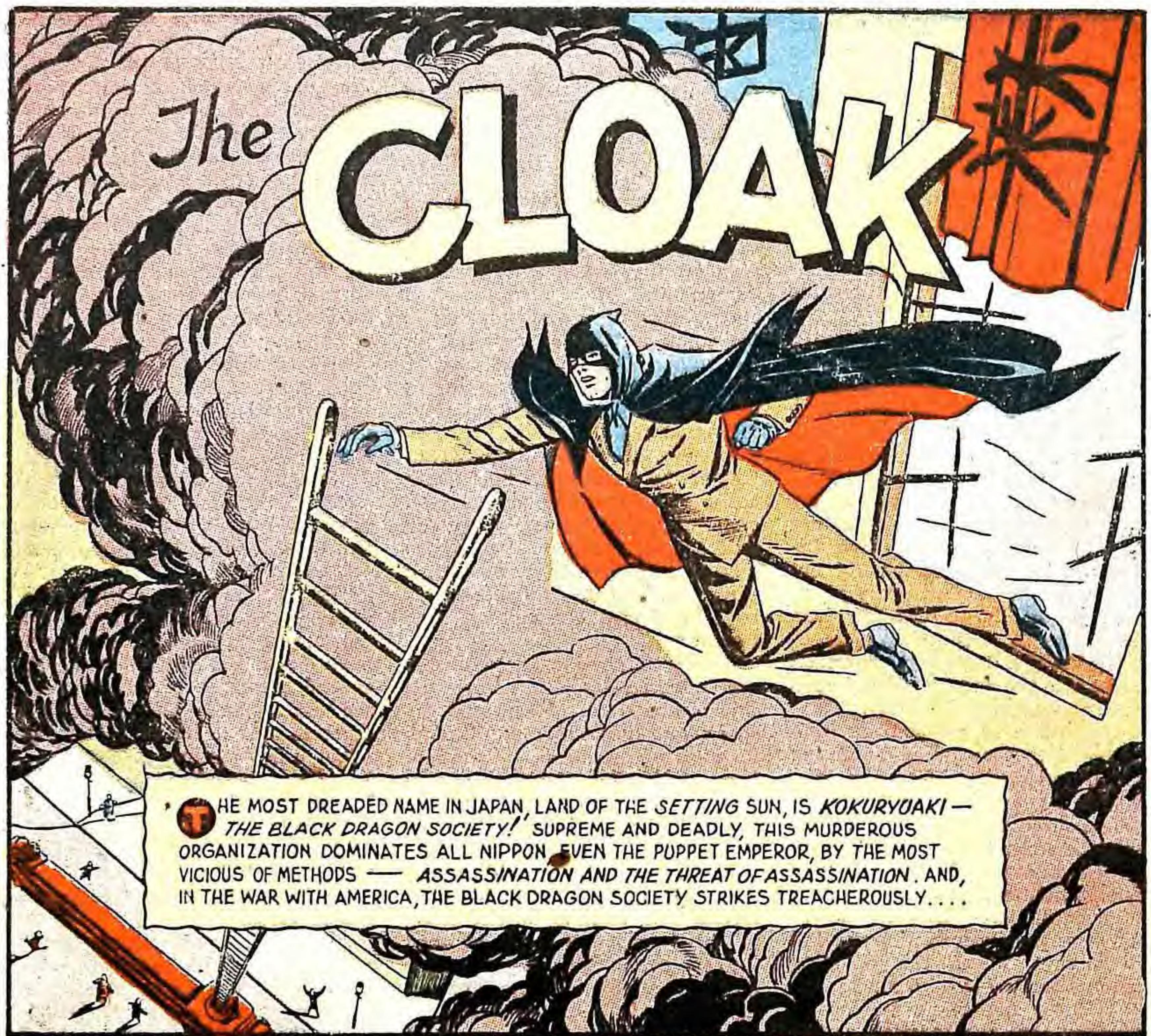
"I am deeply grateful to you," said the general, shaking the doctor's hand. "You have performed a service for my country of inestimable value!"

"I enjoyed every minute of it," said Byrne. "The knowledge that I might have a hand in bringing this brutal warfare to a close is more than sufficient payment. I only trust that my little trip from Hongchow hasn't been in vain."

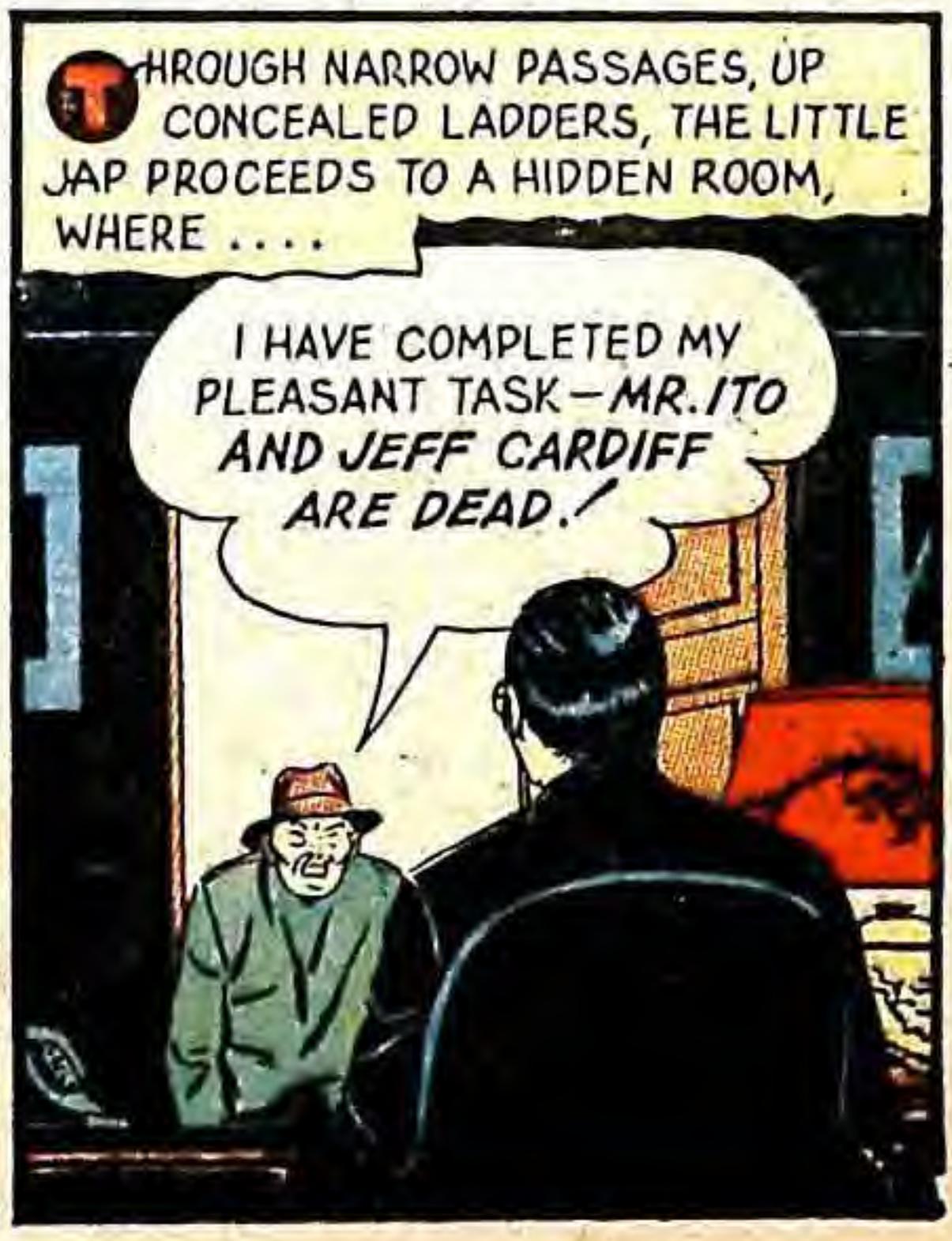
"I am most certain it hasn't!" replied the general.

THE END





IN SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN ... A STUNTED SHAPE SLINKS THROUGH AN ALLEY TO REACH THE SIDE DOOR OF A CHINESE-AMERICAN RESTAURANT....



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



—THE END—

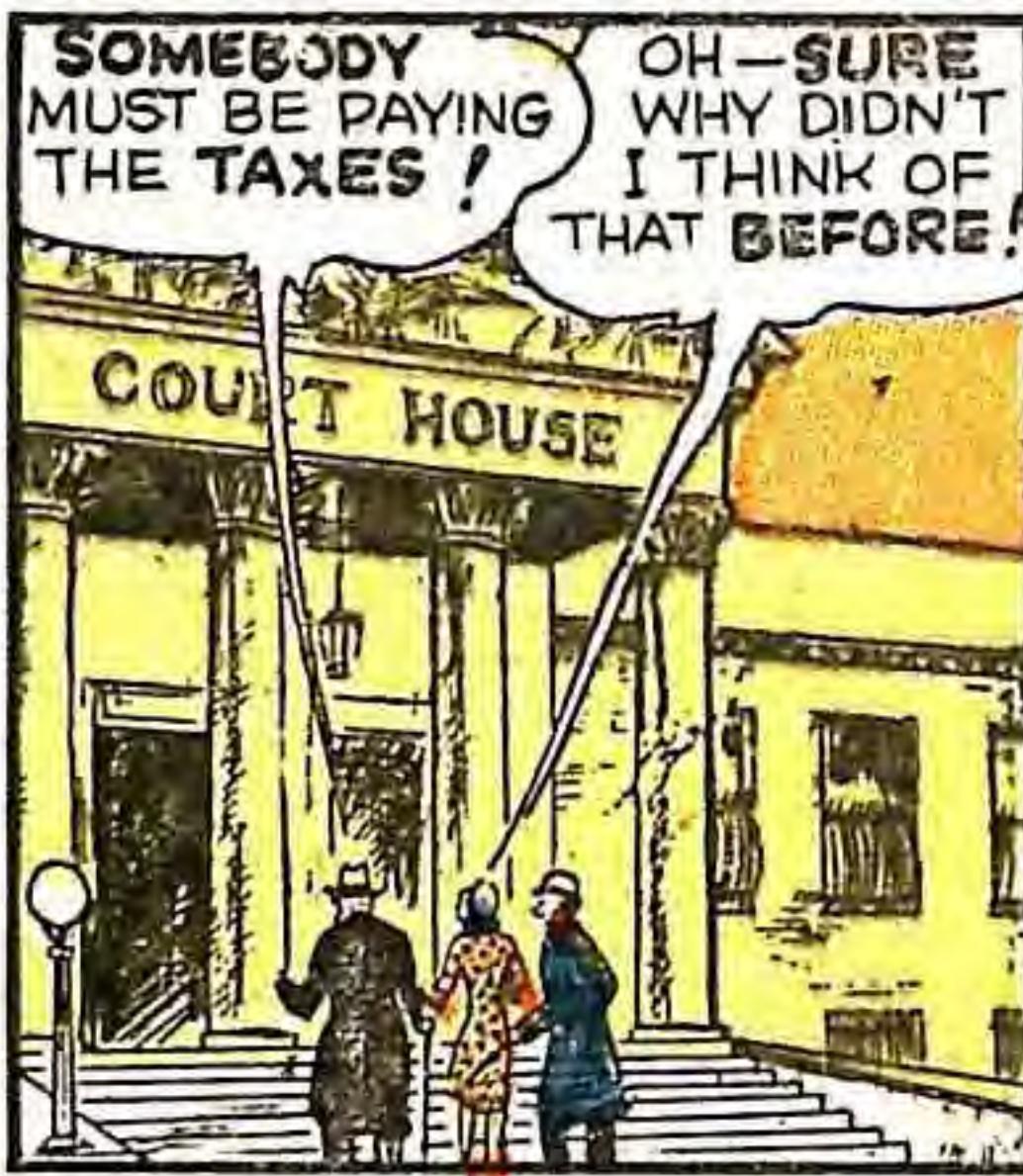
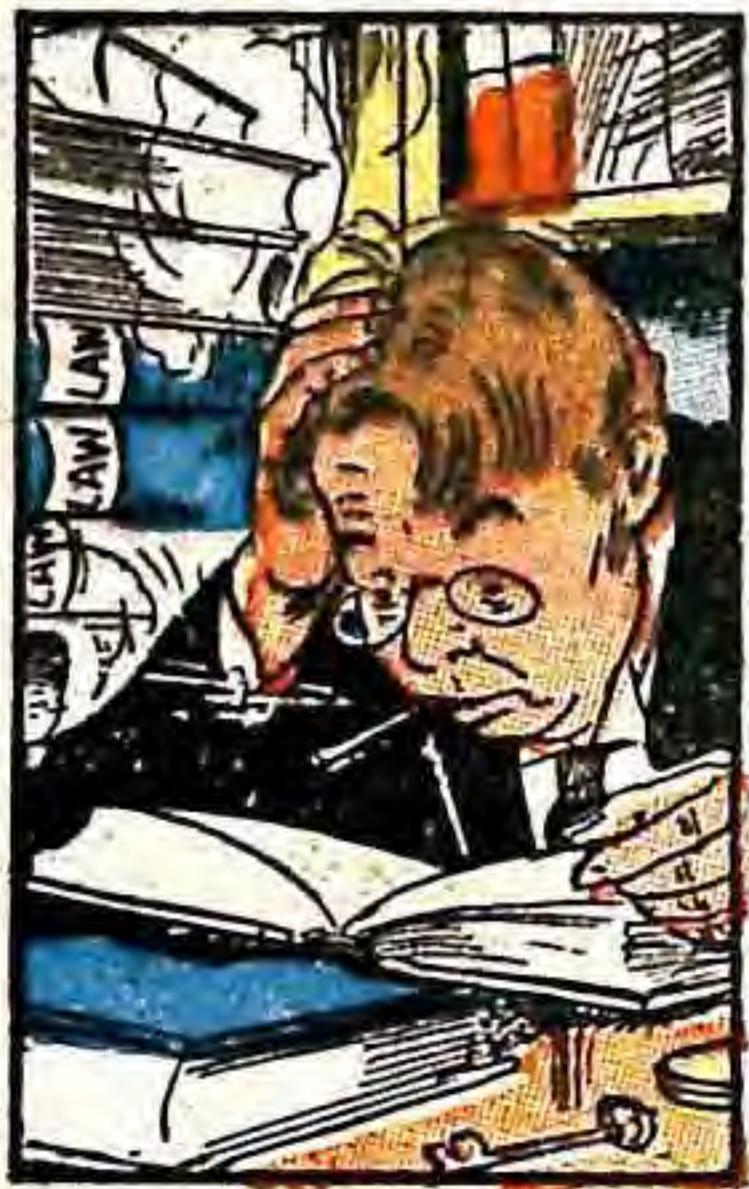
DIXIE DUGAN

By STRIEBEL and McEVoy

WHEN THE DUGANS CALLED ON MR. WHEEZY, THE MAN WHO SOLD THEM THE FARM, THEY FOUND A SIGN ON THE DOOR



DIXIE AND DA CONSULT A LAWYER REGARDING THE OLD DEED FOUND IN THEIR CELLAR



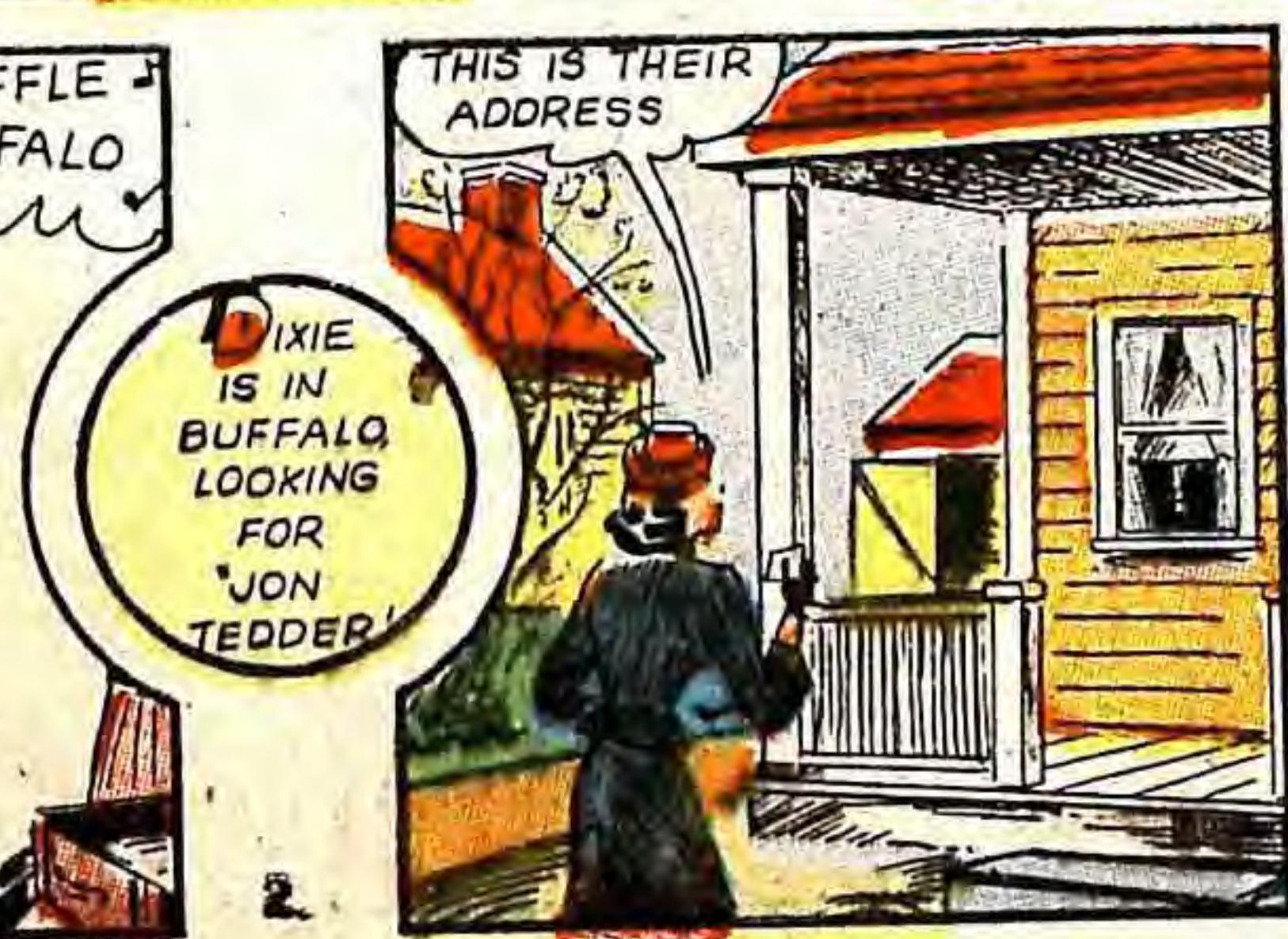
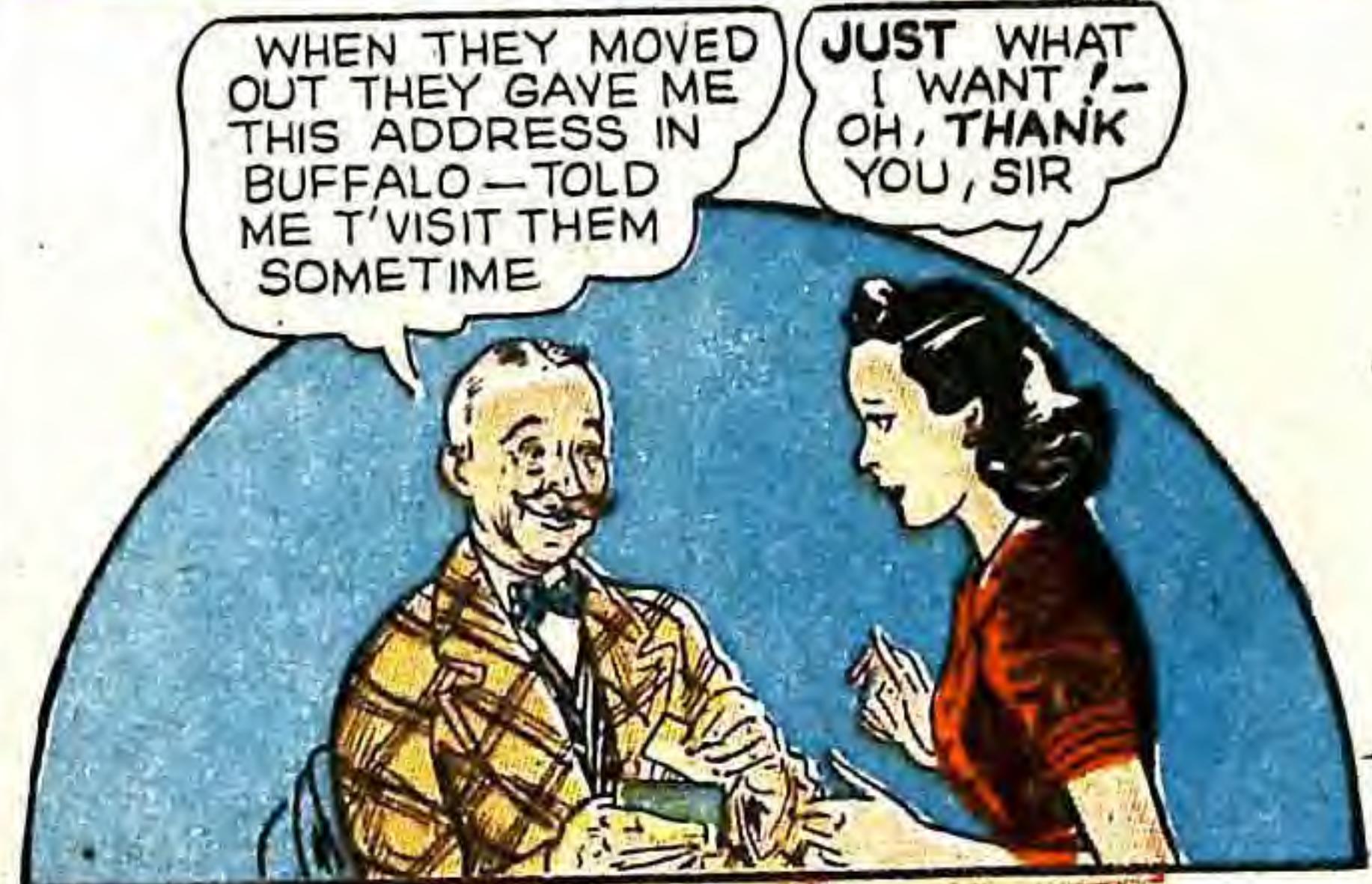
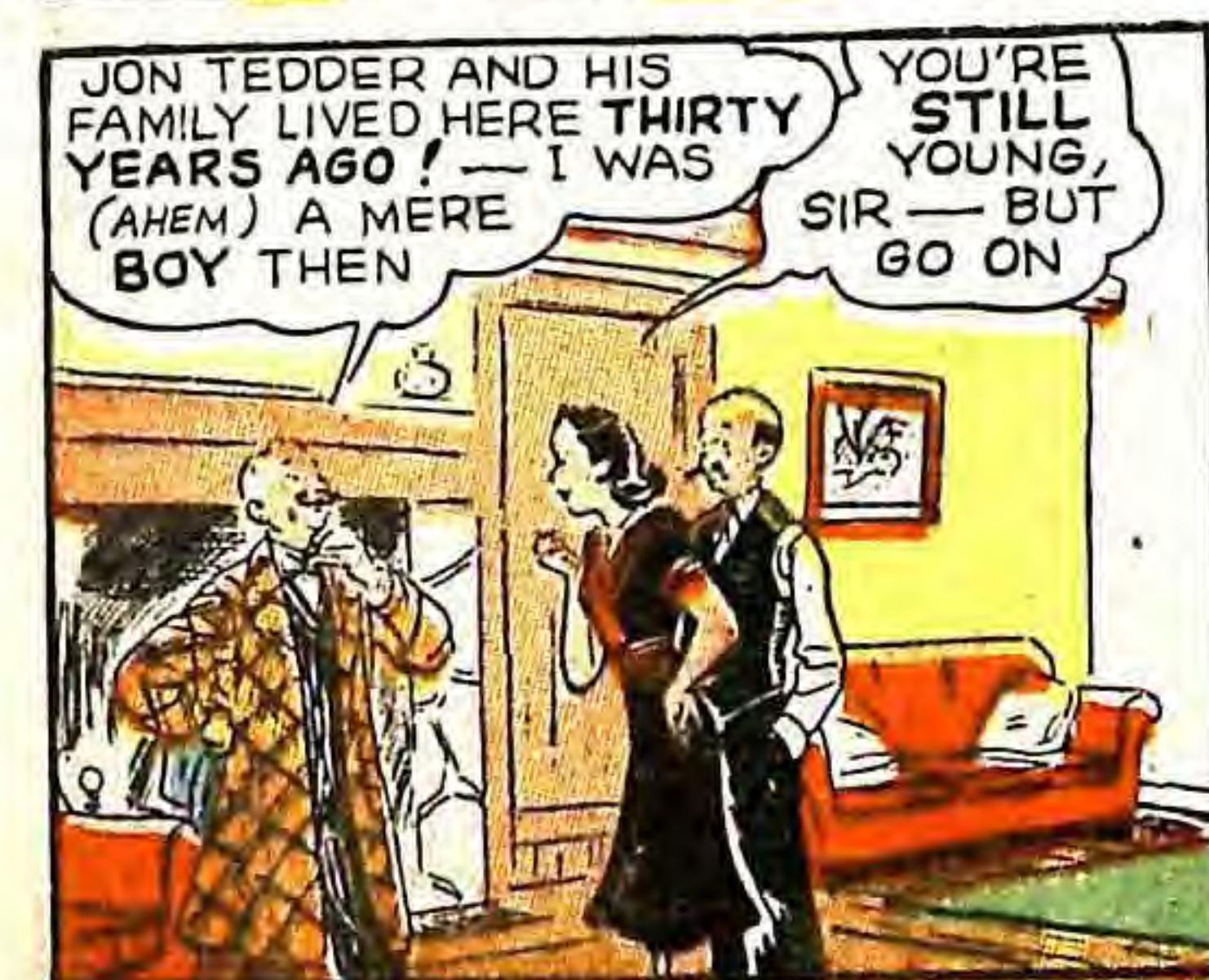
TEN MINUTE LATER



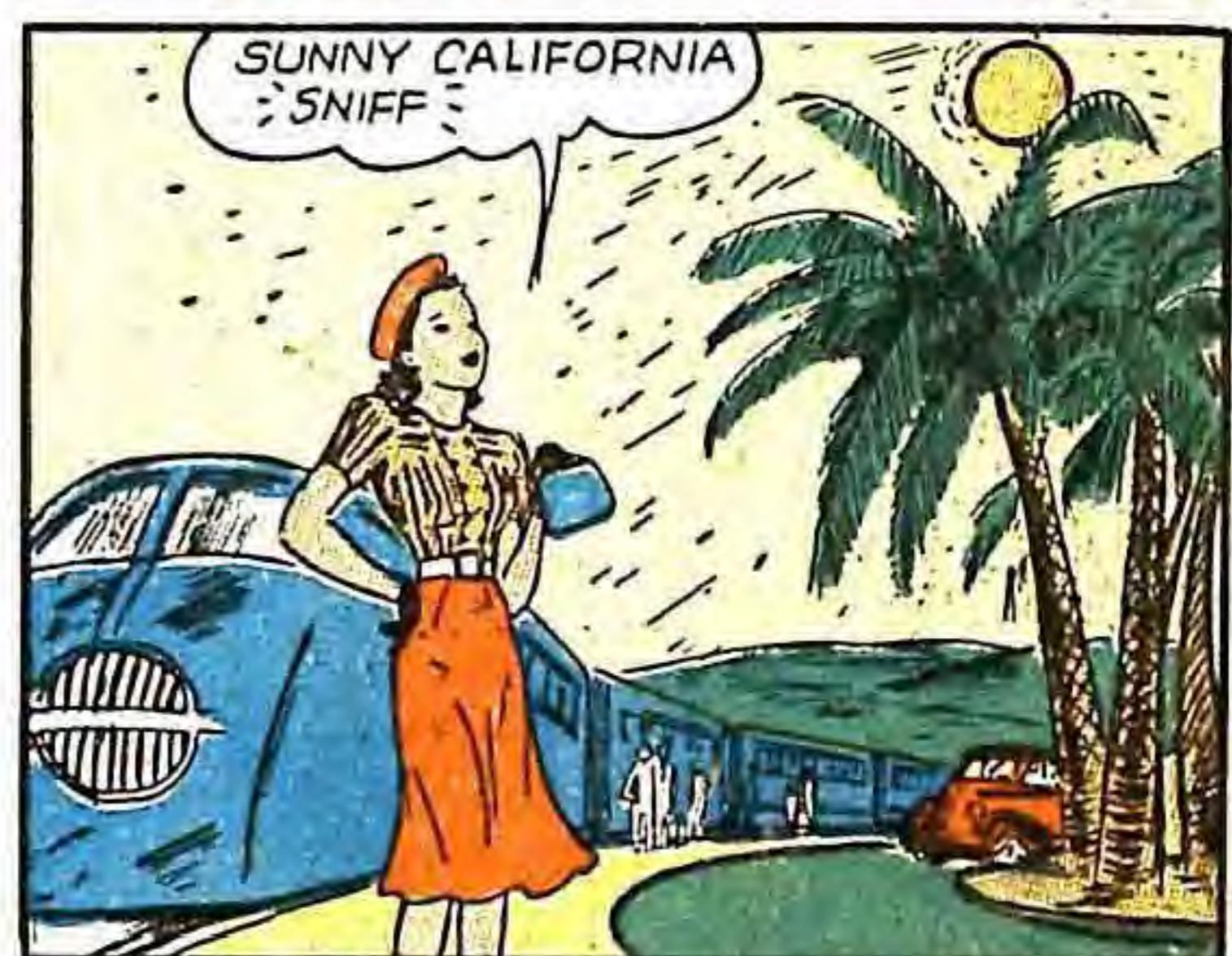
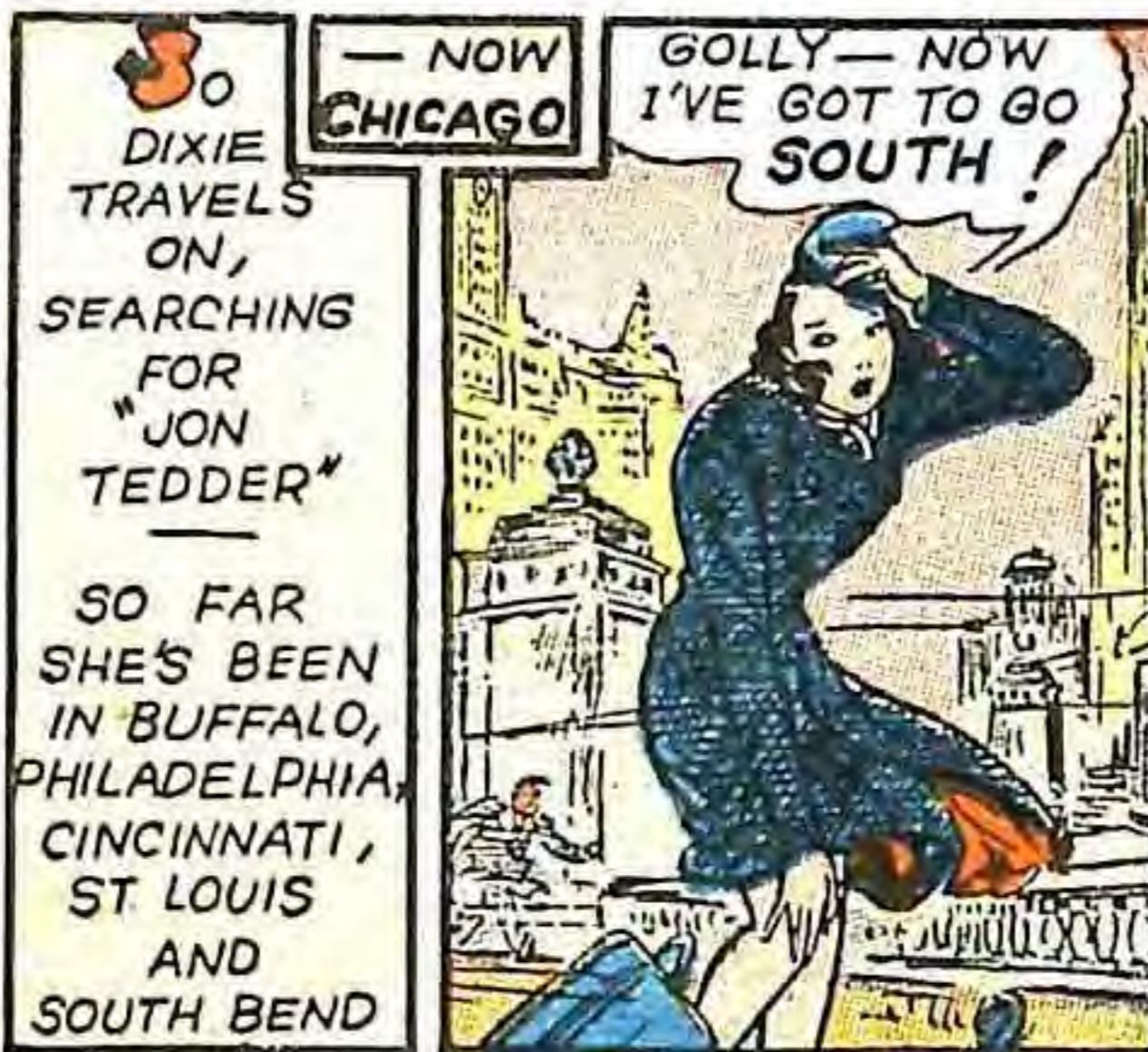
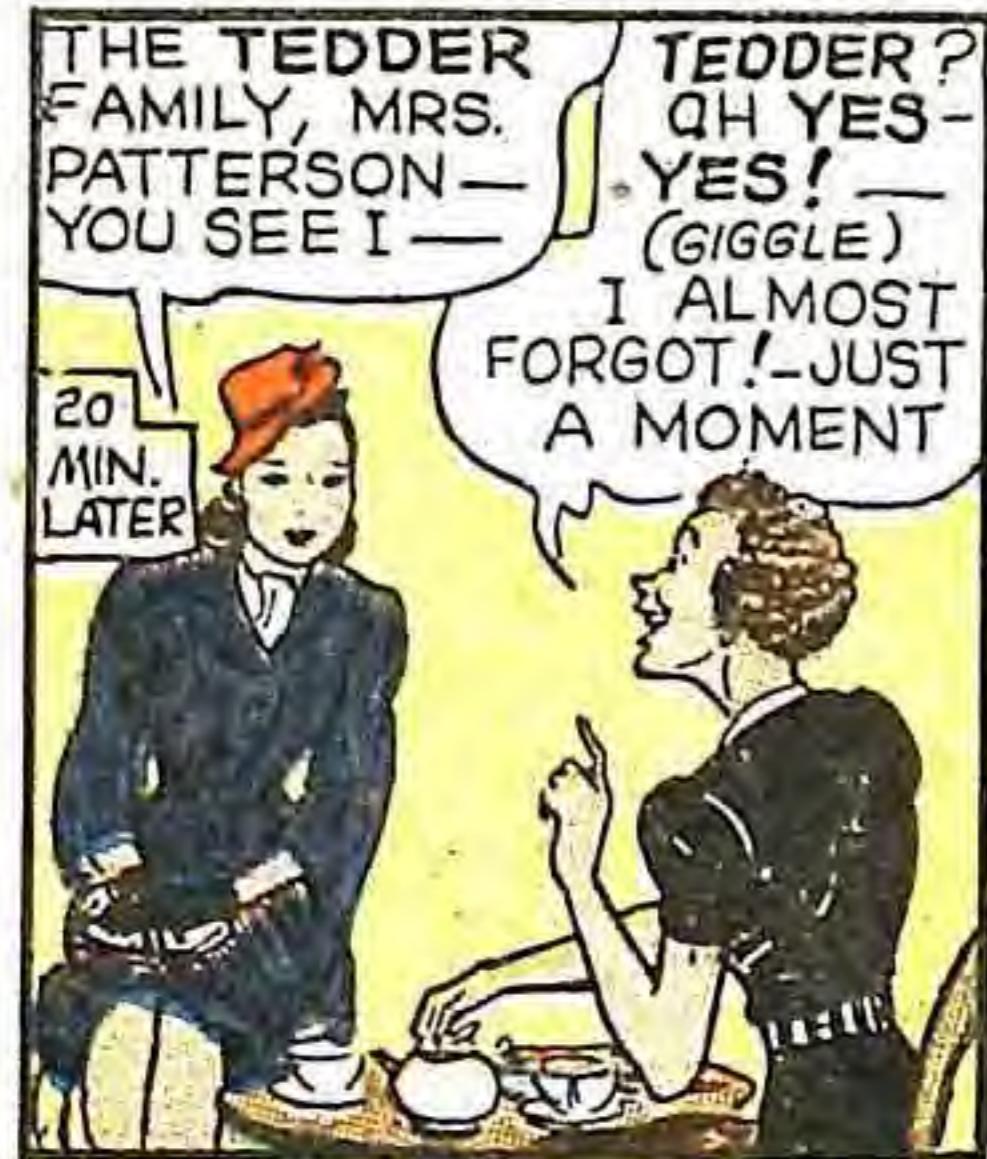
DIXIE RUNS AN AD IN THE PAPER HOPING TO LOCATE 'JON TEDDER' OWNER OF THE FARM



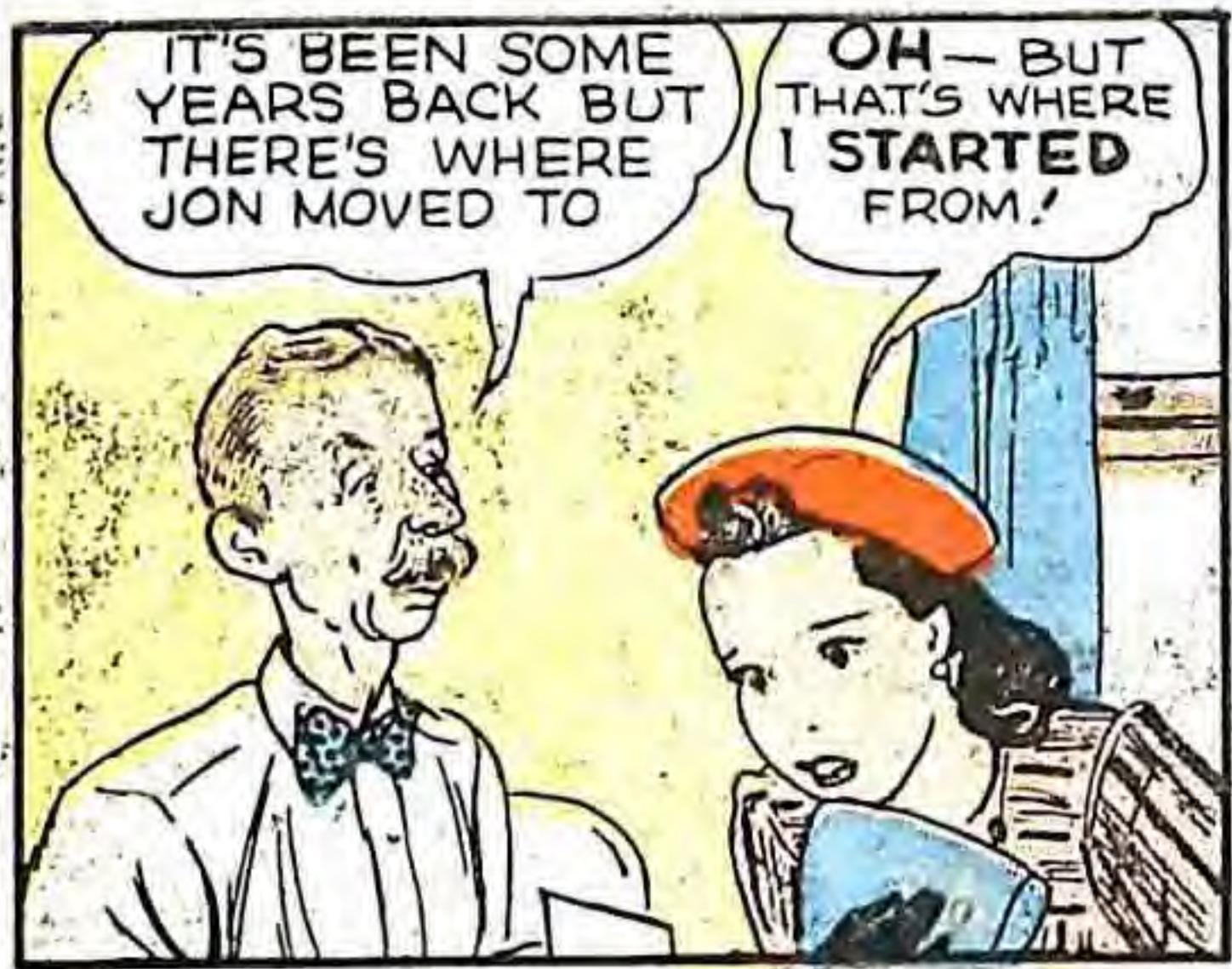
BIG SHOT COMICS



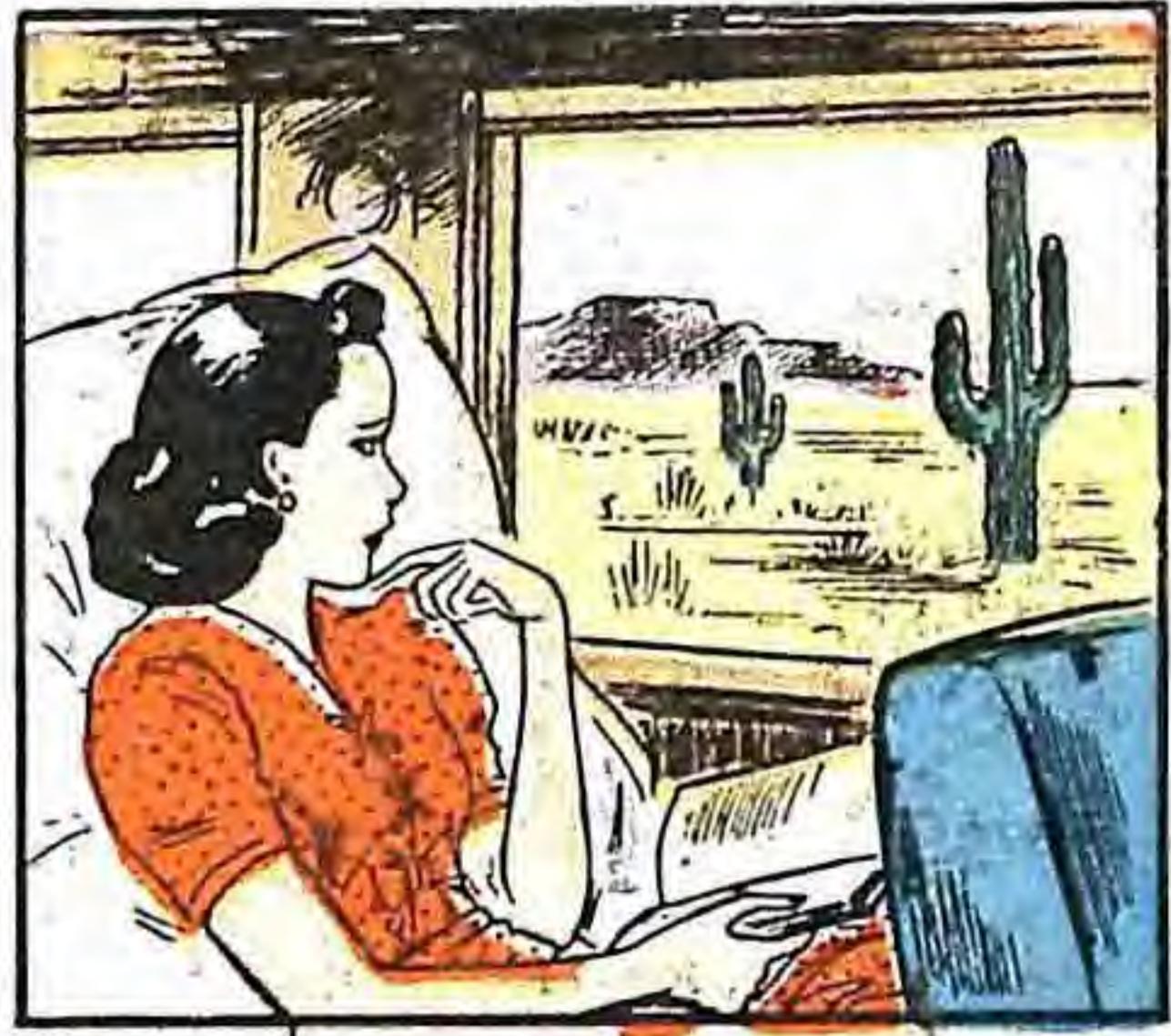
BIG SHOT COMICS



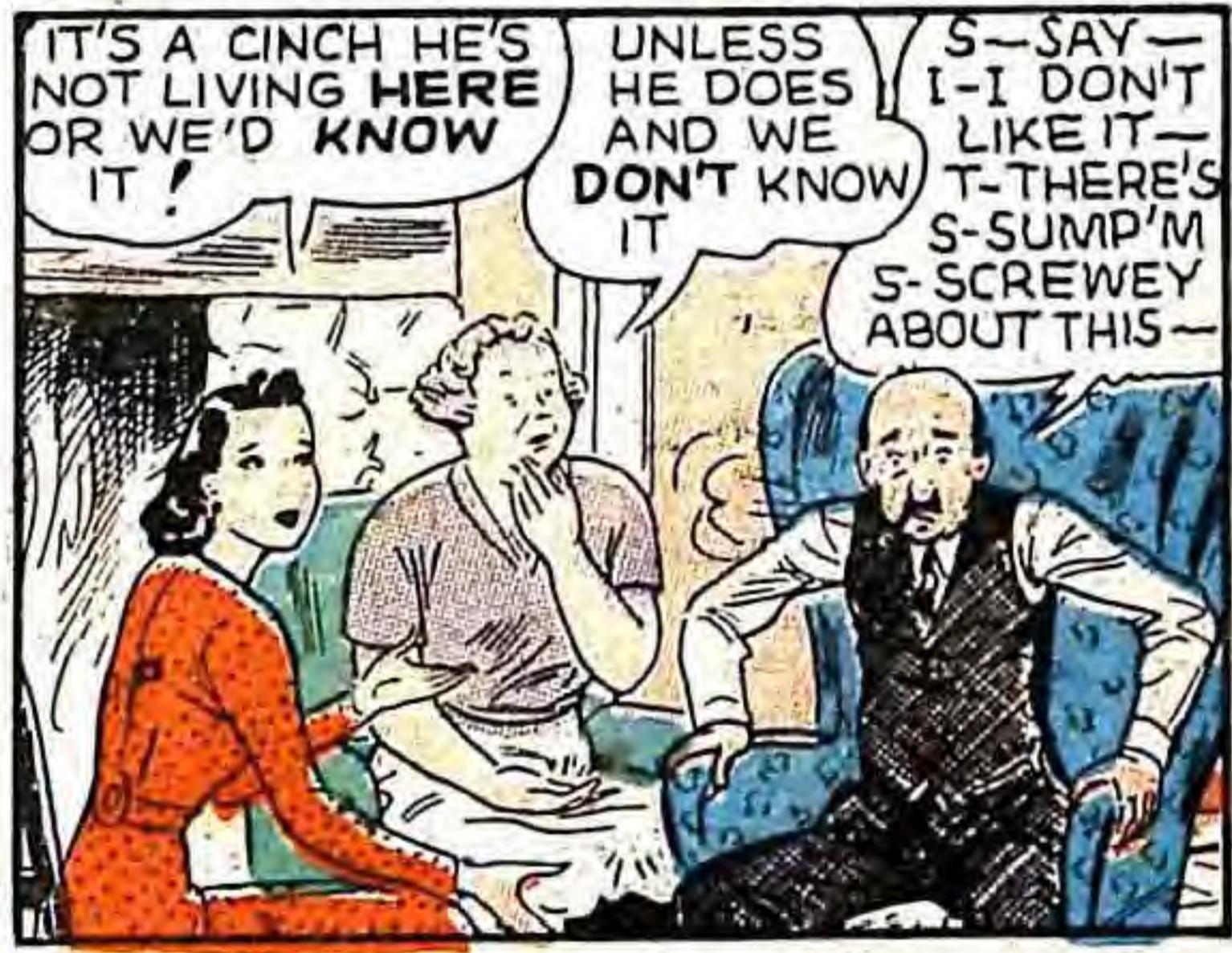
BIG SHOT COMICS



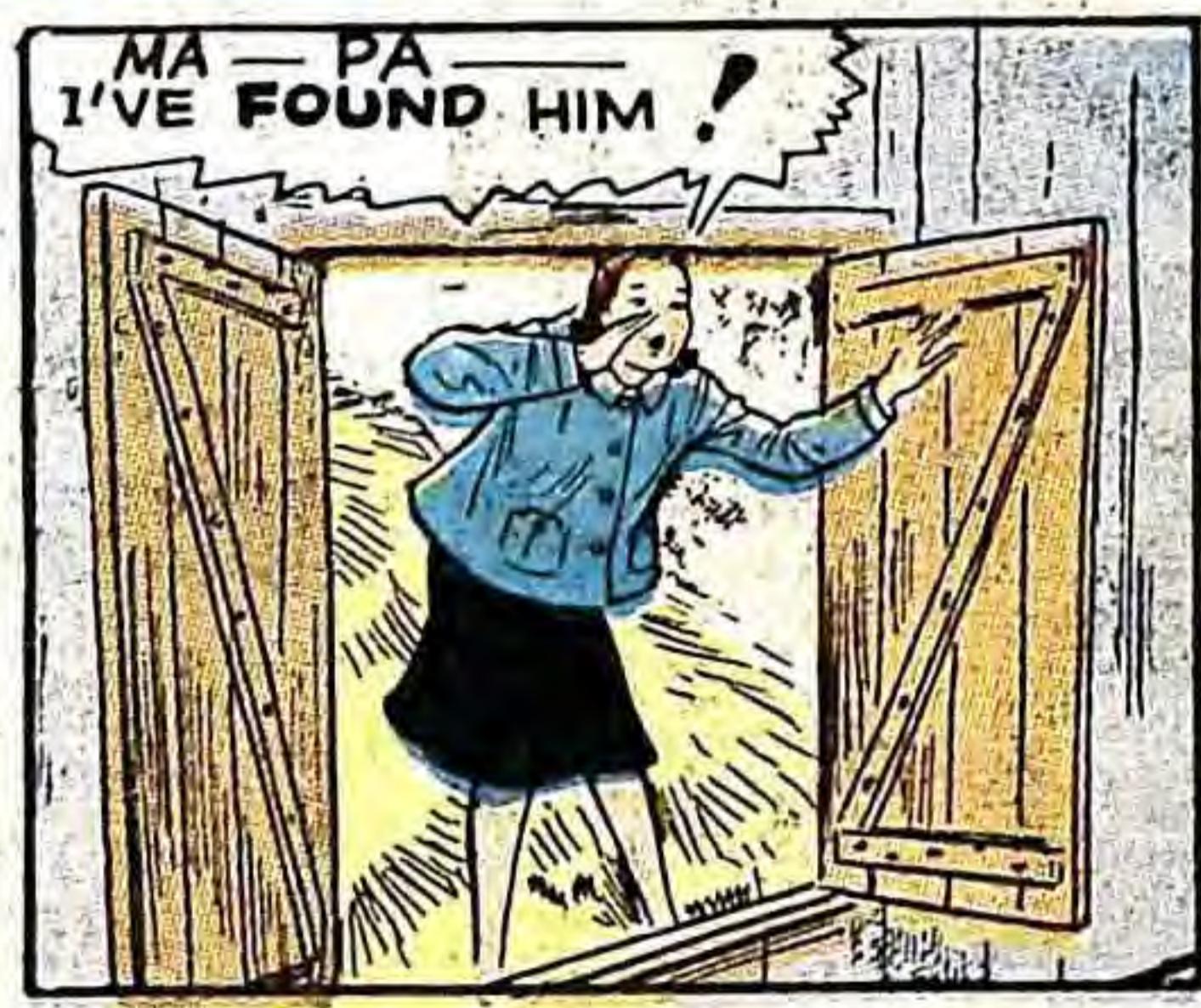
AFTER TRAILING JON TEDDER ALL THE WAY TO THE COAST, DIXIE HAS TO RETRACE HER STEPS.



HOME ONCE AGAIN



UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT JON TEDDER LIVES IN SOME SECRET PLACE ON THE FARM, THE DUGANS DECIDE TO LOOK INTO EVERY NOOK AND CORNER!



WILL THAT SMOKE LEAD DIXIE TO THE MYSTERIOUS "JON TEDDER"? DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE...

the FACE

by MART BAILEY

WHEN TONY TRENT, THE BRILLIANT YOUNG NEWS COMMENTATOR OF RADIO STATION WBSC, SLIPS A RUBBEROID MASK OVER HIS OWN PLEASANT FEATURES, HE BECOMES A NEW AND TERRIFYING PERSONALITY — THE FACE . . . IN THAT ROLE, HE FERRETS OUT HIDDEN FACTS THAT ENABLE HIM TO SCOOP HIS RIVALS AND BRING SWIFT JUSTICE TO LAW-BREAKERS . . .

TONY TRENT RECEIVES A MYSTERIOUS PHONE CALL AT WBSC . . .

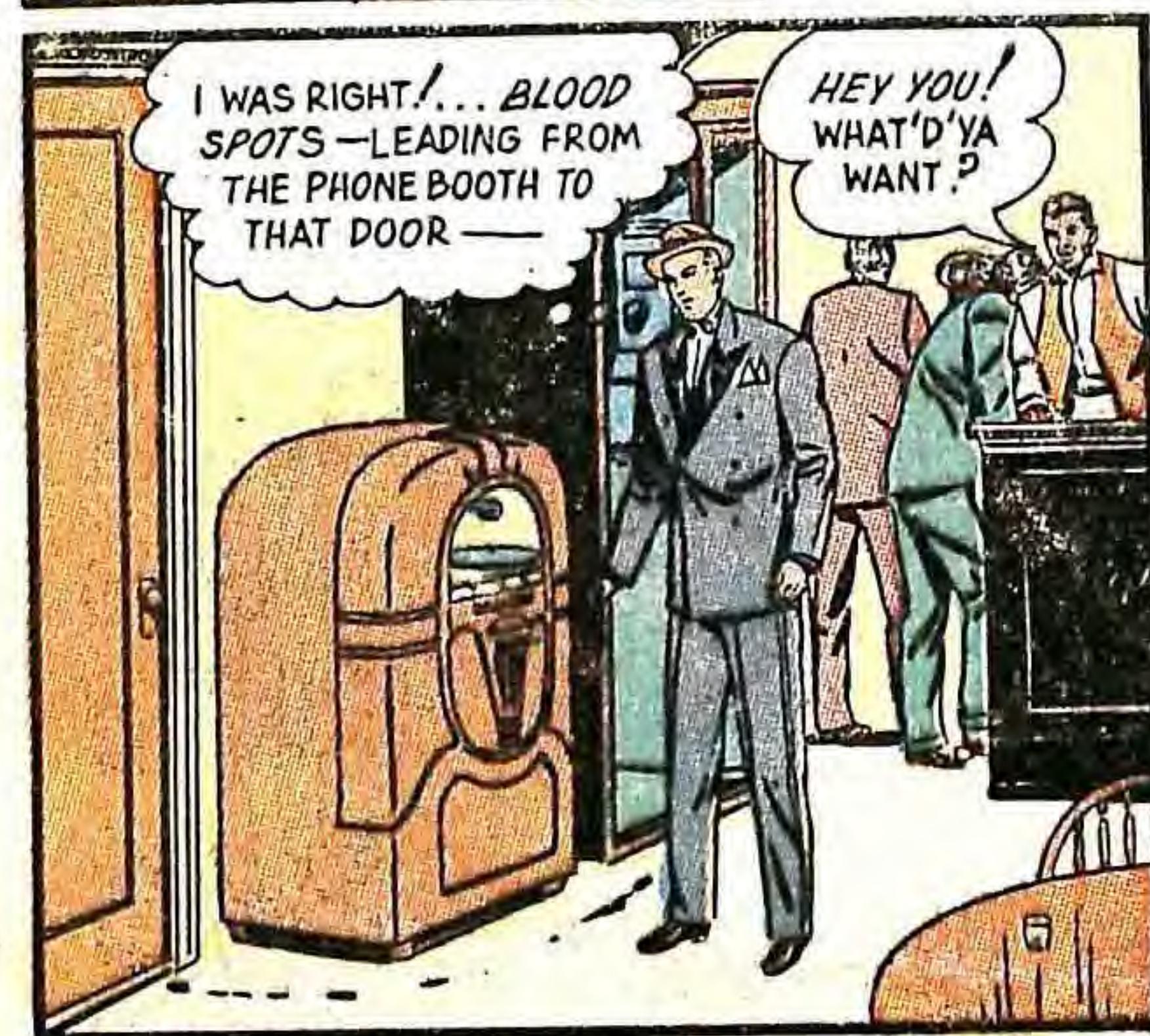
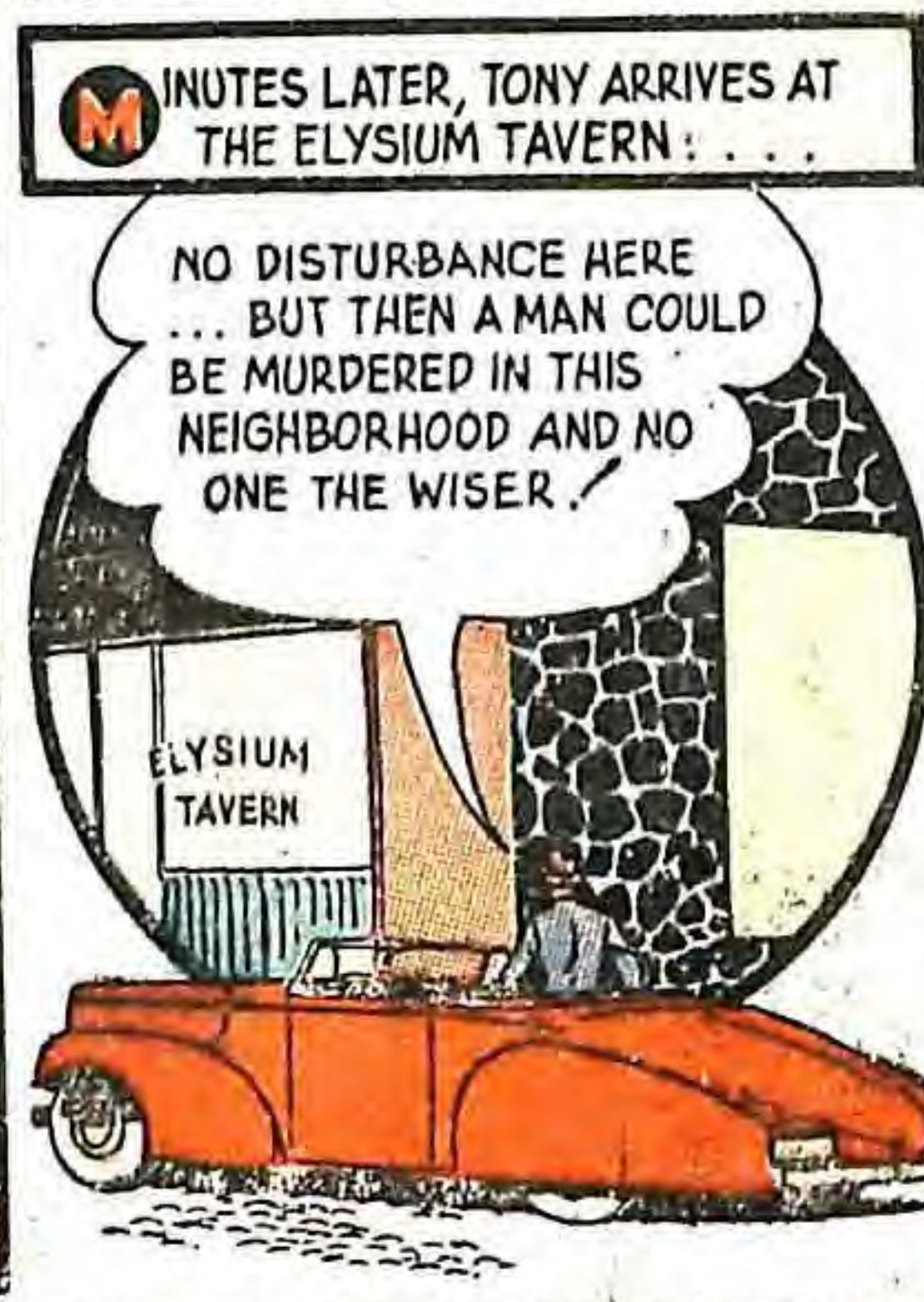
YOU SAY THAT A BIG FREIGHTER IS GOING TO BE SUNK OUTSIDE THE SUBMARINE ZONES ?

THE STORY'LL COST YOU TWO HUNDRED BUCKS . . . YEAH . . . BRING IT TO THE ELYSIUM TAVERN ON WATERFRONT STREET IN HALF AN HOUR . . .

THE CONVERSATION IS CUT SHORT BY A QUICK KNIFE STAB —

I'LL — YAAAUGH!

BIG SHOT COMICS



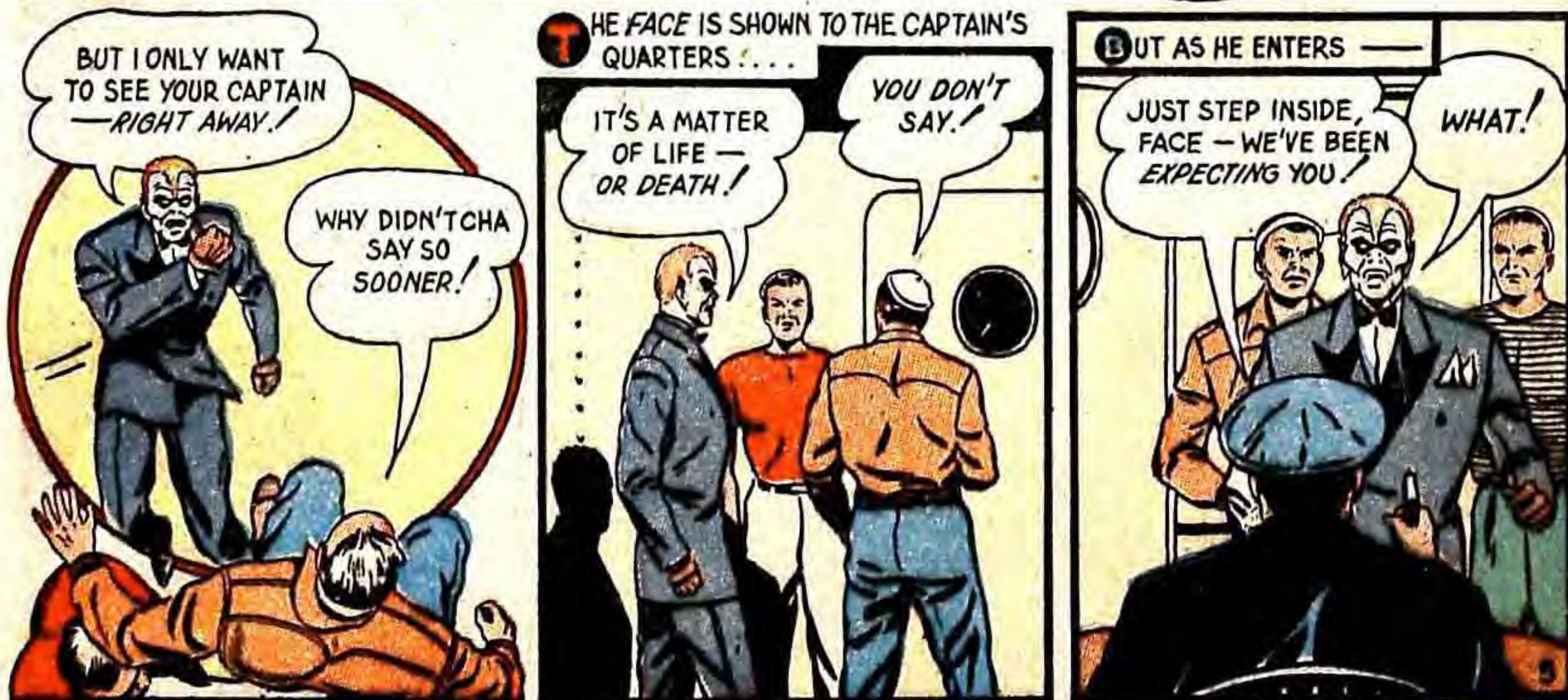
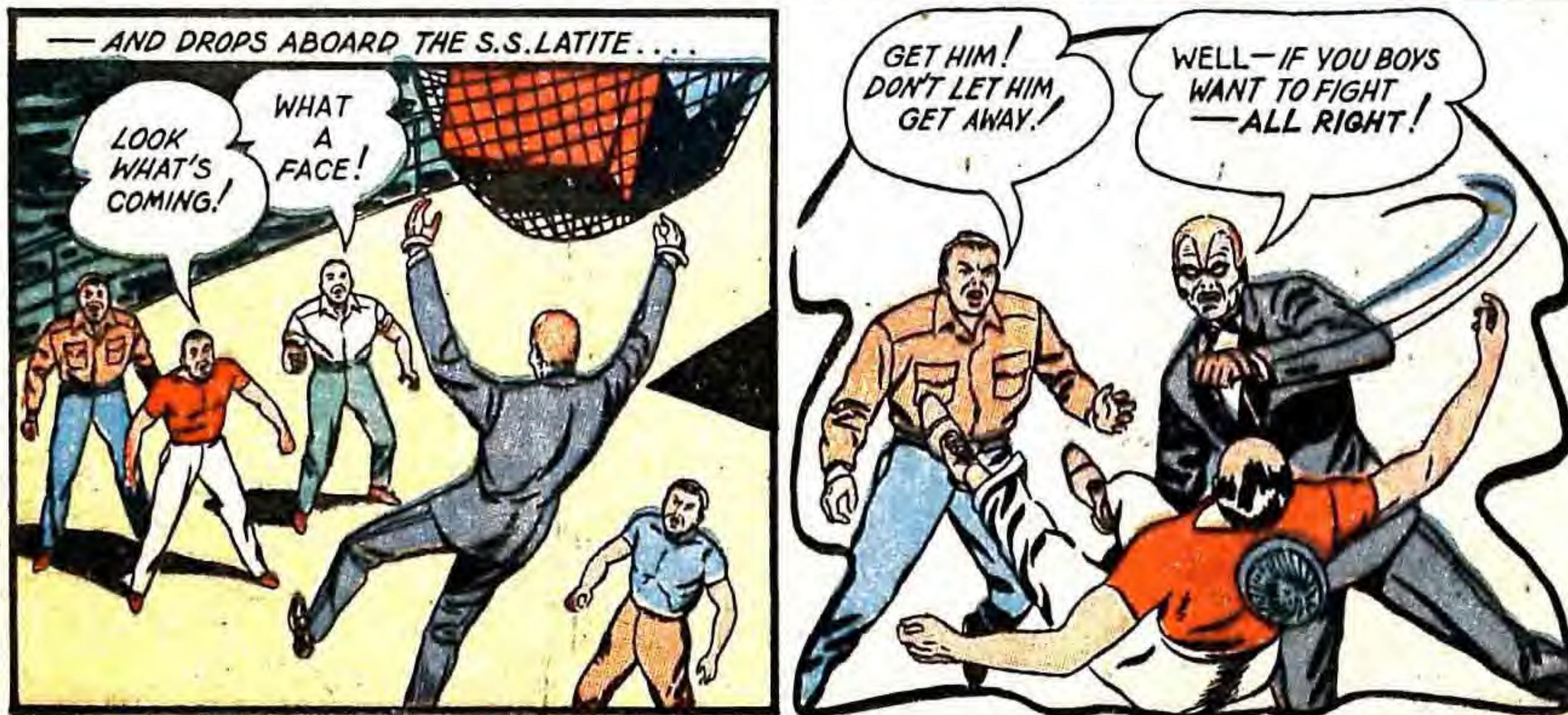
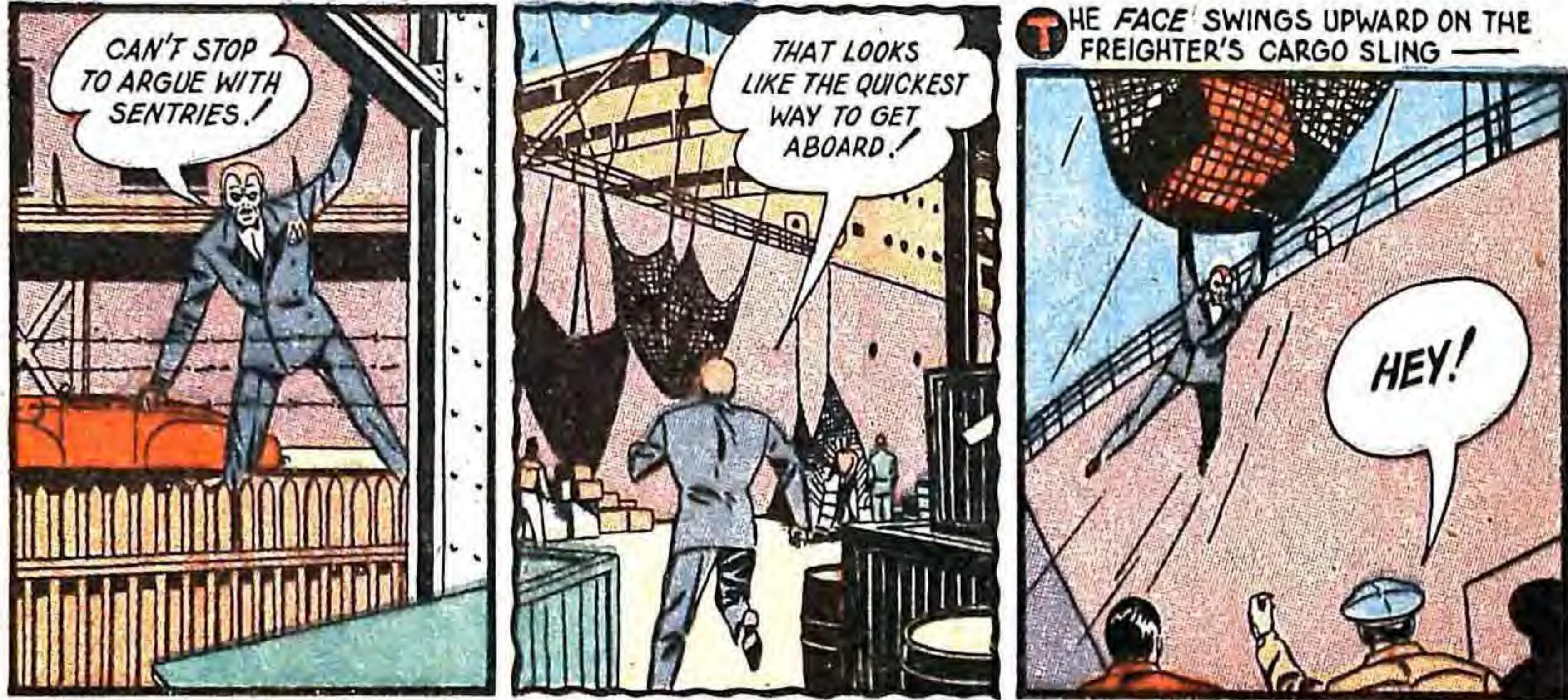
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



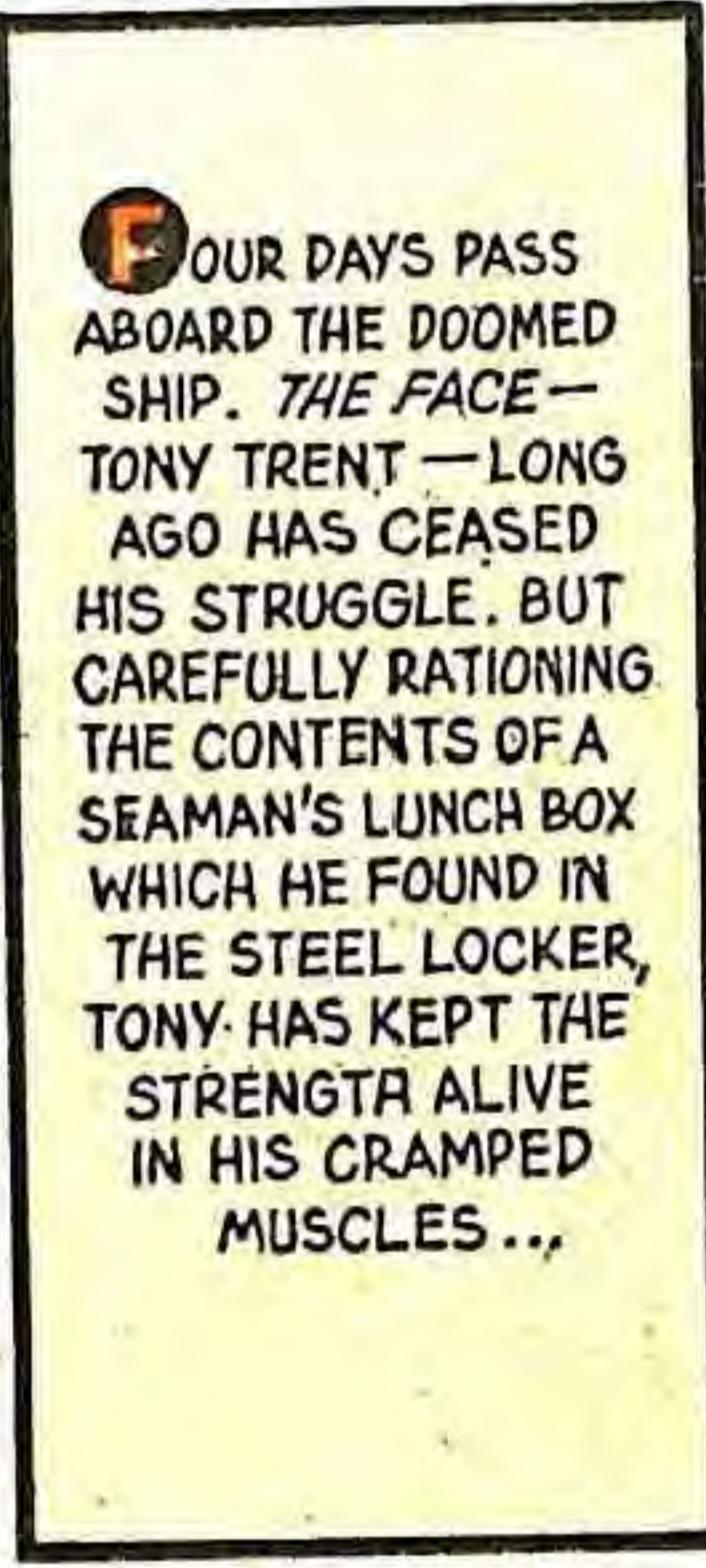
BIG SHOT COMICS



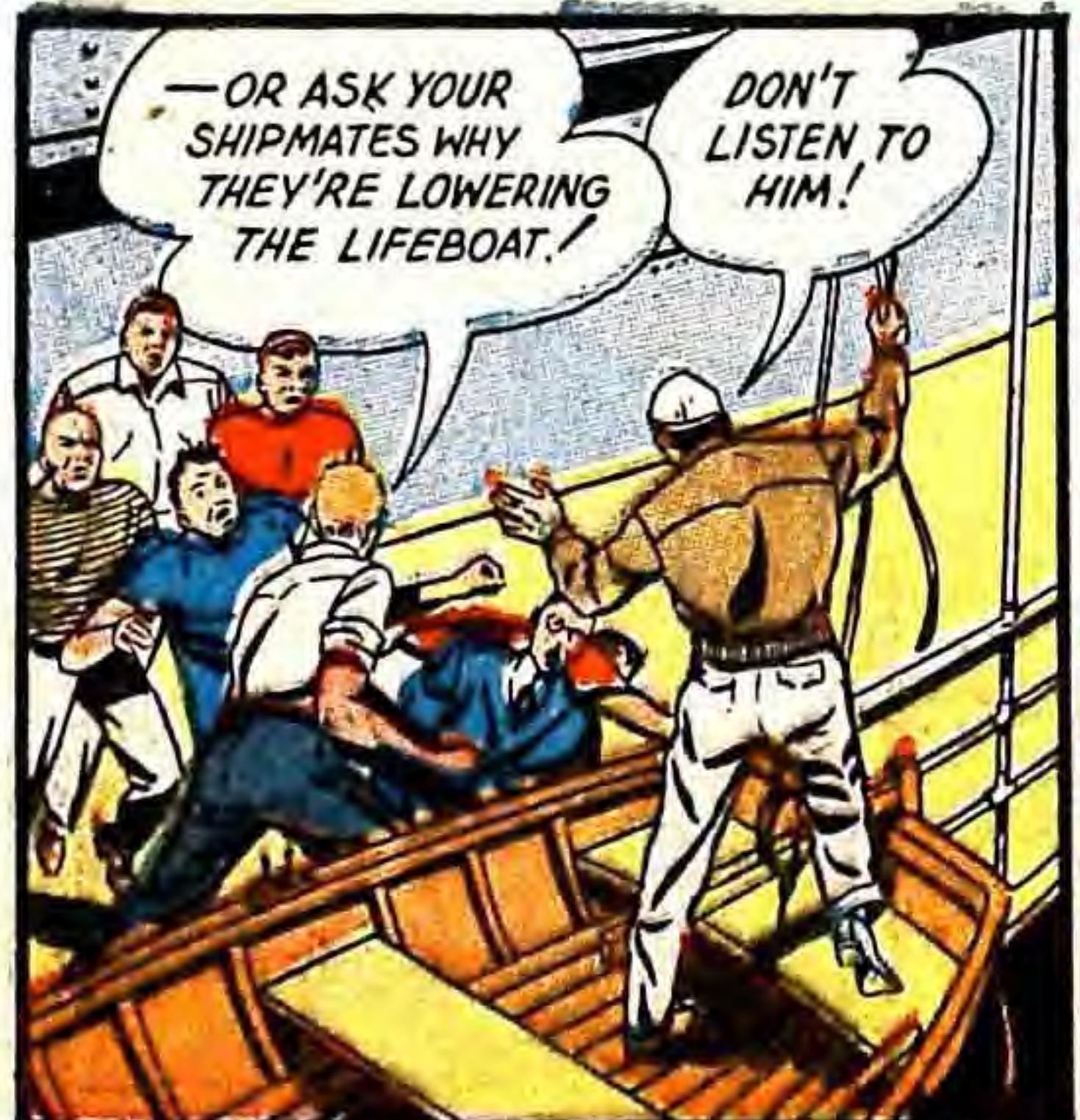
ONE FIST STABBING RAPIER-LIKE AT THE CLOSING SEAMEN, THE FACE REACHES BEHIND HIM AND TWISTS A DOOR KNOB—



BIG SHOT COMICS

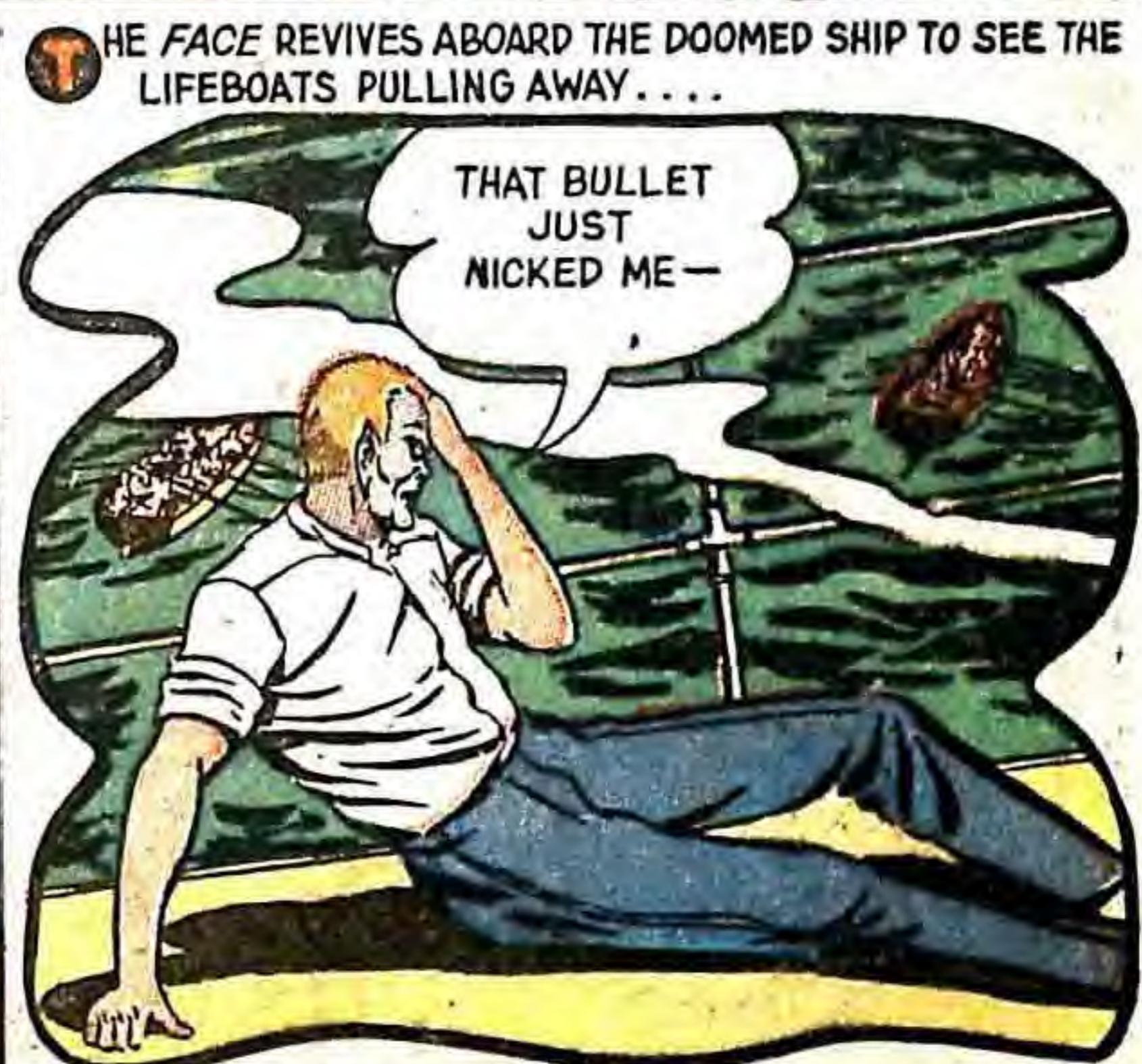
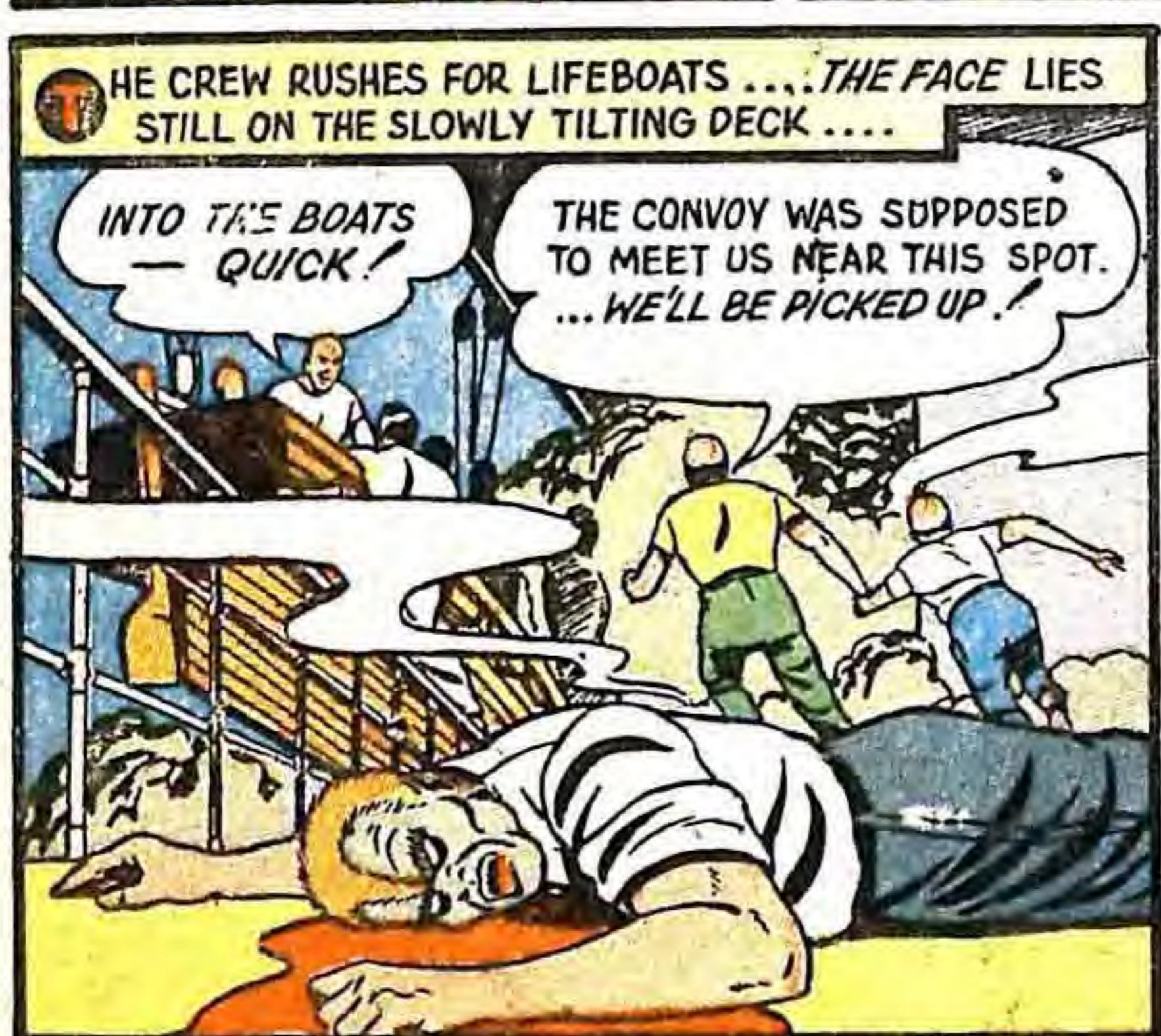


BIG SHOT COMICS



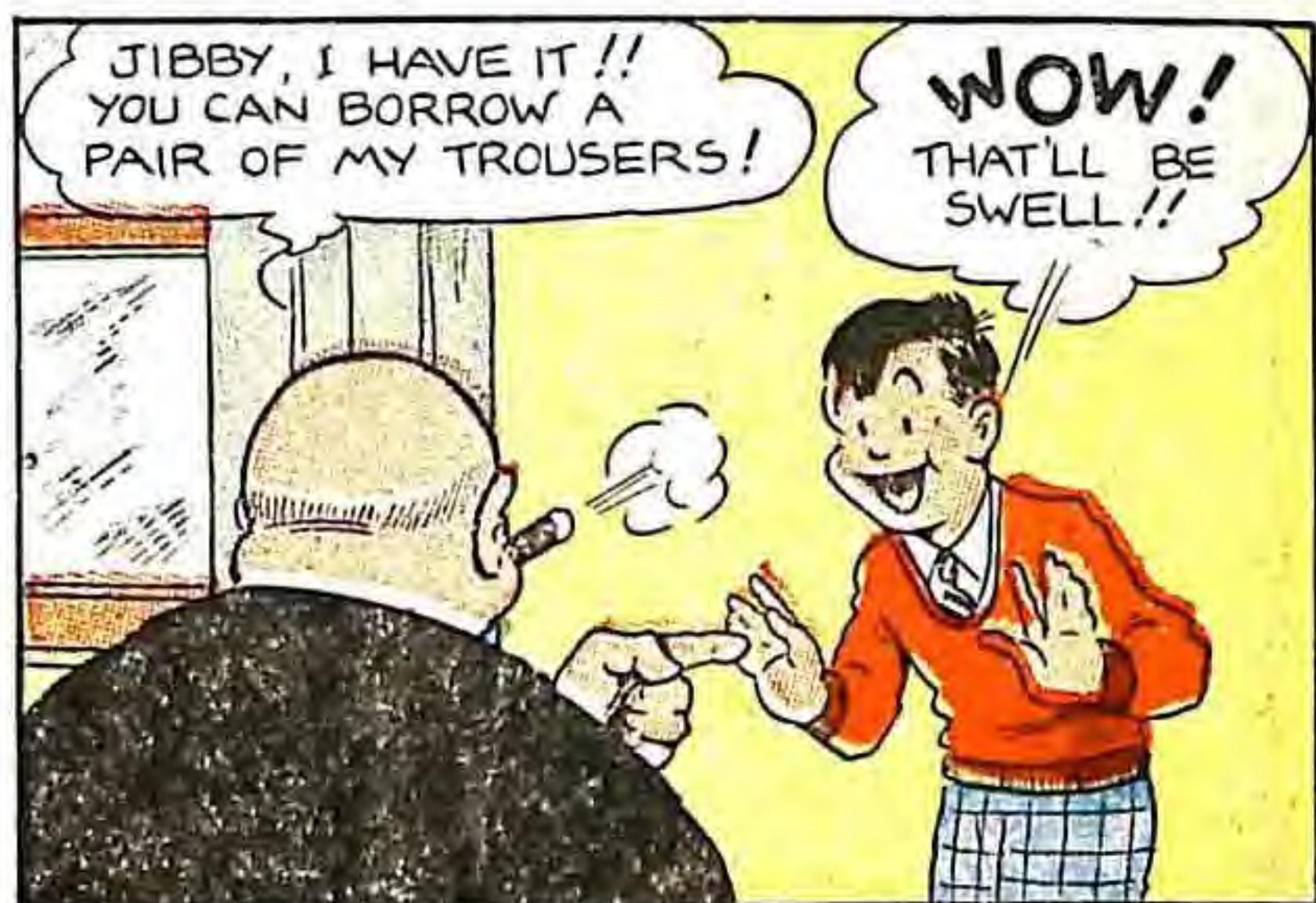
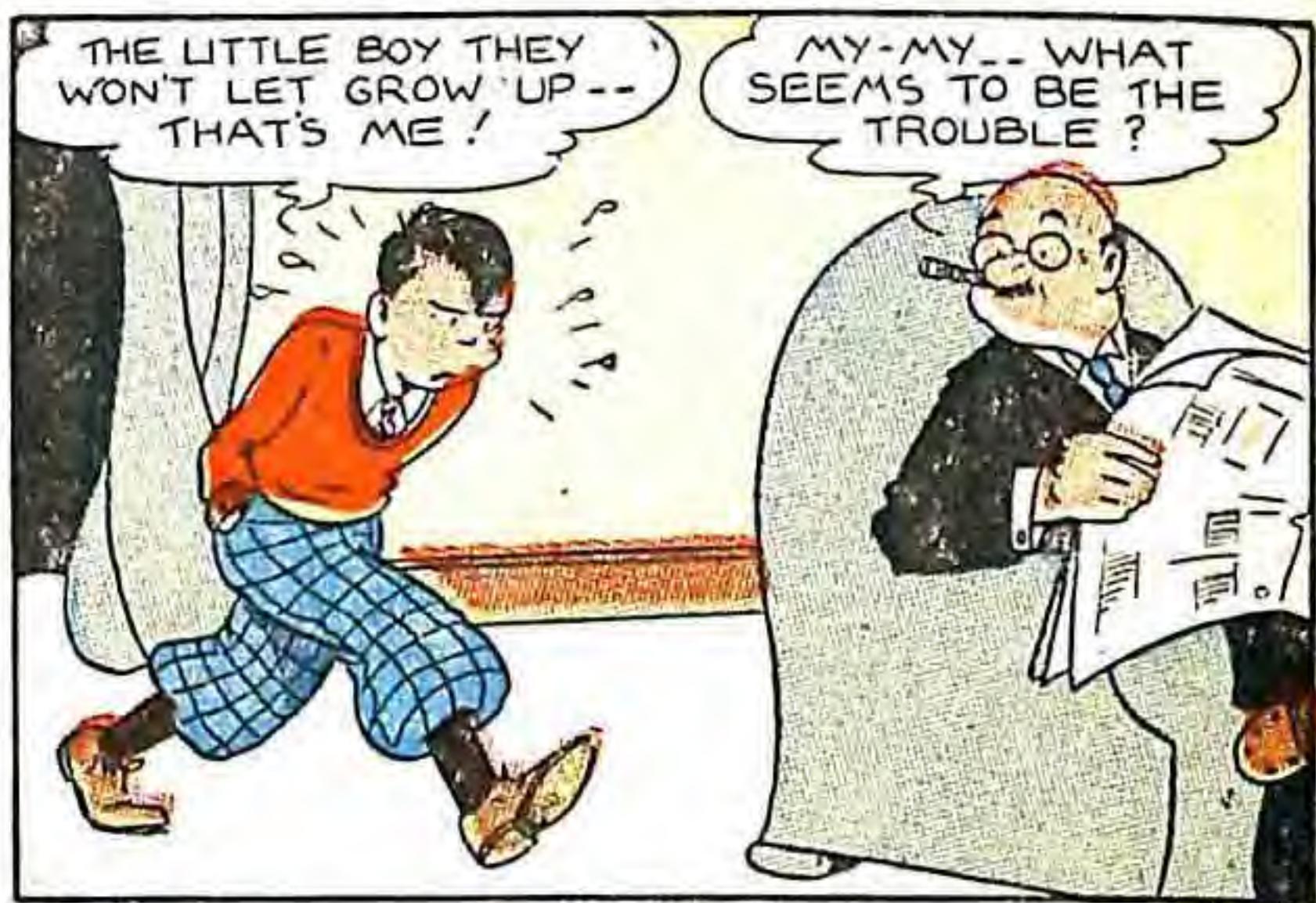
BIG SHOT COMICS

REACHING THE LIFEBOAT, THE CAPTAIN FIRES WILDLY — HITTING THE FACE!

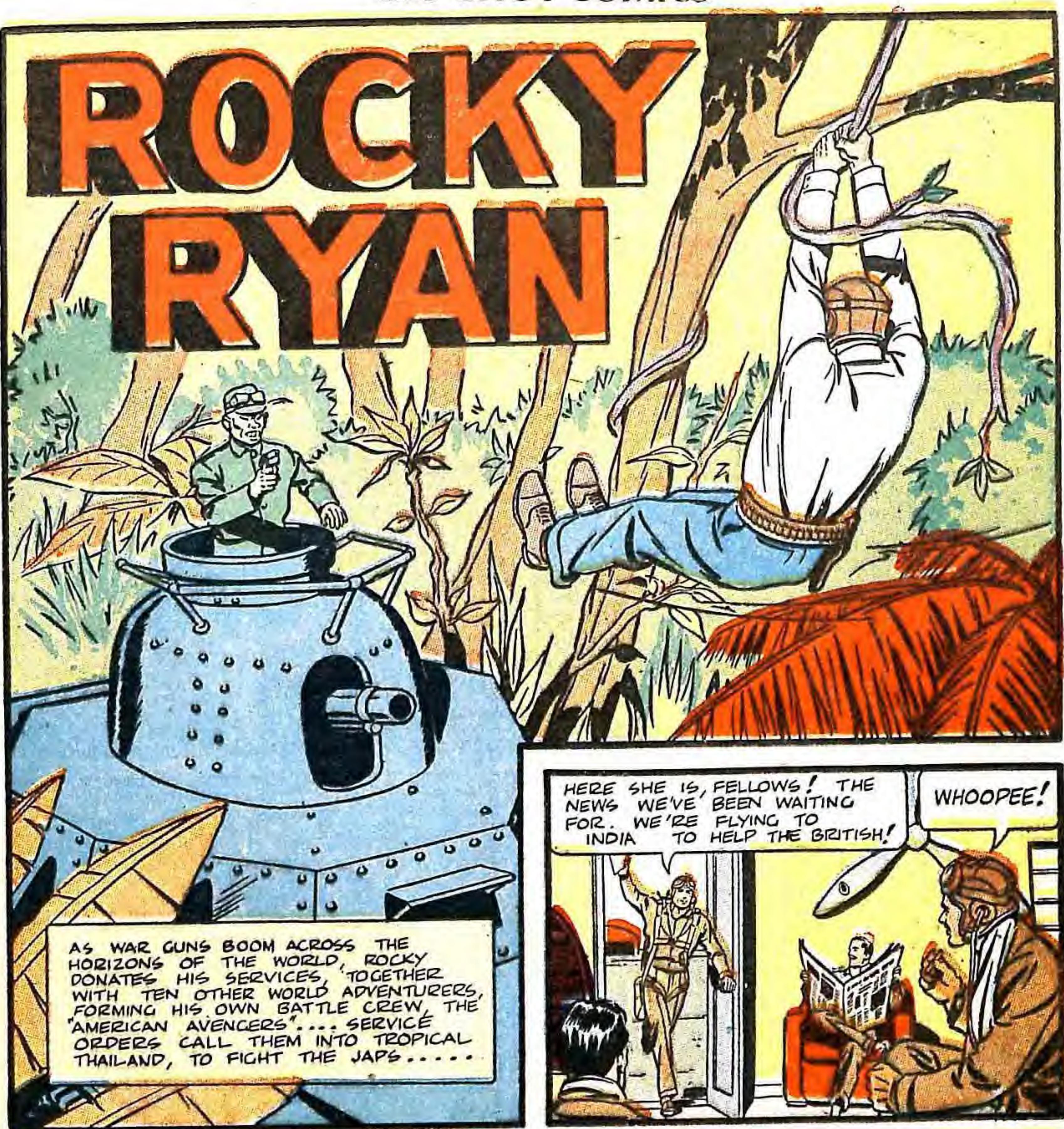


— The End —

BIG SHOT COMICS



ROCKY RYAN



AS WAR GUNS BOOM ACROSS THE HORIZONS OF THE WORLD, ROCKY DONATES HIS SERVICES, TOGETHER WITH TEN OTHER WORLD ADVENTURERS, FORMING HIS OWN BATTLE CREW, THE "AMERICAN AVENGERS".... SERVICE ORDERS CALL THEM INTO TROPICAL THAILAND, TO FIGHT THE JAPS....

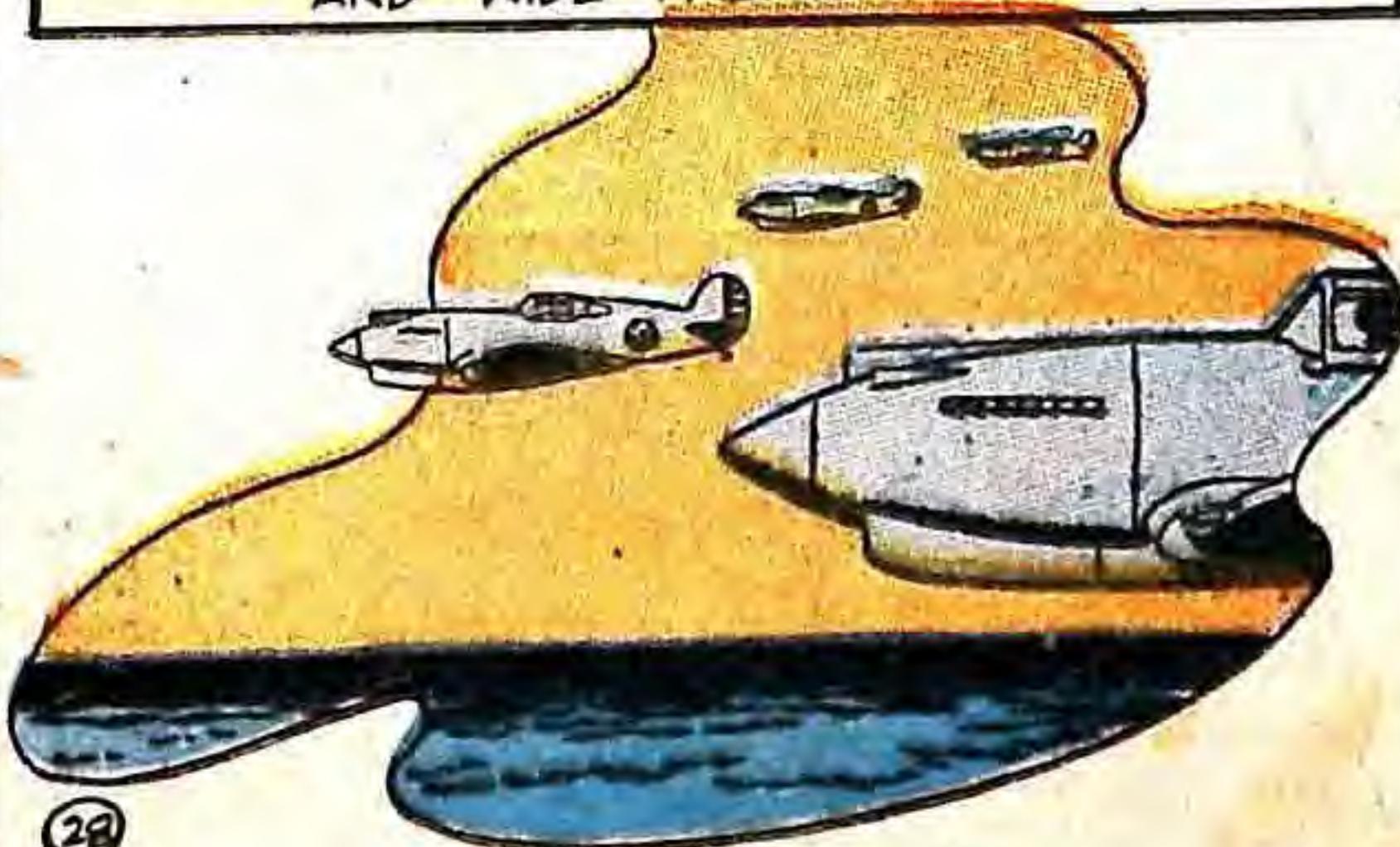
HERE SHE IS, FELLOWS! THE NEWS WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR. WE'RE FLYING TO INDIA TO HELP THE BRITISH!

WHOOPEE!

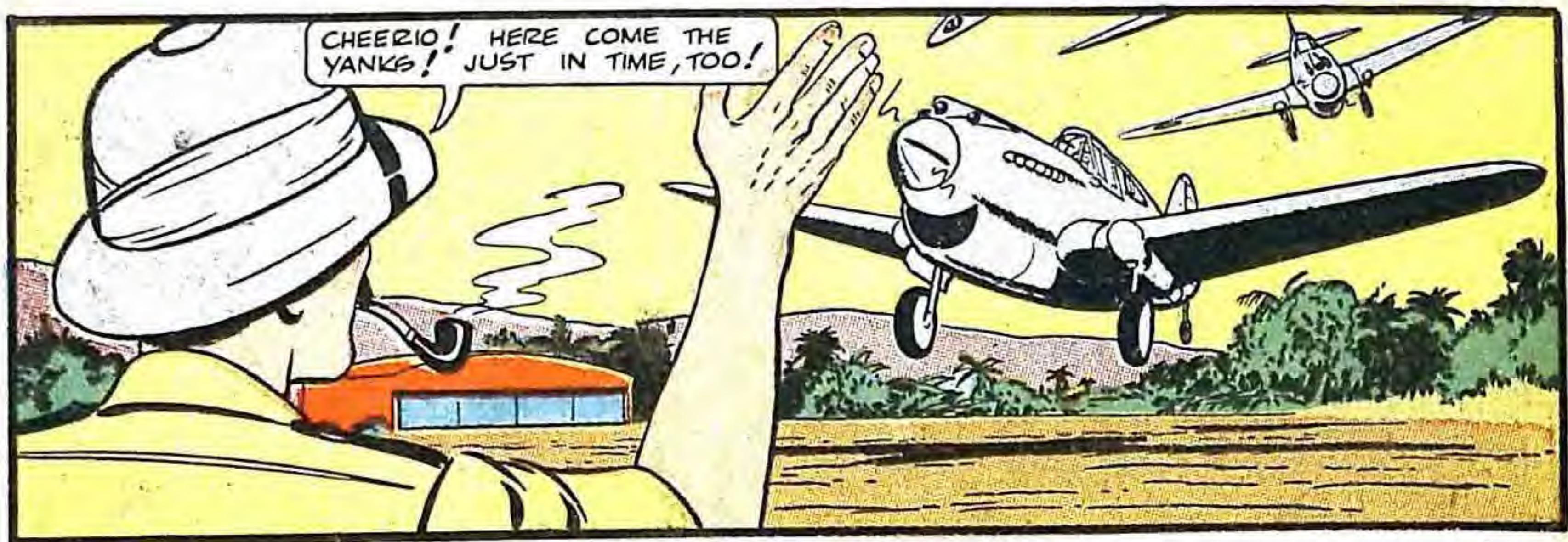
IN THE COOL DAWN, ROCKY AND HIS AVENGERS RACE TO THEIR WAITING PURSUIT SHIPS!

INDIA, HERE WE COME!

MOTORS DRONE OUT OVER THE VAST AND WIDE PACIFIC...



BIG SHOT COMICS



"WERE GOING TO ADVANCE ON THE JAPS FROM THE JUNGLE SIDE. WE FIGURE TO TAKE 'EM IN THE REAR AND HEM 'EM IN BETWEEN OUR FORCES AND THE SEA "



ZERO HOUR! PROPELLORS WHIRL WILDLY AS FLEET PURSUIT SHIPS LAUNCH AN ALLIED OFFENSE OVER THE JUNGLES...



ROCKY IS IN THE THICK OF BATTLE ALL THE TIME!

THIS IS FOR PEARL HARBOR, PUNKS!



A MASTERLY STRATEGIST MOVES HIS DEFEATED ARMIES INTO A SAFE POSITION...

ORDER THE MEN TO TAKE TO THE DENSEST JUNGLES. THAT WAY THOSE PLANES CAN'T FIND US; WHILE OUR OVERWHELMING NUMBERS WILL SMASH THEIR LAST LINE OF DEFENSE!



THAT GENERAL DIRECTING THEIR FIGHTING IS TOO SMART! NOW OUR NEW PLANES CAN'T HURT THEM!

ON THE CONTRARY, I THINK WE CAN!



BIG SHOT COMICS

HE'LL FIGURE WE THINK WE'RE TEMPORARILY STOPPED, WON'T HE? HE'LL RETIRE TO SAFE QUARTERS TO PLAN AN ATTACK! THAT'S WHERE MY PLAN COMES IN . . .



JOVE, HE WORKS IN THIS HOT WEATHER!

IT'S KILLING ME, REALLY IT IS!

HOT? SAY, YOU OUGHT TO SEE A HOT DAY AT THE BALL PARK IN ST. LOUIS! THAT'S HEAT!



I'M JUST AS WELL SATISFIED THAT I'M DONE, HOWEVER! THIS LITTLE GLIDER WILL TAKE ME TO THAT GENERALS HIDEOUT FROM THEN ON . . . WOW!

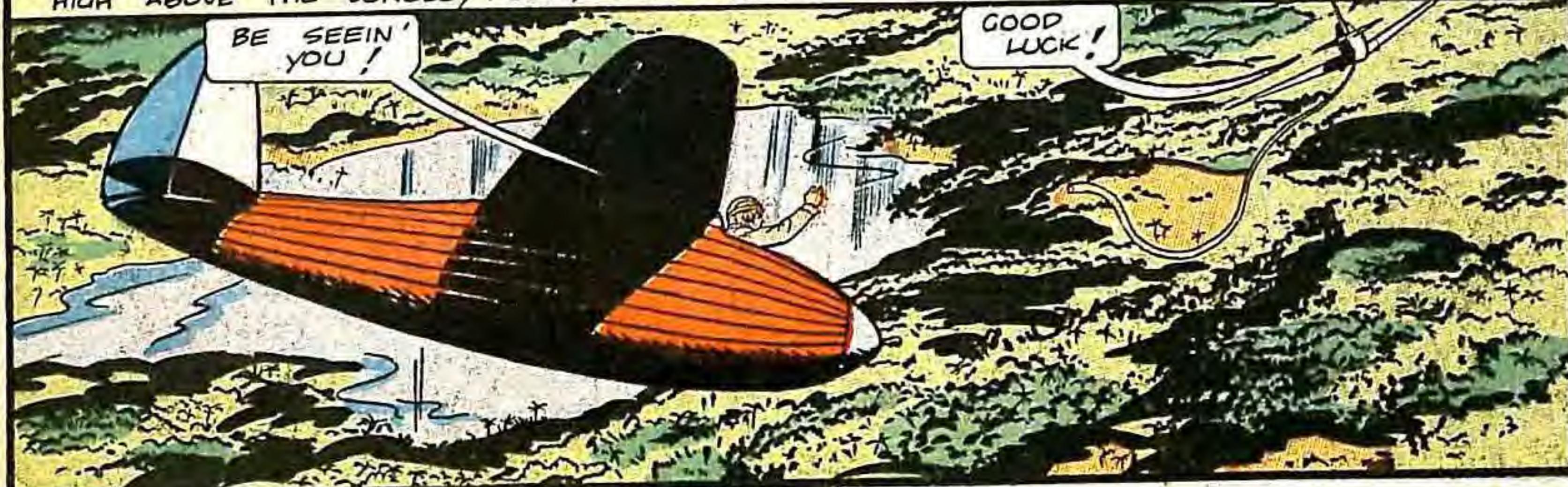


THAT NIGHT, ROCKY TAKES TO THE SKIES IN HIS GLIDER, TOWED BY ONE OF HIS AVENGERS' PLANES . . .

HEAD OUT TOWARD THE DESERTED OLD CASTLE WE SAW TODAY, BILL. I'VE A HUNCH THAT'S WHERE OUR GENERAL IS!



HIGH ABOVE THE JUNGLE, ROCKY CUTS THE GUIDE-ROPE, AND BEGINS HIS LONG SILENT SWOOP!



HERE WE ARE, IN THIS ANCIENT CASTLE RUIN. AND JUDGING BY THAT LIGHT OVER THERE, IT'S STILL OCCUPIED!



I'LL CROSS MY FINGERS AND TRUST TO LUCK THAT GENERAL MOSHU IS MAKING THIS HIS HEADQUARTERS!



BIG SHOT COMICS

HE SOON FINDS THE GENERAL WORKING OVER BATTLE PLANS...

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GET HIM OUT FROM AMONG THOSE LIEUTENANTS OF HIS... WITHOUT GETTING HURT!



I'M NOT MAD YET BUT MAYBE I WILL BE SOON!

AWWRK!



AAAAGH... HE'S GOING TO DIE WITH THE GENERAL!

SO LONG, EVERYBODY!

HELP!



STRIKE UP THE BAND, I'M IN FOR A LITTLE "SWING"!

WHO IS IT?

AN AMERICAN... HE'S MAD!



WE CAN SHOOT BUT WE MIGHT HIT THE GENERAL!

NO USE! CALL THE GUARD!

HE CAN'T ESCAPE!



COME TO PAPA, VINES! I SAW YOU THERE WHERE I COULD GET YOU BEFORE I ENTERED THIS RAT HOLE!

AAAAGH!



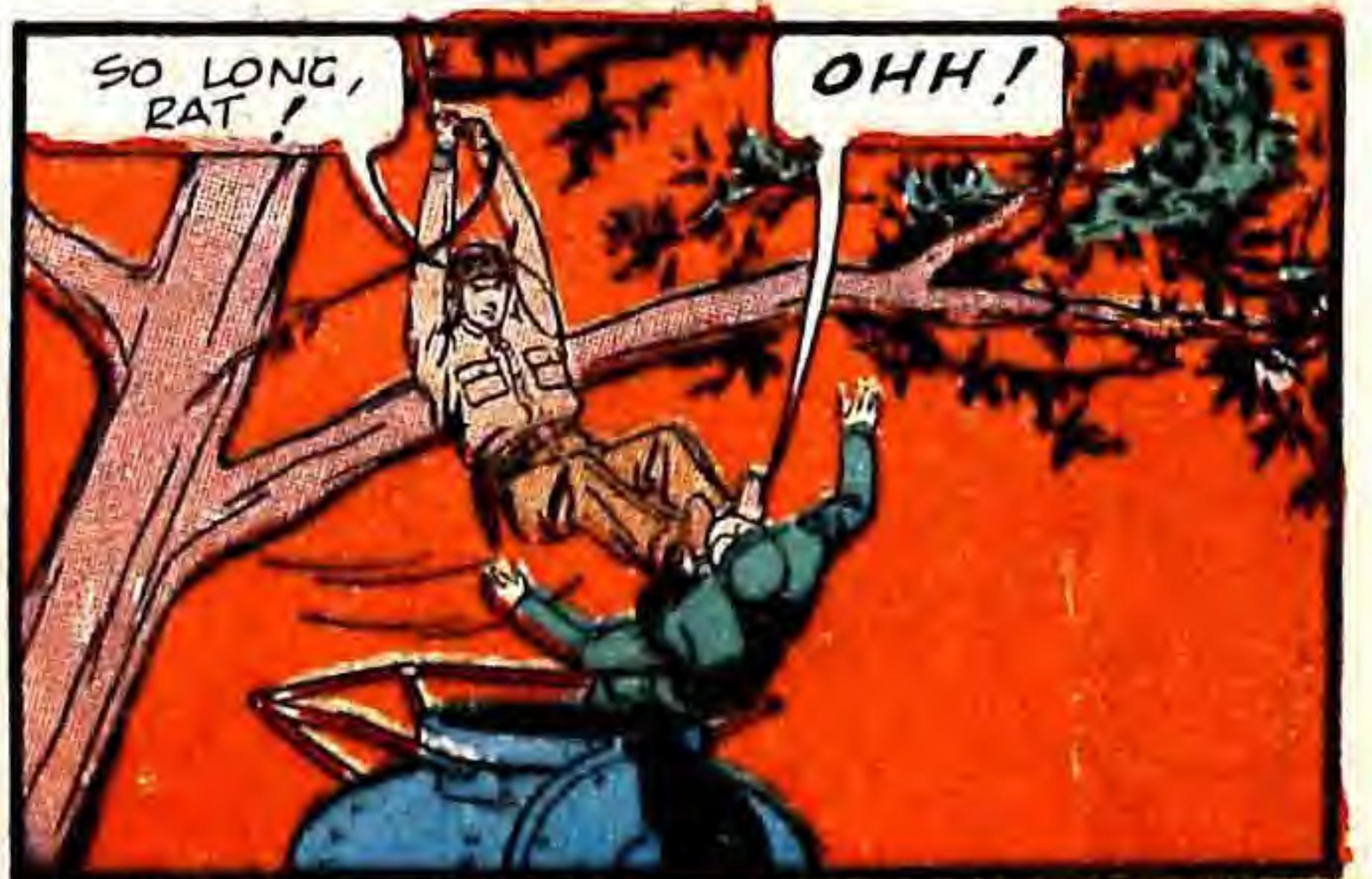
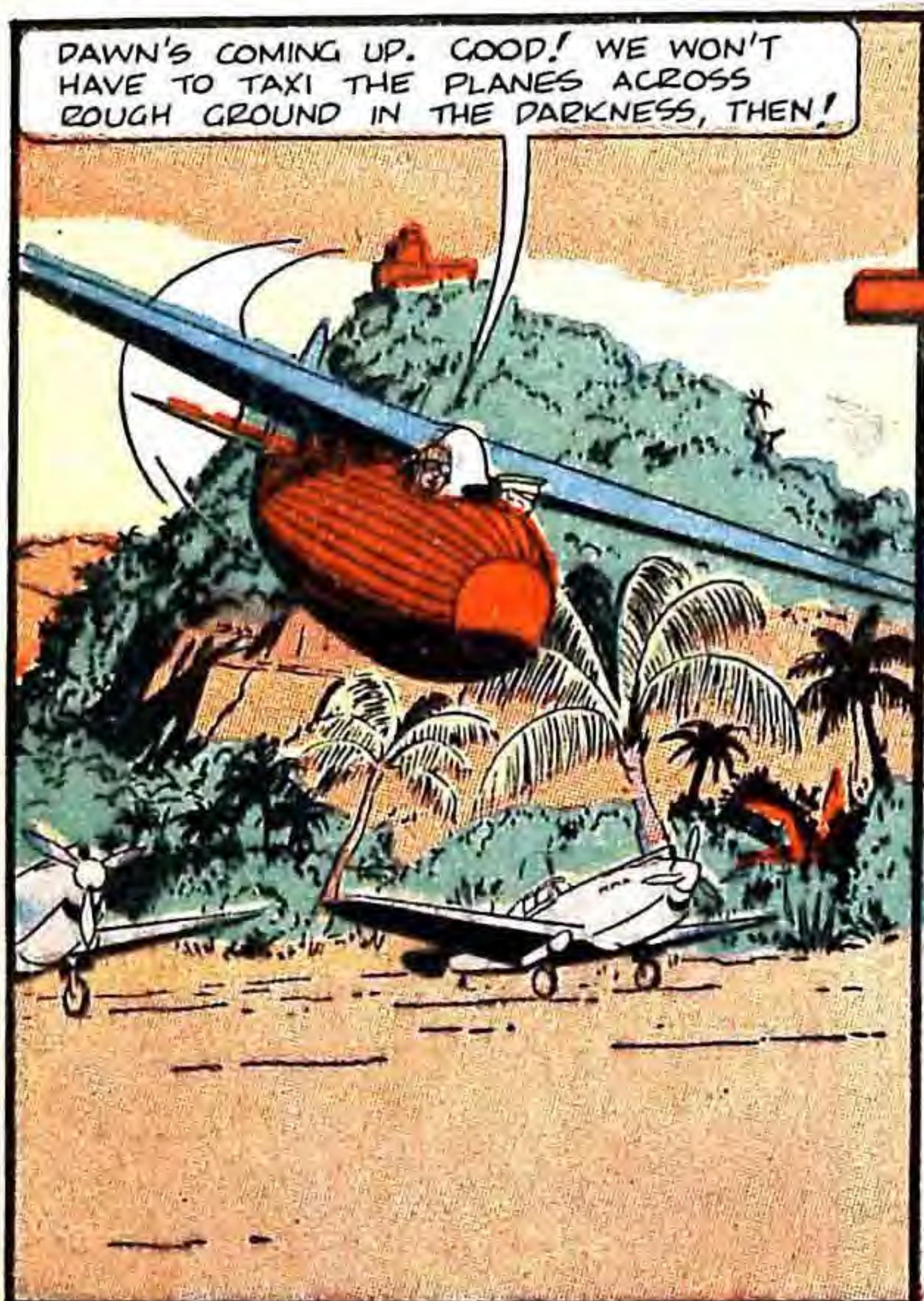
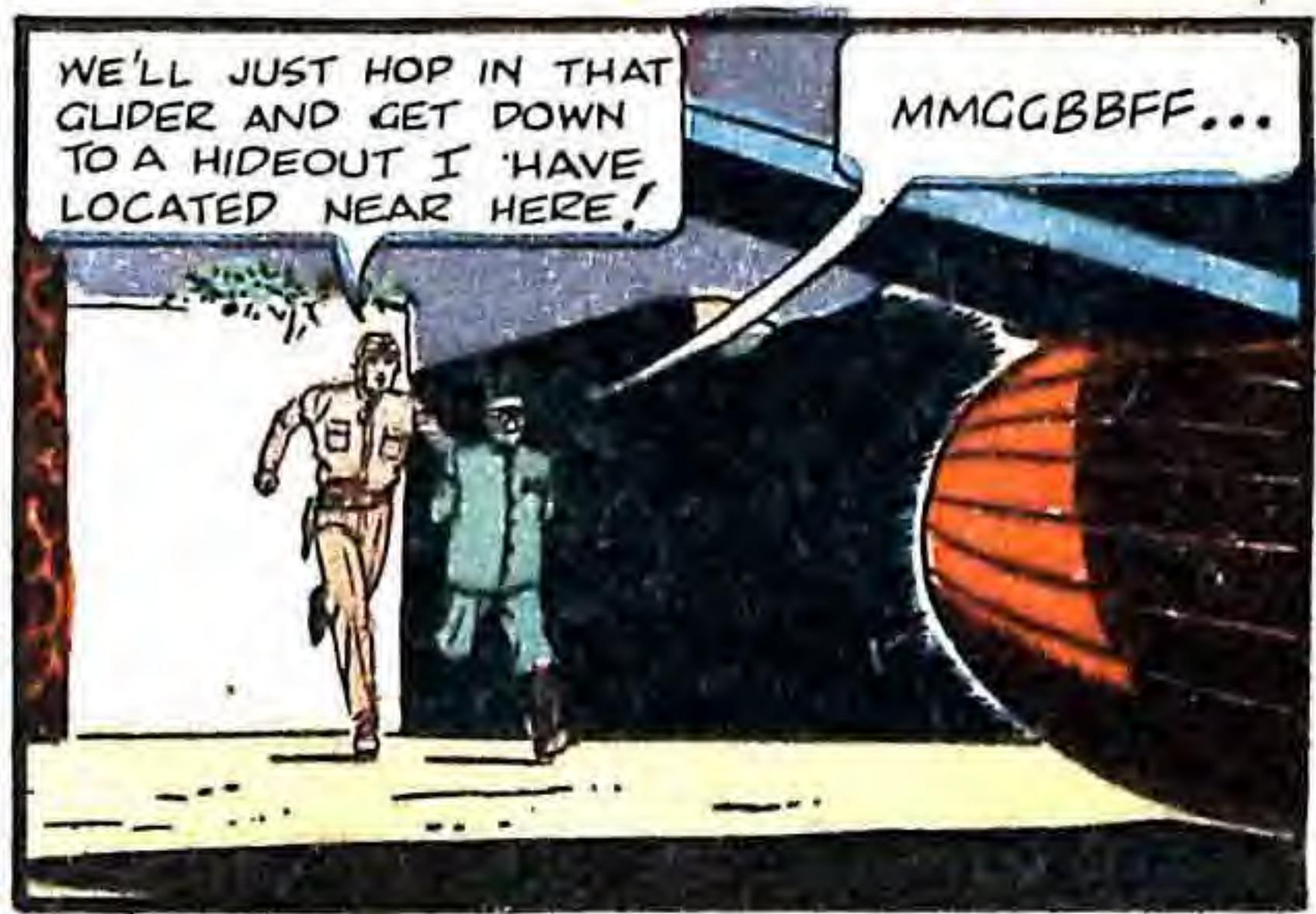
THE JAP LIEUTENANTS RUSH TO THE WINDOW, STARE DOWNWARD AND SEE NOTHING!

HE MUST HAVE BEEN A BIRD!

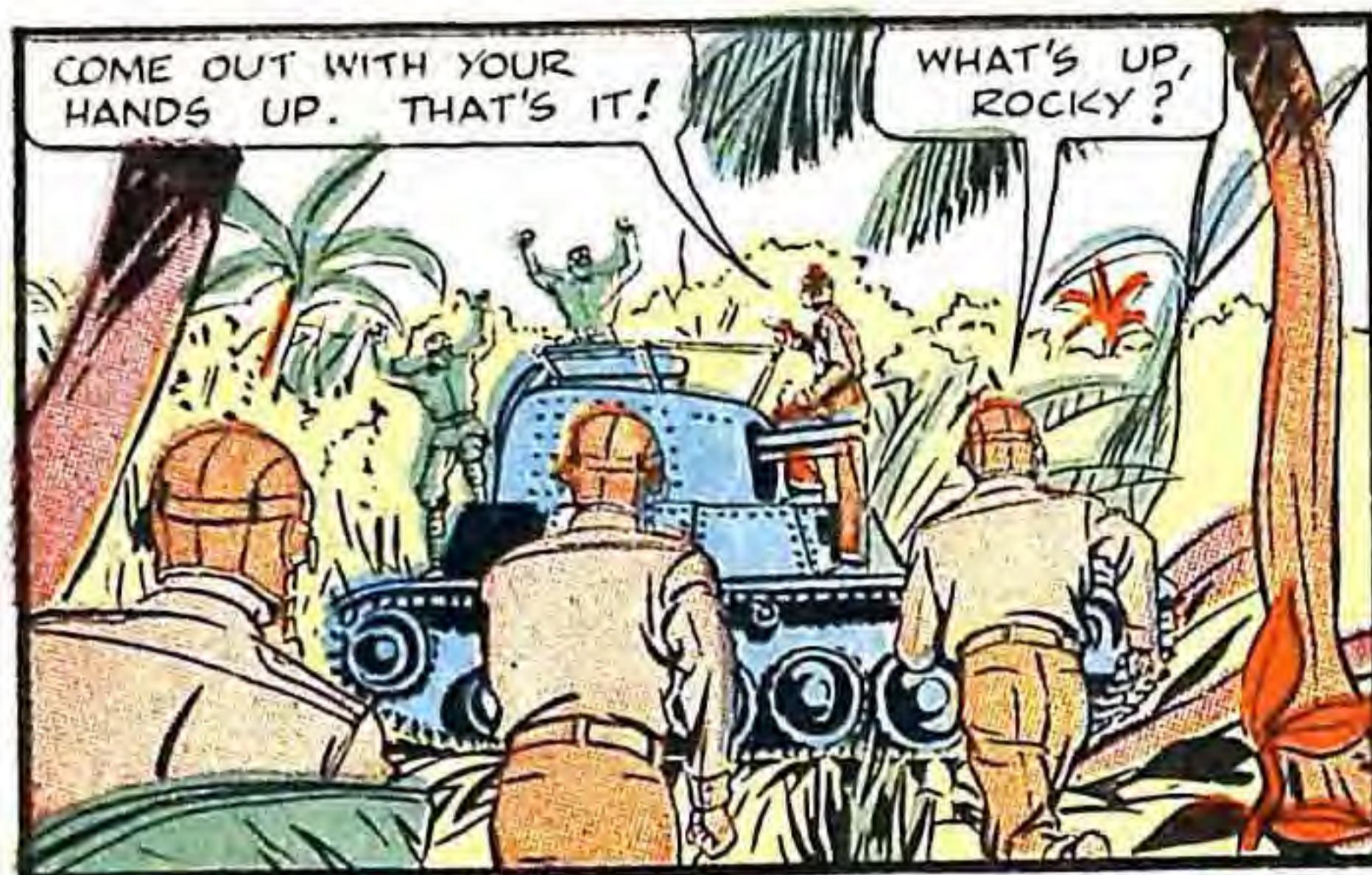
WHERE COULD HE HAVE GONE SO FAST!



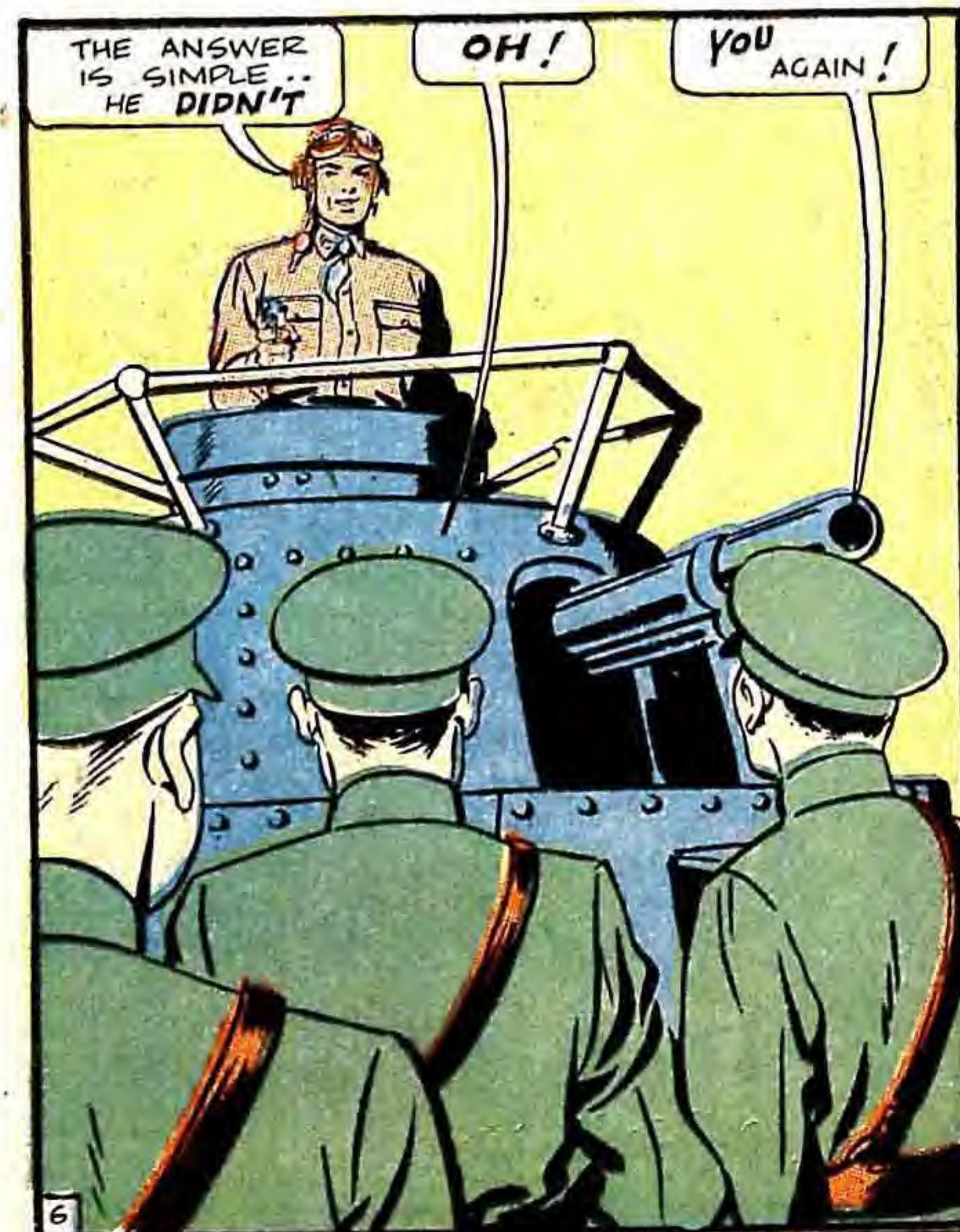
BIG SHOT COMICS



BIG SHOT COMICS



WE HAVE THE GENERAL. WHY SHOULDN'T WE CAPTURE HIS ENTIRE STAFF? THEN THEY'D BE WITHOUT ANY OFFICERS AT ALL!



A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS and GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR. -SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY!

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON



Boys and Girls of America:

to help your country. Here's a way for every one of you

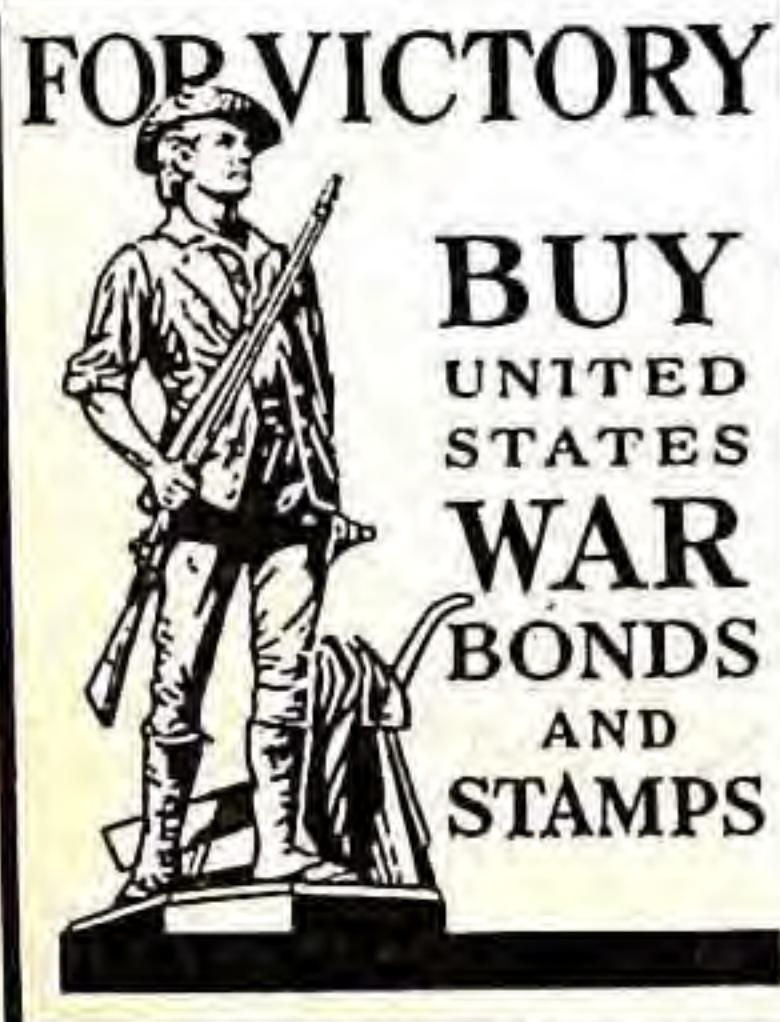
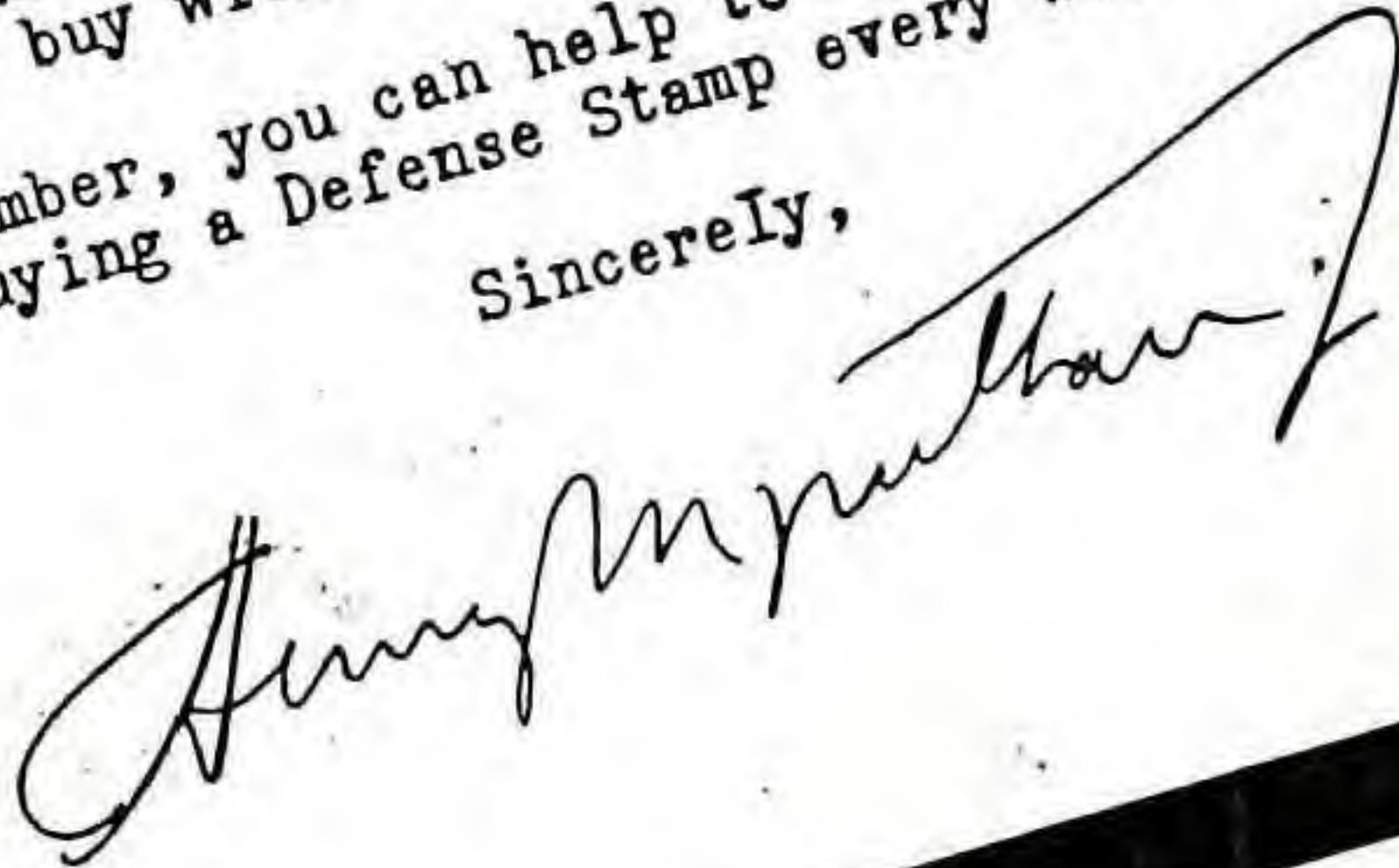
you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part
of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers,
brothers or uncles are using for the defense
of our country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp
boys and girls would buy a Savings Stamp
Savings Stamp every week, at least one ten-cent
your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars
every year. Think of all the guns, planes and
ships he could buy with that!

If every one of you forty million
boys and girls would buy a Savings Stamp
Savings Stamp every week, at least one ten-cent
your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars
every year. Think of all the guns, planes and
ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em
flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,



THIS
SPACE IS
DONATED BY THE
PUBLISHERS OF THIS
MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF
NATIONAL DEFENSE and VICTORY!

LOOK FOR THE COMPLETE BOOK OF
SPARKY WATTS

**Absolutely
the World's
Strongest
Funny
Man!**

Dear Readers:

Believe it or not,
I dash over to Germany
and meet Hitler and fat-
boy Goering -- and do I
have FUN!
Here are a few shots
of what happened -- and
that's only the start.

Yours for VICTORY!

Sparky



Soon on sale at all newsstands!